B. R. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

B. R. Casement & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel and GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 379. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, August 7, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges

The Salvation Army at Belleville have a Brass Band.

Several burglaries have lately been committed at Deseronto.

Peterborough Post Office was burglarized to the extent of $3.000, last week.

The new Napanee Glass Works Co., will have a capital of from $100,000 to $200,000.

Counterfeit $5.00 bills on the bank of British North America, are in circulation.

The Town Council of Napanee voted $100 to the sufferers by the Port Perry fire.

About two hundred carloads of timber are to be run over the Grand Junction from Peterborough eastward.

So far there has been subscribed $3,500 to the erection of the U. E. L. memorial church. The sum required is $7,000.

Herring & Son of Napanee, having sunk their artesian well 300 feet without securing a supply of water, have discontinued work for the present.

Mr. Howatt, of the Bay View Farm has disposed of enormous quantities of cabbage in the surrounding towns. He has already sold over 15,000 heads, and this not a tithe of his crop.

A farmer named Hammond of Innisville who was victimized by Butler and "Doc" Way, the hay-fork fiends, went crazy and had to be placed in jail. The other afternoon he cut his throat in the cells. He will probably recover.

Mr. Thos. Walker, reeve of Rawdon, has gone west to purchase additions to his already fine stock of thoroughbred cattle and other live stock. Mr. Walker is a thorough believer in the maxim that "the best is the cheapest."

Wednesday afternoon C. S. Yarwood, an ex-custom house officer, of Belleville, was walking and talking with John N. Lazier, on Hotel street, near Front, when without a moment's warning he fell, and almost immediately expired.

The Liberals of Lennox have nominated G. D. Hawley, ex-M. P. P., to contest the riding at the coming contest, caused by the death of A. H. Roe. The Conservatives have nominated Geo. T. Blackstock, a young lawyer of Toronto.

This is the way the Deseronto *Tribune* speaks of fighters:—"A couple of worthless villagers engaged in a rough and tumble fight last Friday afternoon in the neighbourhood of the "Big Store." There was little science displayed, the two heroes preferring to bite and chew. Unfortunately they escaped with but little damage."

Burglars are still successfully prosecuting their nefarious operations in the Eastern Townships. Early Sunday Morning a general store at Ayer's Flats was entered and the safe rifled of six hundred dollars. Great alarm prevails in the district at the impunity with which the criminals pursue their work.

The people of Ottawa County know a thing or two about the value of land. An Eardley man wanted $1,800 from the Pontiac Railway Campany for the right of way through his land. The arbitrators allowed him $93. Other property-holders wanted to know if it was the company or the contractor who paid the right of way; if it was the company they intended to "salt" them pretty well.

Charles Beech, sr., of Toronto who is at present on a fishing tour on Muskoka lakes, has discovered in the wilderness of a remote island on Bald lake, an Indian canoe, supposed by the Chippawa Indians to be the work of an Indian squatter over one hundred years ago. The canoe is fourteen feet long, cut out of a solid tree trunk with very primitive tools, and is considered a real curiosity. Mr. Beech has had it removed to Bobcaygeon where he is making his headquarters. He intends shipping it to Toronto, and will present it to the Zoological Gardens.

THE Mudir of Dongola has again assured the British Government of his loyalty, and offers to re-conquer the Soudan, if he be furnished with 700 men.

GREAT damage has been done to the grain in Dakota by last week's storms, the farmers in some districts having been reduced to destitution by the entire destruction of their crops.

A MOVEMENT has been started in Kingston for a centennial celebration in the fall, the town plot having been surveyed one hundred years since by the Government surveyor.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Bilious affections, with all their concomitant annoyances induced by atmospheric changes, or too liberal diet, should be checked at once or serious consequences may ensue. When any one finds his ideas less clear than usual, his eyesight dimmed, and his head dizzy, accompanied by a disinclination of all exertion, physical or mental, he may be quite sure that he is in immediate need of some a tative medicine. Let him at once send for a box of Holloway's Pills, a mild course of which will remove the symptoms, and speedily renew his usual healthful feeling. If the bowels be irritable, Holloway's Ointment should be diligently rubbed over the stomach and liver, every night and morning.

AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc," Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month. Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

Tea! Tea! Tea!

We as usual are showing

Special Value in Tea,

in all grades.

JOHN DALE & SON.

FOR SALE.

ONE first-class Cooking Stove, large size, with copper reservoir.

D. C. CLARKE.

WANTED.

A TEACHER, holding a Third or Special Certificate, for Union S. S. No. 3, Limerick. Apply to ROBT. CAMPBELL, Trustee, Thanet P. O., Hastings Road, Ont. 2

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned wishes to sell all his property east of the old C. M. Church, on St. Lawrence street, consisting of one residence, barn included, and two tenant houses.

W. BRISTOL.
Madoc, July 30th, 1884. 378-4

G. A. ROLLINS,

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,

Durham Street, Madoc, Ont.

WANTED—AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.

As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 388 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 363

REMOVED.

W. HUDGINS

HAS removed his BAKERY to the

VICTORIA BLOCK,

where he has opened in connection therewith a first class

Restaurant and Ice Cream Parlor.

Confectionery and Fruits in Season. Give me a call.

W. HUDGINS.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Milloridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory. 356-3m

ICE CREAM
—AT—
LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.
Madoc, February 16, 1884. 362

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

Ready-made CLOTHING.

We are showing

EXTRA VALUE

in all lines.

JOHN DALE & SON.

E. A. SEYMOUR,
General House Painter,
AND GLAZIER,
Madoc, - Ontario.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLO
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.
Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½ 13 in 1st concession Madoc,
29 5th " "
29 7th " "
W ½ 30 9th " "
N E ¼ 13 10th " Marmora,
27 11th " "

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

C. G. WILSON,
CHEMIST
—AND—
DRUGGIST.

Gray & McGregor,
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
Madoc, - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed Conveyancer. Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. H. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., adoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1877

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered ember of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Miners Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.
Dealer in all kinds of
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Flowers, &c.

I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.

369 W. C. REID.

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS
AND OTHER
MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager.
32 Front St. East, Toronto.

His Uncle's Heir.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Frank lifted the small trembling hand that touched his arm reverently to his lips. How should he ever be grateful enough for, ever repay the loyal love that dared so much for his sake?

"Heaven bless you, my darling!" he whispered fervently, and then turned to her father, contemplating some terrible explosion of wrath, and fervently hoping that it would fall upon his head alone.

But none came. Mr. Verner stared blankly in the girl's face, then turned his head outside with a smothered groan.

"Oh, child, you break my heart!" he cried below his breath. "Go, Essie with your sister. I am not angry; I shall not quarrel—all that folly is forgotten; but I have some business with—some bad news for—Frank!"

"For me!" the young man broke in wonderingly, while Essie crept only the closer to him, and held her ground with that strange new courage that love had given.

"If there is bad news, I must help him to bear it," she said; and her soft eyes met her father's fearlessly.

"What is it, sir!" Frank asked, having run every possible and impossible calamity over in his mind and found none that could affect him very nearly. "No bank can break and ruin me, and I'm so nearly alone in the world that, all being well here, death can hardly touch me."

"Death!" Mr. Verner echoed the always terrible word with an emphasis that made it more ghastly than ever; his bloodshot eyes rested on the young man's face, as though they would pierce to his soul. "Death can harm every man—and you have—relatives, if not friends."

"Relatives and friends too, I hope," Frank broke in warmly; "but they are all well at De Walden Court."

"All!" the other repeated, with the same strange tone and look.

"Yes, all. At least, I left them so this morning." He paused, and grew very pale, suddenly recalling Anita de Walden's sorrowfully spoken words—"The shadow comes nearer and nearer, and it means harm to those I love, or to me."

Had that wild, dreamy terror been prophetic? Had harm come in any strange and terrible shape to the graceful girl wife or her gray haired lord? His heart throbbed with an unselfish dread as he said hurriedly—

"Oh, what is it? You speak of them, I know. Is my uncle—is Lady de Walden ill?"

There followed a brief pause—then Mr. Verner asked sternly—

"Is there no one else at de Walden Court?"

"The lad—little Georgie? Yes; but surely it is not he who——"

"Is dead? It is."

Frank stared at the speaker almost incredulously. It was so impossible to associate the grim and terrible idea of sudden death with the bright faced noble little lad who had trotted beside him through the De Walden meadows twenty-four short hours ago. He could still feel about his own the warm close clasp of the fat baby fingers, could hear the merry prattle of the baby-voice, and meet the frank glance of the baby eyes that were as clearly blue as the summer heavens. Something rose in his throat with the recalled remembrance, and almost choked him, while tears of which he was all unconscious rose thickly in his eyes.

"Little Georgie! Oh, it is horrible—it seems impossible!" he cried at last, while Essie cried softly at his side, partly in pity for the little lad who was but a name to her, partly in sympathy with her lover's pain.

"Horrible indeed!" Mr. Verner said with a strong shudder. "More horrible than death in its natural shape can ever be, for the child was murdered!"

Essie echoed the word with a shrill scream and May herself, trembling violently and very pale, drew instinctively nearer to her sister's side.

But Essie did not see her, or feel the touch of her cold hand; she had eyes and thoughts only for Frank, who seemed literally stunned by what he had heard, and stood staring stupidly before him. Lord Croxford was the only person sufficiently master of himself to take in the full terror of the situation, and venture a question now.

"Sir George de Walden's son is killed, you say?" he asked, turning his gold rimmed glasses keenly on Mr. Verner's face, and speaking in the slow sensible tones that seemed to introduce a reasonable element into the phantasmal horrors of some hideous dream. "Well, that's very terrible, of course! But, pardon me, why use so shocking a word as 'murder' here?"

May flashed one passionately grateful glance at the lover who was so little wont to shine with an independent lustre, and wondered what oratorical outburst could equal in effect that plain and pregnant speech.

But Mr. Verner, wiping the great drops of a mortal terror from his wrinkled forehead, shook his gray head despairingly as he answered the young man—

"Unfortunately, that is the only word to use. The poor child was found by his unfortunate mother this morning, strangled, and quite dead, with the little sash the nurse had tied on not an hour before tightly knotted round his throat."

A dead silence followed; even Lord Croxford drew back, turning faint and giddy, and May felt the room whirl round so wildly that she caught at the nearest table for support; but Essie clung to her lover still, though the face that grew paler and proud, or every instant grew also more indistinct to her strained vision, and when he spoke his voice sounded faint and far away.

Yet it was clear and even stern; and he stood like a rock before the man who he knew accused him in his heart.

"And do they suspect—do they accuse any one of this foul crime?"

Mr. Verner held the chair before him with a tighter grip, and looked away from the proud agony of those keen eyes.

"They say that—that the child was last seen in your charge, that he stood in your way, and—and——"

"That I murdered him!" Frank finished almost calmly, as, exhausted by the terrible scene through which he had passed, the old man dropped heavily into a chair drawn up against the table and bowed his livid face on his outstretched arms. "Thank you, Mr. Verner; I know the worst now, and I can act!"

"Oh, Frank, poor Frank!" May cried between her passionate sobs. "What madness is this! What will you do?"

"Go back to De Walden Court and meet my accusers face to face!" Frank cried, his gray eyes flashing with a dangerous fire, his clear cut features seeming to harden with every word. "I harm that innocent baby! I——"

He paused abruptly and tried to loose the little fingers that had clasped with such piteous passion on his own. Essie had not fainted; she had simply lost the power of speech or movement. She could only cling to the man whom fate seemed wresting from her, and try to speak to him with the dumb agony of her eyes.

"Essie, my darling," he cried brokenly—for her pain was the hardest of all to bear—"let me go, Essie! Be brave for my sake, and help me now."

The white lips stirred, but no sound came from them; the eyes questioned, implored, protested an undying love and trust; and Frank could still take comfort from them.

"Take her, May," he said, with an appealing look; and May drew her sister away—"take her and keep her for me. I must go at once to De Walden Court."

"And I will go with you," said Lord Croxford quietly. It was his way of showing his unshaken faith in his friend, and he did it in his usual prosaic fashion; but to Frank and May Verner that way seemed the essence of chivalry, the one thing that could give them a gleam of comfort now.

"Yes, go, dear," the girl cried, with such eager grateful passion in her sweet voice and shining eyes as set the young man's pulses throbbing. "Go and bring Frank back to us, for Essie's sake, and mine."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a terrible story that the next day's paper set forth, a terrible story that May Verner read by her unconscious sister's side; and, reading it, the brave and loving girl almost felt that her heart might break.

Mr. Verner's report had been substantially correct. Lady de Walden, following her husband's instructions, had instituted an instant search through the extensive grounds of De Walden Court. The servants, exploring in all directions, had found no trace of the missing child; but presently there had been heard scream upon scream issuing from the direction of the shrubbery, and all crowding there had found the unhappy mother clasping the murdered baby in her arms and frantically calling to Heaven to give her back her child.

They were stolid, unimpressionable folk who looked upon that scene of utter agony; but not one among them will forget it till his dying day. The baby figure had been so full of life and health an hour back, all rigid and dreadful now, the golden hair floating back from the blackened swollen face and wildly staring eyes, the girl mother in the tragic majesty of an agony that drove her really mad. They tried to take the little victim from her, for the burden was far beyond her strength; but she struck their hands fiercely away, and staggered back through the brilliant morning sunshine that gleamed on her bare golden head and blazing eyes and on the pitifully altered face that lay upon her breast.

"My lady, my lady, cry for Heaven's sake!" her maid had implored, kneeling at her feet, while the tears ran like rain down her own honest ruddy face; but Anita did not even seem to hear her or feel the scalding drops that fell upon her white hands.

She had placed poor little Georgie on her own bed, and sat beside him, never moving her hot eyes from the poor little face that the women could not look upon without a fresh burst of choking tears. She would not suffer any one to touch the child until Sir George came home. There was something appalling in the utter calm with which she kept her waiting watch; and by-and-by the women crept one by one away and left her alone with her dead.

And presently Sir George came in, his face gray with pain, the veins on his forehead swelling and standing out like knotted whip cord, his breath coming in great gasping sobs. He brushed past the pale and frightened servants who clustered together on the stairs and about the bed room door, and, going straight to the bed, gathered the pale little figure to his breast in a very agony of rage and pain.

"My boy, my Georgie!" he cried, his voice hoarse with agony, his strong frame shaken with the sobs that seemed to rend his massive chest. "My little murdered child!"

Even this did not move Anita. She heeded him apparently no more than she had heeded the servants as they came and went, the only difference being that she suffered him to touch the child. Her eyes still blazed with the same fierce lustre, her hands were still locked in a rigid clasp.

And for once Sir George had no thought, no word, no look, for her. She suffered, of course she did! Was not his very heart riven, his very soul on fire with a wild craving for revenge on the coward whose ruthless hand's had taken that sweet child life?

Presently his voice rang out, a shrill harsh note that it had never known before mingling with its deeper tones and giving a strange passionate intensity to his words.

"And this is his work, his vengeance—the coward, the——"

"Whose work?"—the frozen calm was broken through at last. Anita sprang to her feet, and something, a realizing horror, a comprehension that had not been in them yet, seemed to leap suddenly into her shining eyes; her rigid lips unclosed, her breath came thick and fast.

"Whose work—oh, George, whose work?"

Sir George's gray face and tear reddened eyes were slowly raised.

"Who but the one man had cause to hate our darling—my nephew Frank de Walden."

"No, no!" Anita's hands were raised and passionately clasped above her head; her voice rose in a shrill scream that echoed through all the house of mourning like the cry of a lost spirit, and brought the servants pouring in pell mell. "Not he—not Frank! Oh, Heaven, no! He would not harm my darling! No; it was——"

She broke down there, with a strange, gurgling cry, flung out both arms, and fell forward upon her face. When they raised her, face, dress, and hands were deluged with blood. She had broken a large vessel on the lungs, and even the least experienced person there knew that her life was draining away.

And in truth she never recovered consciousness, never spoke again. The agony of a long lifetime had been condensed in to those few hours, and mind and body had alike broken down under the unnatural strain.

She lay for some hours, looking like some lovely monumental figure in her perfect pallor and perfect calm, slowly breathing her life away; and, before the evening shadows fell, Sir George was doubly bereaved. The mother and child so cruelly parted here had met again on the immortal shore.

The two young men had gone straight from Mr. Verner's house to the railway station; but only one of them had been suffered to reach De Walden Court, for Frank was arrested as he entered the train, and the man who had him in charge was naturally anxious to place a prisoner so important in immediate safe-keeping.

Lord Croxford grew very pale, and manifested an unexpectedly pugnacious disposition when he saw the significant gleam of steel in the detective's hand; but Frank restrained him with an imploring glance, and could only gnaw his blonde moustache, and feel savagely miserable and helpless.

"It must have come sooner or later," Frank said, as they parted. He was wonderfully calm and self possessed, though his eyes gleamed with a feverish brightness, and his handsome face was very pale. "But I wish—I wish I had seen Sir George. You will go to him, Croxford, and say how I grieve for my little cousin, for him, for——" He paused suddenly, with a blank face; then added slowly—"But how if he thinks me guilty?"

"Then he is a fool for his pains," Lord Croxford broke in, with all the roughness of genuine feeling. "You guilty, Frank! I would as soon believe in my own guilt."

Frank answered only by a grateful look; and the other went on hastily—

"Of course, I will act as your deputy, and bring my report to-morrow. Keep up your spirits, old fellow. These mad mistakes can never last long, you know; and—and Heaven bless you, and good-bye!"

And, with a warm hand clasp, the good hearted young Viscount hurried away, horribly ashamed of the tears that dimmed his glasses and were an honor to his manhood, if he had had but the sense to see it.

It was late when he arrived at De Walden Court; but only the faintest glimmer of light broke through the massive ivy-grown frontage of the great house. The vast entrance hall was all in shadow, and the kindly messenger, already sufficiently depressed felt his heart sink lower and lower as he stood in that gloomy ante-chamber, awaiting Sir George's permission to come in.

It was hard to get and long in coming, and only obtained at last by a desperate use of Frank de Walden's name. Lord Croxford winced to see how even the man who took his message and ushered him finally into Sir George's presence stared and colored angrily at the sound.

The great library, in which the stricken man sat, was as dark as all the rest of the house. Croxford could not see the bent shaking figure that raised itself from the great arm chair at his entrance, nor the fierce swollen eyes that turned angrily to his till his attention was drawn in that direction by the sound of a harsh querulous voice.

"Well, sir, you have thrust yourself upon my misery. What excuse have you to make?"

Lord Croxford was certainly not accustomed to such an unceremonious style of address; but he did not resent it now. He was not thinking of himself or his own dignity; his heart ached for this broken, desolate old man almost as much as for his injured friend.

"Forgive me, Sir George"—he spoke, after a little hesitating pause, with infinite gentleness and unfeigned sympathy. "Heaven knows I would not intrude upon your grief; but I come to tell you that Frank——"

"That they have taken him, that he is caught!" Sir George broke in, his voice trembling, his eyes ablaze with savage exultation. "Tell me that and I will thank and bless you, sir, as you were never thanked and blessed before."

Lord Croxford was silent. Not all his pity for the misery maddened man before him could keep the angry blood from his face, the angry sparkle from his eyes as he listened to that cruelly unjust speech, but, by a mighty effort, he did keep back all angry words; and his silence wrought the other to frenzy.

"Is that your news? Is Frank de Walden in safe custody?" he broke out violently striking his hand with cruel force upon the massive table; and his blood shot eyes shone with a cruel fire.

"Yes, that last injustice has been done the man you wrong so foully!" Lord Croxford answered, with a sort of bitter calm. "Frank has been arrested for a crime which it is simply monstrous to associate with his name. He is absolutely incapable of cruelty to any one, and he loved your child."

Sir George gave a cry that was like the roar of a wild beast in fiercest pain.

"Loved!" he echoed savagely, "the child who robbed him of his heritage, who stood between him and his promised wife! No; we were mad to trust the innocent creature in his power! We might have known what his resignation meant."

"You might have known your nephew," Lord Croxford said, with a restrained passion that was full of dignity. "I have known him as man and boy; and I know as surely as I know that the sun shines in the heaven, and you and I both live and breathe, that, whatever the evidence against him, Frank is innocent."

Even Sir George seemed momentarily impressed by the passionate conviction of the young man's speech. He stared stupidly into the shadows, then broke in with a harsh discordant laugh.

"Whatever the evidence!" he cried with a terribly mockery. "Your faith may be strong indeed if it survive that test! Do you know, sir, that your friend took the child out for a walk, a walk from which neither of them returned, for he went straight to London, and the boy—oh, Heaven, my little helpless Georgie!—was only brought home dead!"

His head sank forward upon his folded arms; even the anger died out of his voice, which became a mere wail of agony. For the second time that day Lord Croxford felt the tears rush blindingly to his eyes. He drew a little nearer to the stricken man, his kind heart aching with the burden of a painful pity. He felt so powerless to help or heal in the presence of this tragic woe. His faith in Frank was utterly unshaken; but the plain fierce words had shown him more clearly than ever the deadly peril in in which his friend stood.

"Forgive me, Sir George," he said almost tenderly—and his voice, gentle as it was, was broken, and thrilled with the nervous agitation that possessed him—"for worlds I would not say one word to irritate or anger you; but, for truth's sake, I must answer you still. I do not know, I cannot guess, how the terrible chain that links Frank's name with this most hideous crime got itself forged; but I know that it is a chain of falsehood, that it can and shall be broken."

"Break it then!" the old man answered savagely. "You are a good friend and a strong advocate, sir; but I think you and your client will both find that chain is strong enough to hang him!"

Implacable hate gleamed in the swollen eyes, and sounded in the roughened voice. Lord Croxford felt that it was useless, for the present at least, to contend with one who was deaf alike to reason and appeal, though he felt, with added pang, how terrible this man's full conviction of his nephew's guilt would influence the public mind. He sighed involuntarily as he decided this; and the sound attracted Sir George's attention. He eyed the young man keenly, and, for the first time, made some faint attempt to speak with reasonable courtesy.

"I do not blame you, sir. Thinking as you do, you are right to stand by your friend in such a time as this. But when you know, as I know now, his shameful guilt——"

"Say rather when you know how great a wrong you have done him, you will be glad that he had a friend." Lord Croxford said hurriedly. "That day will come, Sir George; but we shall never see the one of which you speak. Till then, good-bye." He moved towards the door, then came back again, and spoke with a resolute effort. "One question more. I must tell all that has passed between us to Frank, and, Heaven knows, it will be a bitter task! I would gladly find one gleam of hope to give him. Does the poor mother, does Lady de Walden share your conviction of his guilt?"

Sir George stared, as though he hardly understood him at first; then the blood rushed hotly over the gray face, and the eyes emitted one vivid flash as he cried, with a cruel laugh—

"Yes, you can take some comfort to your friend—can tell him his cruel vengeance is complete—Lady de Walden is dead!"

CHAPTER IX.

"Frank!"—"My darling!"

It was a very worn and haggard face that bowed itself over Essie Verner's dark head. Confinement and watching and anxiety had stolen the healthy bronze from the clear skin and traced some sharp lines on the smooth brow—nay, even drawn some gleaming silver threads through the close crispness of the brown-gold curls: but the eyes were still clear and steadfast, and the lips kept their brave sweet smile.

That smile, though she met it morning after morning when she and her sister paid their daily visits to the prisoner, fully committed for trial as Frank was now, was always a little more than May's nerves could stand; it always sent her to the grim uncurtained window that looked out upon the square paved prison-yard—there to rage fiercely and impotently against the cruel folly of a world that could mistake Frank de Walden for a murderer.

"And yet they will convict him!" the girl would cry from time to time, as the black and bitter waters of an utter despair surged over her struggling soul. "There are only those who know and love to trust him still, and it rests with the others to condemn."

It was strange to see the transformation wrought in the character of the sisters by this time of cruel trial. It was bright brave May, hitherto the guide and leader in all things, who broke down utterly now, who lost faith in the justice of man and the mercy of Heaven, who was hysterical and miserably weak in the presence of her morbid fears—gentle, timid, Essie who took up the burden laid upon her, and bore it bravely and patiently, who cheered her lover, father, and sister in the moments of darkest despondency, and tried to chase them growing terrors with the light of her own serene faith.

"Frank is innocent!" she would say, her blue eyes lighting with the fire that gave her worn young face a strangely spiritual look. "We know that; and we know that the truth and justice must prevail at last."

Whereat Mr. Verner would eye his favorite child with sorrowful amazement, and groan aloud in bitterness of heart. He no longer controverted the innocence, though his reason told him that the evidence brought forward in the case was overwhelmingly strong; some instinct stronger than reason waged war with it and bore it down. He could not think Frank de Walden a murderer—the cruel destroyer of an innocent helpless child.

But though he believed him guiltless, he believed also that he must die. There seemed no feeble link in that terrible circumstantial chain that wound itself about him, dragging him nearer and ever nearer to the scaffold. His death might be a judicial murder, but such had been perpetrated in Mr. Verner's memory, and might be again.

The doubts and terrors, the ague-fits of horror and remorse that broke down the stern strong man, making him permanently old and feeble, seized from time to time on Croxford and May, paralysing the efforts of the true friend and loving sister, and making them almost shun the man they were powerless to save; but they never touched Essie; her clear eyes seemed to pierce the dark clouds about them and rest with tranquil assurance on the light beyond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Physical superiority of the ante-Alexandrian Greeks to the hardiest and most robust nations of modern times, is perhaps best illustrated by the military statistics of Xenophon. According to the author of the "Anabasis," the complete accoutrements of the Spartan soldier, in what we would call heavy marching order, weighed seventy-five pounds, exclusive of the camp, mining, and bridge-building tools, and the rations of bread and dried fruit which were issued in weekly instalments and increased the burden of the infantry soldier to ninety, ninety-five, or even a full hundred pounds. This load was often carried at the rate of four miles an hour for twelve hours per diem, day after day; and only in the burning deserts of southern Syria the commander of the Grecian auxiliaries thought it prudent to shorten the usual length of a day's march.

There are three wicks to the lamp of man's life—brain, blood, and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute, and out go all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs and presently the fluids cease to supply the other centres of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold and darkness.

Comfort for Can't-Get-Away.

You can walk so comfortably in the parks, and have your choice of seats, as there will be no disagreeable crowd, and no dust from carriages.

You can study geography, and improve yourself so much, by engaging all your travelling friends to write to you to tell you what they are seeing, and you can follow them—on the map.

You will feel so much more comfortable watching over your own premises, instead of leaving them to servants, who will have in followers, and perhaps set the house on fire.

You will avoid those long, cold, dull evenings in the country, and especially by the seaside, when you are tired out, can't get a book, and are ashamed to have a fire, and you can spend them in the comfort of your own house.

You can fetch up such a deal of reading which you have never had time to manage during the season, and besides, can resolutely set yourself to Spencer, Tyndall and other really instructive writers.

You can see a great deal of your poor and unpresentable relations, and ask them to tea, and advise them as to the bringing up of their children, and otherwise discharge the duties of consanguinity.

And you cannot think how much more you will enjoy a country holiday in 1885 if you omit taking one in 1884; besides that, when your friends return to town, you will have so much more leisure to listen to all their narratives of travel, having none to bore them with in return.

A gang of Italian laborers near Saratoga were recently cut down ten cents a day. Instead of striking, they cut an inch off their shovel blades at night. The boss asked what it meant, and one of the men replied. "Not so much pay, not so much dirt list; all right, job last the more long. Italian no fool like Irishman; he no strike."

Men Ignorant of Fire.

I do not know of any but a single record where natives of a newly discovered country did not know the use of fire: that one case was on Island Fauna Loa, or Bodwitch's Island, discovered on the 29th of January, 1841, by W. H. Hudson, of the United States South Sea Surveying and Exploring Expedition.

Capt. Hudson relates: "The natives were at first very shy of the boats; but the Hawaiians who were in them soon induced them to approach, and to enter into trade, and finally enticed them alongside the ships. On coming near they began a song or chant, holding up their paddles and mats, and shouting 'kaflion tamatau.' They resembled the natives of Ostafa, or Duke of York's Island, were the same kind of mats, eye-shades and ornaments, and some were tattooed in the same manner. Some, however, were tattooed in a different style, being ornamented with a variety of arrows on the forehead and cheeks. They were all finely formed and manly in appearance, with pleasing countenances that expressed good nature.

"They were eager enough for trade, and soon disposed of all they had to exchange; few presents were made them, but all the inducements failed to entice them on board. They appeared cheerful, laughing heartily at anything that struck them as ridiculous.

"The population of the island is estimated to be about six hundred souls, most of whom dwell in the town.

"There was no signs of places for cooking, nor any appearance of fire, and it is believed that all their provisions are eaten raw. What strengthened this opinion was the alarm the natives felt when they saw the sparks emanating from the flint and steel, and the emission of smoke from the mouths of those who were smoking cigars."

The writer of this article was on board the Peacock, and can vouch for the verity of Capt. Hudson's account of our interviews with the natives, and also that they eat their entire food without cooking, but also had the greatest dread of fire in any form. We saw no traces of charcoal or ashes in their village or town, and we fully understood them as to their food and how it was taken. It consisted entirely of cocoanuts and pandanus fruits; fish, echini, and other products of the sea; the few birds mostly seen there, were not regarded as food, and even if they were, could not have been easily obtained or relied on for supplies, the population being large in proportion to the island's size.

A Cheap Beehive.

R. L. Cooper of Maple Creek has a couple of swarms of bees which came into his possession under peculiar circumstances. About two years ago, late in the fall, a swarm came to his place, taking refuge between the siding and wall of a little addition to his house, going in through a knot hole in the siding. Coming so late in the season they were unable to lay up enough honey to keep them, and they all died during the winter. Last week Monday, about noon, another large swarm came in exactly the same way, and a few hours later another and larger swarm followed suit, all going in though the same knot hole and making themselves at home in the space between the walls and the studding. The last swarm would comprise about a half bushel. They are now busily at work preparing to settle down for a permanent residence. The instinct of bees is remarkable, but this is one of the strangest cases we have heard of for a long time.

Fish-Eating Plants.

Prof. Baird, of the National Museum, has received from England a specimen of an aquatic fish-eating plant, known as the great bladderwort, which has been discovered to be peculiarly destructive to young fish. The plant is large, has no roots, but floats free in the water, and its leaves bear small bladders which entrap the fish fry. Twelve or fifteen species of the plant are found within the limits of the United States, and it abounds in the Fish Commission carp ponds in Washington, where it has been introduced at considerable labor and expense, having been heretofore regarded as excellent fish food. Prof. Baird will warn carpiculturists to destroy the plant wherever found, as he believes that millions of fry must be annually caught in the little bladder traps.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel. I don't believe I will ever get through this spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will! Just take a bottle or two of Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles $1 each.

When the Hand Can Tell.

[illegible] there has [illegible] in Palmistry [illegible] and characters of the lines and marks of the hands. It is a decidedly amusing way of passing an evening and entertaining a small party, and a slight explanation of the subject may be of interest.

The Greek palmists divided the palm into different sections, and named these localities in honor of their principal deities.

The Mount of Venus occupies the base of the thumb, bounded by the vital line. Venus large shows strong and enduring physical powers. The fullness indicates muscular development—strength—in men, and beauty in women. The fine quality of the mount shows grace in movement, love of melody, desire to please, love of pleasure, luxurious living or dissipation, as other signs may harmonize. Firmness here shows endurance; while softness shows a love of ease. Lines here parallel to the vital line are favorable, while cross lines are undesirable.

The Mount of Jupiter is found in the upper part of the palm, below the first finger. This is the finger that points, menaces, directs or aspires. The Mount of Jupiter favorably indicates ideality, ambition, pride, self-respect, aspiration. Too full shows arrogance, vanity, tyranny, egotism, boastfulness. Weak or flat, shows a mind void of imagination, a plodder, a routine worker, a phlegmatic or irritable disposition.

The Mount of Saturn, found below the middle finger, when full, indicates realism, seriousness, prudence, determination. This mount smooth shows tranquillity, hope and industry. In excess we look for unscrupulousness, bigotry, asceticism. Weak or flat suggests carelessness, easy-going, thriftlessness, aimlessness. This mount is more favorable as it is clear or traversed by ascending lines, and unfavorable as it is cut by cross lines or especially crooked lines, which show melancholy, brooding and foreboding.

The Mount of Apollo, also known as the Mount of the Sun, is located under the ring, or third, finger. This mount full and favorable indicates taste and ability in the arts, a tendency to vividly express the imagination; hence literature, painting, music, invention; in short, it gives expression in material form to the indications of Jupiter. Too full suggests fanaticism, envy, dishonor.

One ascending line shows concentration; hence, success; several lines, versatility.

The Mount of Mercury, below the little finger, when favorable, shows ability to explain and to communicate; hence, eloquence, conversational powers, pleasing manners, diplomacy, deftness in action, charm of personal presence. In excess, when it is generally marked with unfavorable lines, it suggests pretension, deception, chicanery, dishonesty.

The Mount of Mars is in the outer part of the palm, before the Mount of Mercury. As it is full and favorable, it shows courage, aggressive self-reliance, fearlessness. The plain of Mars, or hollow of the hand, full and clear, shows the same qualities, only in the way of endurance instead of aggression. In excess, foolhardiness and violence, and weak cowardice is suggested.

The Mount of the Moon is in the lower part of the palm, opposite the Mount of Venus. This mount, full and clear, shows fancy, reverie, meditation, love of quiet, solitude. In excess, there is suggested caprice, superstition, fanaticism. Lines on this mount show changeable motives, and curved lines a love of travel.

The lines of the palm play an important part in all symptoms of hand reading.

The vital line rises at the edge of the palm, between the thumb and the forefinger, incloses the Mount of Venus and terminates at or near the wrist. This line, as its name suggests, indexes the person's vitality, health, energy, recuperative power. It is to some extent the record of past severe illness, and, therefore, a basis for a calculation of future health.

This line favorably announces vitality, energy and health, and consequently suggests long life. This line slender or dim shows low condition of vitality, ill health, inertness. This line splintered out, broken or ragged, shows painful, irritating or depleting diseases. Cut by many other cross lines suggests headaches or nervous troubles. All branches ascending from this line are favorable; descending branches are unfavorable, showing depleting ailments. All lesser lines parallel to the vital line are favorable. All lines cutting the vital line, or lines parallel to it, are unfavorable.

The thought line begins at or near the vital line, and traverses the Plain of Mars toward the Mount of Mars, sometimes crossing the latter, sometimes curving down upon the Mount of the Moon. The thought line, united with the vital line, shows a union of plan and performance, a practical bent in life. As it continues straight it suggests good memory, direct purpose; as it courses up it shows one whose thoughts are ruled by the emotions; as it curves down on the Mount of the Moon imagination is shown. Separated from the vital line at the beginning shows one who will purpose one thing and perform another—one better or worse or both better and worse than usually considered. Breaks in this line, especially if they are ragged, or spots upon it, show brain troubles.

The impulse line begins at the edge of the palm below the Mount of Mercury, traverses the palm between the thought line and the fingers, usually terminating near, at or upon the Mount of Jupiter, sometimes entirely crossing the latter.

This line to the ideal should be full, clear cut, smooth, gracefully curved and branched, ending upon the Mount of Jupiter in two or three nearly equal branches. This line in this form shows warm emotions, strong friendship, ardent, persistent affection, noble self-denial. If it passes over Jupiter to the edge of the palm it indexes vehement emotions, general happiness in love and labor, intense misery in thwarted attachments or purposes.

As this line terminates before reaching the Mount of Jupiter it indicates less ardent affection and of a grosser quality.

If the impulse line unite with the thought line under the Mount of Jupiter, it shows one of very unequal character, who is "cool, calculating and cruel," or ardent, impulsive and fanatical by turns. If the two lines join throughout, these signs are intensified, as is also the case if the thumb is small, the fingers pointed or the skin sensitive.

Breaks, cuts, imperfections in this line show ailments of the involuntary nerve system. The line bare of branches shows concentration of the aspirations and affections. This line chained, ragged, made up of smaller strands—overlapping instead of continuous—suggests instability of the affections, coquetry, flirtation, as other indications support or modify.

One without this line will never make a suitable marriage.

The material line may originate in almost any part of the base of the palm, and its general course is toward the Mount of Saturn, near which or upon which it usually ends. The ideally good material line rises near the wrist, upon or adjacent to the vital line, pursues a direct course, closing in a single, double or triple gracefully diminishing termination upon the highest part of the Mount of Saturn. Such a line tells of an industrious, practical, even purposed individual, who, through continuity or well directed effort, is sure to win success in a material way. As it rises near or upon the Mount of Venus, a passionate purpose is shown. As it rises near or upon the Mount of the Moon, visionary schemes of new enterprises are indexed. The line cutting through the Mount of Saturn to the middle finger shows a dogged tenacity of purpose—stubborn adhesiveness.

This line lacking indexes one with little material bias or executive ability.

The art line may rise anywhere in the lower part of the hand, and proceeds thence to the Mount of Apollo, under the third finger. This line favorable indicates a love of beauty. It will suggest the one who appreciates art, the art critic, the sculptor, painter, musician, inventor of industrial appliances, the superior artisan—as the other characteristics may determine.

Rising on the Mount of Venus, it suggests the pleasure-seeker; on the vital line, a material inclination; on the Mount of the Moon, fanciful ideas or graceful accomplishments. As its termination is swayed toward Mercury it shows personal persuasiveness; toward Saturn, an artistic use of the qualities of Saturn.

The assimilation line rises on the Mount of the Moon, or in the vital line, and proceeds toward the Mount of Mercury. This line tells of good powers of assimilation, humor, wit, hopeful views of life, hence a favorite in society. This line winding or tortuous suggests ailments; hence a melancholy temperament. This line broken, or making angular turns, tells of indigestions or dyspeptic troubles; hence it suggests irritability. The line red shows violence; pale, little power of assimilation. This line is often lacking, and its want is much more favorable than a poor line.

These rules are undoubtedly the ones followed by the gypsies in making their weird forecasts and prophecies. They are certainly ingenious and fantastic, and one almost wishes that there was some truth underlying the entertaining fiction.

A MODERN MAZEPPA.

The Terrible Ride of a Young Lothario on a Bronco.

M. Boussand, a wealthy cattle owner whose herds range in the unorganized territory of North-Western Nebraska, has just returned from the annual "round up" in that region and relates a tale of the plains that is, in some respects, a counterpart of the orthodox Mazeppa. When Boussand reached his ranch about the middle of June, he found his cowboys nursing a young man, whom they had rescued from the back of a bronco. When discovered, the modern Mazeppa was lashed to the horse, entirely naked and unconscious. The animal was about broken down, as if from long running, and was easily lassoed by the cowboys, who cut the thongs and released the strange captive. This happened about two weeks before Boussand's arrival, and during all that time the stranger had lain in a stupor. A few days before Boussand started on his return journey to Omaha, having a little medical knowledge, he succeeded in restoring the patient to consciousness, and his recovery was rapid.

When able to talk he said his name was Henry Burbank; that he was an Englishman, thirty-four years of age. About three years ago at Falmouth, England, he formed a partnership with a friend, Thomas Wilson, some years his senior, and with him came to America to embark in the cattle business. They oast about for a while and finally settled in Northwestern Nebraska, where the range was unlimited and herders few and far apart. They built a comfortable ranch by a little stream, where Wilson's young wife reigned as housekeeper, attended by two or three female domestics. Burbank, who was a handsome young fellow, found it agreeable, while Wilson was absent about the range, to make love to the latter's wife. This continued for some months, until in the latter part of May one of the cowboys, who had a grievance against Burbank, reported the fact to the woman's husband, whose jealousy had already been aroused.

That night Burbank was captured while asleep in bed by Wilson and three of his men and bound before he had a chance to make any resistance. Wilson had him stripped of every bit of clothing and bound on the back of a wild bronco, which was started off by a vigorous lashing. Before morning Burbank became unconscious and was therefore unable to tell about his terrible trip. He thinks that the outrage was committed on the night of May 27th, and he was rescued on the morning of June 3rd, which would make seven days he had been travelling about the plains on the horse's back without food or drink, and exposed to the sun and wind. Wilson's ranch is about two hundred miles from the spot where Burbank was found, and it is hardly probable that the bronco took a direct course, and therefore must have covered many more miles in his wild journey.

When fully restored to health, Burbank proposes to make a visit of retaliation on Wilson, and in this he will be backed by Boussand's men and those of the Ogallala Land & Cattle Company, whose ranch is near Boussand's.

We should do everything we can do for others if only to dissipate the thought of what they will omit to do for us.

Clarence Three Stairs is the name of an Indian who lives in Philadelphia. Irreverent small boys call him the "Third Flat."

When a girl refers her lover to her pa he feels that it is harder to question the pop than to pop the question.

An advertiser in Vanity offers "a dream for sale at £5." Here is a good chance for some horse fancier to buy a night mare cheap.

Henry Labouchere wonders which is more deadly, the cholera or the doctors. Much can be said on both sides of the question.

Origin of Some Curious Sayings.

"Not worth a rap." The want of small money in Ireland had grown to such a height in 1721 2 that counterfeit coins called *raps* were in common use, made of such bad metal that what passed for a halfpenny was not worth a farthing. Hence the cant phrase, "Not worth a rap." The name in all probability, is derived from rappen, a small Swiss coin, value about half a farthing.

"Walk your chalks." A very simple explanation of this expression may be given English ale-house frequenters, when they have been drinking long enough to make a boast of being sober, and to dispute a point with each other, will chalk a long line on the ground and then endeavor one after the other to walk upon it without swerving to right or left. Those who succeed are adjudged to be sober—i. e., to have "walked their chalks."

"Cooking your goose." According to Notes and Queries "cooking your goose" is thus explained: "The King of Sweden's Goose—The King of Sweden, coming to a town of his enemy's, with very little company, his enemy, to slight his forces, did hang out a goose for him to shoote; but perceiving before night that these few soldiers had invaded and set their chiefe houlds on fire, they demanded of him what his intent was. To whom he replied: 'To roast your goose!'"

"Scot free." Scot, according to Cowel (Law Dictionary), signifies a certain custom or tollage. The right of voting in the boroughs in England was formerly in those who paid *scot and lot*. "Scot-free," therefore, is free from such custom or tollage.

"Strain at a gnat." The Moorish soldier when he drinks unfolds the end of his turban and places it over the mouth of his bote, drinking through the muslin to strain out the gnats, whose larvæ swarm in the water of that country.

"I'll go through fire and water to serve you." The Bishops of Rochester possessed the manor of Southfleet, in Kent, before the conquest, and, as not unusual in ancient times, had a power of trying and executing felons. The jurisdiction extended not only to acts of felony done in the village, but also over criminals apprehended in another country. An instance of this kind in the year 1200 is mentioned by T. Blount in his "Ancient Tenures." It was of two women who had stolen some clothes in Croindene (supposed to be Croydon), and the men of that place, having pursued them to Southfleet, they were imprisoned and tried by the Lord Henry de Cobham, and other discreet men of the country, who adjudged them to undergo the fire ordeal, or examination of the hot iron. By this foolish test one of them was exculpated and the other condemned. The two chief species of trial by ordeal were those of fire and water. Both these modes might be performed by deputy; but the principal was to answer for the success of the trial, the deputy only venturing some corporeal pain for hire, or, perhaps, for friendship. "This" says Blackstone, "is still expressed in that common form of speech of going through fire and water to serve another." Hale tells us "In the time of King John, the purgation per ignem et aquam, or the trial by ordeal continued; but it ended with this king."

"By Hook or by Crook." The destruction by the fire of London in 1666, during which some 13,800 houses, etc., were burnt down, in very many cases obliterated all the boundary marks requisite to determine the extent of land, and the sites occupied by buildings previous to the fire. When the rubbish was removed disputes arose among persons as to the position and extent of their property, which promised not only interminable lawsuits, but created the serious evil of delaying the building of the city until these disputes were settled. Impelled by the necessity of coming to a more speedy settlement, it was determined that the claims and interests of all persons concerned should be referred to the judgment and decision of two of the most experienced land surveyors of that day, and in order to escape from the evils which delay must occasion, the decision of these two arbitrators were to be final and binding. The surveyors appointed were named Mr. Hook and Mr. Crook. Hence arose the saying above quoted.

"He's a brick." Plutarch, in his life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of the quaint and familiar saying. On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the King over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that though only nominally King of Sparta, he was ruler of Greece—and he looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defense of the town; but found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king.

"Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defense. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador, replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning, the King led his guest out upon the plain where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried hosts, he said:

"There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—10 000 men, and every man a brick!"

"Q. in a corner." This is an expression denoting something not noticed at first, but seen afterwards; something partially hidden, as it were, in an out-of-the-way place or corner. In French law "queue" is the thong by which seals are fastened to legal documents. The seals are fastened in the corner of the document.

"Glorious" War.

Joaquin Miller is a terrifying iconoclast. He says in the Philadelphia *Press* that the ancient saying that it is sweet to die for one's country is a pagan lie. His first point is that it is not sweet to die at all. His next, that from personal observation on a dozen battle fields he knows that dying soldiers think and talk of wife, mother and babes, not of country, in the hour of death. But is not the grasping at the grass and other objects, showing that the last desire is to cling to this earth, but a manifestation of the instinct of self-preservation, which overpowers the noblest sentiments? Sometimes soldiers, Miller says, with their last breath, will curse the rulers and men that brought them to such a barbarous, dog like death. The great epic yet to be written is one that will amply depict the horrible, ghastly, beastly barbarism of war.

AGRICULTURAL.

Science and Farming.

The greatest obstacle in the way of man's improvement and the most difficult to overcome, has been ignorance. Placed here at the beginning with no experience, and totally without knowledge of the laws which governed nature in the growth, perfection and decay of vegetable and animal life—in fact, totally ignorant of the laws which govern his own existence, he was like a man in the dark; he groped about, stumbling and falling many times before he learned the roads that were safe and practicable. To-day, even with all our advancement, the "don't know" of our farmers alone, costs the country much more than would support all the educational institutions in existence. Knowledge adds so much to the power and efficiency of its possessor, and elevates him so much, that ignorance is always jealous and suspicious of it, and of its possessor, and for this reason there is always a prejudice in the common mind against so-called science, and especially is this the case among farmers. Not very long since, to call a man a scientific farmer, was at once to make him the butt of all the jokes of the neighborhood, and to set all eyes watching, in hopes he might make some failure. This is a grave mistake, for there is no one more dependent for success upon science and scientific practice, than the tiller of the soil.

Nature has certain fixed and immutable laws that regulate and control all her operations, as well as the growth and development of the tiniest seed into the living plant, and this to its full maturity and the production again of its seed, as of the creation and movements of the planetary system. Would the farmer achieve the greatest success, he must work in unison with, not antagonistic to these laws. The study and investigation of these laws as they relate to agriculture, and the application of the knowledge so obtained to its practical operations, is science, and that is all there is of scientific farming. We can see anything in this that should frighten or antagonize the farmer; but, on the contrary, it is the greatest incentive for him to become a student of the science of agriculture, and of all science that in any way relates to it.

For the sake of convenience, we talk about the science of chemistry, botany, etc.; but these are only names of different branches of science, and these are each and all useful to the farmer in many ways, in which they enable him to better know Nature's laws. For instance, chemistry seeks to know the cause of things by tearing down or pulling apart; if a field fails to produce a satisfactory crop of wheat, chemistry would take the soil and pull it apart by analysis, to ascertain what it contains; it takes the wheat plant, and pulling leaf, stem and grain apart, it ascertains of what each is composed. In other words, it asks the wheat what it needs and must have in order to produce the best crops. It asks the soil what it has in its storehouse and within the reach of the growing plant, which it will contribute to its use, and by comparing their answers, it is enabled to tell the farmers what the wheat plant must have, what the soil will contribute, and what he must supply, in order to grow crops that shall be remunerative. We follow these instructions and carefully watch results, and when the results corroborate the teachings of chemistry, we call an agricultural fact, and carefully record it, and records of all these facts form our text books, and are the admitted laws of science. Through our imperfect knowledge and methods, we sometimes mistake these teachings, and guess at the results, and call a fact established, and in our haste proclaim it as scientific principle, when it is only guess-work, thus bringing ridicule and dispute upon science, when the error is chargeable only to our ignorance, as, for instance, the theory once universally taught that the earth was the stationary centre of the universe. Increasing knowledge showed this not to be true, neither was it scientific, but only a blunder of ignorance. Science is knowledge; the correct interpretation of Nature's laws; and, of course, it is always true, reasonable, fixed, immutable. It is only our ignorance that causes us to mistake its teachings, or which prevent us from correctly translating its language.

The same power, based on the same scientific principle, was hidden in the union of heat and water, since the foundation of the universe; but man went on in ignorance unassisted by this mighty power, until Watt complied with the scientific law which enabled him to apply and control this power in the construction of the steam engine. The same laws govern the development and improvement of plants and animals, have always existed, and yet it is only very recently that man has understood and taken advantage of them, and we already see wonderful results. Surely any one so dependent on Nature's laws for his complete success as the farmer, cannot afford to be ignorant of them, and the more perfectly he understands and complies with them, the greater will be his success.

We may call it gumption, shrewdness, luck, or by any other name, the success of the successful farmer is attained by a compliance with the scientific principles of agriculture, and by this means only, and the better these are understood, and the more closely they are followed, the greater will be his success. Then we say, that if these can be more quickly and perfectly learned from the text books than from long and costly experience, by all means study the books. Science and farming go well together, and we cannot well have too much of true science in our farming.

Growing the Egg-Plant.

The egg-plant is among the most desirable of our garden products, and should be found in every garden. The first week in June is the safest time to set out the plants from the hot-bed, and even they should be protected at night by covering with old newspapers, with clods on the corners; for it must be remembered that it is a very sensitive plant, and the least frost or even chilling nights will check its growth, from which it will take two or three weeks to recover. The plant requires a very rich soil; it should be firmly and rather deeply set in the ground and should be mulched with well rotted manure. A row of these plants should receive as much, or really more attention than a row of celery. They should be watered daily with strong manure water for two or three weeks, and in very dry times the earth should be carefully drawn from the plants, plentifully watered, and then be returned again, hilling up slightly. The potato beetle is very fond of the leaves, preferring them to those of the potato; but as this pest has nearly disappeared, there is not much danger to be apprehended from it, though it is well to look out for it. The roots of the egg-plant take up very little room, making the necessity of strong manuring all-important. A row of from six to twelve plants is all sufficient for a family.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Thinning Fruit.

Dr. Jabez Fisher, of Northern Massachusetts, tells Mr. Atkinson, editor of the *Farm Journal*, that the operation of thinning fruit should be commenced when the fruits are from one-half inch to an inch in diameter. Begin by removing so as to leave, 1st, no two specimens growing from the same spur, and no two so near together as they will be likely to touch each other when full grown, leaving, in all cases, the best one of a cluster; 2d, no specimen that is deformed or is so injured in any way that it will be sure to become deformed as it grows; 3rd, no one that shows injury by any insect; and 4th, no one that is materially smaller than the average of the remainder. Doctor Fisher has been remarkably successful. He has practiced thinning fruit for many years. But will this pay? To answer this question, it is first to be considered what it costs. Suppose a Beurre d'Anjou pear tree, the spherical head of which measures from twelve to thirteen feet in diameter and occupies say 1,000 cubic feet of space, to a set crop of 4,000 pears. If all were left to mature, they would measure, possibly, fifteen bushels, that might sell for $2 per bushel, or $30. If now the crop be thinned to one half its number, the product would be likely to measure eleven bushels that would be worth fully twice the price of the others, or $44. If the crop should comprise but 1,500 specimens, giving about ten cubic inches of space to each, the product would still be ten bushels, full worth $5, or $50 for the whole.

The Increase of Population.

"Is the increase of population to be dreaded?" is a question that, in one form or another, has engaged the attention of many. All discussion of the subject has been based on the assumption that the world's capacity for the production of human food is limited by the possibilities of agriculture. For writers on political economy have taken no account of fish as food, or, if they have considered fish at all, it has been upon the assumption that the supply of fish food is relatively insignificant, and must always remain so. But within a score of years the progress made in the artificial propagation of fish has revealed possibilities of food supply that are practically illimitable. Vast areas of fresh water, hitherto unproductive, can by means of fish culture be made to yield an abundance of the very best of human food. And inland fisheries, prosecuted for ages, can by pisciculture be made a hundredfold more productive. Then, when the inland waters shall have been taxed to their utmost in the production of fish, there remains the ocean, boundless, illimitable, inexhaustible. The artificial propagation of fish is not confined to fresh water. It has been proved that the waters of the sea can be artificially restocked with fish as well as the waters of inland lakes and streams. For several years past a steamer in the service of the United States Government has been engaged in the artificial propagation of salt water fish and in their distribution in the depths of the seas frequented by the fishing vessels of New England. The most gratifying results have followed the work, and the successful progagation of deep sea fish is no longer to be regarded as a matter of doubt or experiment. Recent writers upon fish culture have shown that an acre of water can be more productive of food than an acre of land. Now when we further consider that more than three-quarters of our globe is covered by water, it becomes evident, that in ignoring the possibilities of the fish supply, the philosophers who have feared ultimate famine for humanity have left out of their reckoning an element whose importance can hardly be overestimated. We venture to say that considering the possibilities of fish production, in addition to the resources of agriculture, no one need fear that the coming generations will be in any immediate danger of starvation.

"THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S."

But a Massachusetts Crank Deeds Him Only a Piece of It.

A curious document has been recorded in the Worcester County Registry of Deeds in Worcester, Mass. It is a deed of one-half acre of land in Ashburnham, Mass., with buildings. It states that "I, Charles Hastings, of Ashburnham, gentleman, in consideration of the love and good will of the Lord Jesus and one cent found on the premises of His, the rightful owner of all lands, as recorded in the first book of laws, the Bible, fiftieth psalm of King David, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, and 22rd and 24th verses, the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, do hereby give, grant and convey unto the Lord Jesus, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, a portion of the late Col. Joseph Jewett's land," etc. This instrument goes to say that "The said property is given in trust, reserving, however, the right to occupy and improve, make repairs, pay taxes, insurance policies, etc., in fact, retain it under my control as agent, and making all proper reservations for myself and others during my natural life, the two southwest chambers and one of the storerooms below to be kept for historical rooms for relics of various kinds, and not to be let, such as belonged to Susan W. Hastings and others; that nothing is to be sold, neither real nor personal property, forever, but kept in trust for a memorial by those who have full faith in the blessed Lord Jesus, and to continue by His approbation forever to occupy according to His will." This instrument was duly "signed, sealed and delivered" in the presence of three witnesses, acknowledged before a Justice of the Peace in in Ashburnham, and accompanied by the legal fees for its recording.

Watering-place boarding houses are said to be filling up. That is more than their boarders will be able to do.

A western college refused to establish a department of wood-carving, for fear it would acquire a reputation for turning out "block" heads.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUGUST 7, 1884.

A GREAT OFFER!

This being the last week of the free distribution of the REVIEW by E. J. Cassell, of Bancroft, and as they will be sent to hundreds in the northern townships who are not regular subscribers, we take the opportunity of making the following offer, which ought to more than double our circulation in the northern parts of this riding: We will send the REVIEW regularly every week from now to the first of January, 1885, for 40 cents, or we will take subscriptions from now to the end of next year, January 1st, 1886, for $1.50. This is as low, if not lower, than the cheapest city weeklies can be got for, and the REVIEW *is your local paper!* We invite every one who receives a copy of this week's issue to try it on the above terms.

The Revised Bible.

ALL THE MANUSCRIPT IN THE PRINTER'S HANDS.

The labours of the committee on the Anglo-American revision of the translation of the Old Testament are ended, and the work is now in the hands of the printers. It will probably be issued from the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge in the fall. This great work originated in the Convocation of Canterbury, May 6, 1870, by the appointment of a committee of eminent Biblical scholars and dignitaries of the Church of England, with power to revise the authorized version of 1611, and to associate with their representative Biblical scholars of other denominations. It was decided to make the work international as well as intermedemoninational. Accordingly the American committee was organized by invitation and with the approval of the British revisors, and began active work in October, 1872. The two committees thus organized embrace some of

THE MOST EMINENT SCHOLARS

on either side of the Atlantic. These committees have worked independently of each other. The American committee has held monthly meetings in New York, where, after a comparison of views it would vote on a proposed change. A majority vote would be sufficient to carry the subject over to the next meeting, when a two-thirds vote would be necessary to secure its adoption. A change thus voted would be communicated to the English committee. The latter committee, working in much the same manner and holding its meetings in London, would promptly send the results of its labours to the American brethren. Thus a constant correspondence has been kept up between the two committees. It is by means of this correspondence that the revision has been completed. No joint meeting of representatives of the committees has been held. Both committees have gone over all the books of the Old Testament and no change will be incorporated that has not met the approval of both bodies. The labour of the revisors in both countries was

GIVEN WITHOUT COMPENSATION.

The completion of this work marks the third great step in the rendering of the Scriptures in the English language. The first translation entire was the work of John Wycliffe, in the last quarter of the fourteenth century. There were several attempts to supply the want of a better translation until in 1611, King James' version was given to the world as the best product of the ripest scholarship of that day. That version has stood till the present.

THE cotton crop in the greater portion of Texas is in a critical condition for want of rain.

UP to the present two thousand persons suspected of conspiracy against the Czar, have been expelled from Germany.

IT is reported that El Mahdi has sent a large force against Khartoum, with instructions to take Gen. Gordon, dead or alive.

THE pleasure steamer Dione was run into by the steamer Camden on the Thames on Saturday night and seventeen persons were drowned.

BUSINESS men from Winnipeg and other North-West cities are arriving in Montreal in large numbers, and making extensive purchases. All speak in glowing terms of the immense harvest throughout that country.

—Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTRAY.

CAME into my premises, on Saturday last, 2nd August, from the north, a Span of Horses. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.

JAMES BEST,
Madoc, Aug. 5, 1884. Keller's Bridge.

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,

CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform all customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of Dungannon and Farsday will pass a By-law at its next meeting, to be held at the Town Hall, Bancroft, August 16th, 1884, for the purpose of establishing a piece of road, commencing at the north-west corner of Lot 18, on the 15th Concession, Dungannon, and running thence to the line between the 15th and 16th Concessions, past Lots 18, 19, 20, and part of 21, running thence north-west till it strikes the present travelled road, 30 rods north of said line, on Lot 21, 16th Concession, Dungannon.

A. C. BARKER,
Clerk of the said Municipality.
Farsday, Aug. 2nd, 1884. 379-4t

BUTLER'S

Celebrated Waterproof Blacking,

BROWN'S BOSTON DRESSING,

Saratoga and Bon Ton Dressing,

For Ladies' and Children's Shoes, also

Jaquett's, Lamb's, and Mason's Blacking,

—AT—

T. ROBERTS'

Madoc Boot & Shoe Store

VOTERS' LIST, 1884.

Municipality of the United Townships of TUDOR, GLAMERICK AND CASHEL, County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal elections, and that the said list was first posted up at my office, at Millbridge, on the 4th day of Aug., 1884, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

CHARLES DONALDSON,
Clerk of said municipality.
Dated this 4th day of August, 1884.

MAYNOOTH

NOT FORGOTTEN!

To my Many Friends & Customers

Not having received a satisfactory Tender for my stock and premises, I have decided to

Continue the Business

AT MAYNOOTH,

in my own name, and on my own account, until further notice.

As Usual, the Stock will be Kept Thoroughly Assorted.

And I would also take this opportunity to thank you all for your valued patronage in past years, and solicit a continuance of the same.

Wishing you every success and prosperity,
Believe me,
Yours sincerely,

E. J. CASSELL.

Maynooth, August, 1884.

PEERLESS

MACHINE OIL!

AT

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. M'LEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES

Manufactured by the

Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

Also Agent for

Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,

MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Established - in 1862.

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers

TO BUY

1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our

MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER

for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

Wool, Wool.

The only WOOLLEN MILL in Madoc, is the one owned by

J. & J. WHITE,

and a better CARDING MILL is not in Hastings County.

WOOL CARDING 3 CENTS PER POUND.

Mr. Alonzo Howe is in charge of our Carding Department, which is a sufficient guarantee of good work.

Spinning, Weaving, Fulling, &c., done on short notice.

Fullcloths, Tweeds, Flannels, &c., kept in stock, and will be exchanged for Wool to those wishing it.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR WOOL, at White's Agricultural Works.

JAMES WHITE. JOHN WHITE.

Specialties

Patent Harpoon Hay Forks.

HAY FORK PULLEYS.

FARM BELLS AT $3.50.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

Diston Saws.

Pocket - Knives,

TRADE MARK.

A No 1

WARRANTED,

From 25 Cents, up.

HARVEST TOOLS

in abundance, at bottom prices.

R. R. CASEMENT, & Co.

MADOC, ONT.

BANCROFT TO THE FRONT!

Stock New and Fresh.

The subscriber, late of Maynooth, begs to inform the public in general that the business is now open in the premises formerly occupied by J.B.Cleak, Esq., and would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

From my long experience in the trade, and buying for Cash in the cheapest markets, and in large quantities, I trust to be able to give entire satisfaction.

The stock of DRY GOODS is very large and well assorted, and requires to be seen to be fully appreciated. Excellent values in

Prints, Grey and White Cottons, Tweeds, Winceys, Dress Goods, Flannels, Ducks, &c.

In Groceries, Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Fruits, &c., of the finest qualities and choicest brands. Call for quotations. Prices by the original package very low. The stock of Boots and Shoes is now in process of manufacture, and will arrive in a few days, and for assortment, quality and prices, second to none in the County.

GENTS HATS,—A LARGE VARIETY.

HARDWARE, Every description of Shelf, Heavy, and Builders' Hardware, including Nails, Glass, Paints, Oils, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Carpenters Tools, &c., &c., &c.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE, --- a well assorted stock.

Also Tinware, Woodenware, School Books and Stationery, Ready-made Clothing, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Coal Oil, Wall Paper, Window Blinds, Horse Collars, Harness Straps, and many other goods which it is impossible here to enumerate.

To arrive, --- 1 car load IRON, 1 car load SALT.

Special care has been taken by Mr. Cassell during the past four weeks in selecting the stock in the various markets.

As heretofore the business wil be conducted on strictly Cash principles. From experience I find it to be the only advantageous method for both buyer and seller.

Trusting to see both old and new Customers.

I remain, yours very truly,

E. J. CASSELL.

BANCROFT, July 1884.

P. S.—I would also take this opportunity to thank the *personnel* of the Central Ontario Railway for their kind and courteous treatment.

Latest Local News.

I. O. O. F.

Mr .Benson O'Hara will represent Madoc Lodge of Oddfellows at the annual session of the Grand Lodge of Ontario, which meets at St. Thomas next week.

To Correspondents.

Owing to the small amount of space for reading matter at our disposal this week we are obliged to hold over "J. P.'s" long letter to next issue, when we will have much more room for it.

Thanks.

Our thanks are due and are heartily tendered to Mrs. Wright for a n ice basket of delicious harvest apples, the first our editorial maw has encountered this season. Many thanks.

For England.

Yesterday morning James Sugden, otherwise known as "Yorky," the old soldier who has made this village his home for the past year or two, left for England, his native land where he has determined to spend the remainder of his days.

New Hall.

The Oddfellows of this village will occupy their new Hall in Wilson's Block next week. Their new furniture, carpets, etc., have not yet arrived, but they expect to have everything fitted up in good style during the next few weeks.

Removed to Stirling.

The *News-Argus* of last week says:—Mr. L. D. Clother, formerly of Queensboro, local manager of the Union Mutual life assurance company, of Maine, has purchased the residence formerly occupied by Andrew Stickle, and intends becoming a citizen of Stirling. Mr. Clother will make a good, solid citizen.

Good Hay.

The *Intelligencer* says:—Notwithstanding the fact that the hay crop this year has been reported below the average, Mr. Geo. R Smith has sent us some specimens of Timothy, grown upon lot 10 of the 9th concession Dungannon, that measures over six feet in length. He asks, "How is that for high?"

The Circus.

King, Burk & Co's show drew a large crowd to the village on Thursday last, notwithstanding the heavy rain during the early part of the day. Both afternoon and evening performances had crowded audiences, but the show was not what was expected by any means. The ring performance, trained horses, and many other advertised features were "not there." The performance, however, as conducted, especially the trapeze, horizonal bar, tumbling and gymnastic exercises, were good. The iron-jawed woman did some good acts with her teeth, but when they represented her as "pulling to a stand still" Barnum's team of horses, which were brought into the ring, the audience could not swallow the deception. One good thing can be said, however, for the managers of the show—they paid up their bills without any haggling.

Cheese Market.

OGDENSBURG, Aug. 2.—At the cheese market 3,000 boxes offered; 100 sold at 10¼c., 500 at 10 5-16c., the balance at 10¼c.

UTICA, Aug. 4.—Cheese, firm, Sales 6,800 boxes at 9⅞c.; 600 at 10c.; 300 at 10⅛c.; 340 at 10¼c.; 600 private terms. Consignments, 1,950 boxes.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 5.—51s.

PETERBOROUGH, Aug. 5.—9⅞ to 10¼c.

Lacrosse,

The Sioux are making arrangements to play their return match with the Trents, of Hastings, on Wednesday next, 13th, inst., on the occasion of the Engineer's Excursion to that place. They will also probably play a match with the Okas, of Belleville, at the same place, for a Silver Cup.

Another Belleville Lawyer Dead.

Mr. Chas. W. Bell, barrister of Belleville, died suddenly at Montreal on Tuesday morning last. The deceased left Belleville on the morning of July 21st, on the steamer *Alexandria* to accompany Mrs. Bell, on her way to Murray Bay, as far as Montreal, and little is known of his whereabouts since until the startling intelligence of his death reached the city.

Enterprising.

Last week's *Grip*, Canada's Comic paper, commenced issuing as a monthly supplement a series of coloured caricature portraits of leading public men. The first was a portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, and was a telling likeness. Each portrait will be accompanied by an appropriate biographical sketch and every subscriber will receive this supplement without extra charge. The series when completed will form an elegant and unique volume of the representative men of the Dominion.

Your Local Paper.

A successful local paper truly says; "Now why should people support their local paper? Because it is their local paper that writes their local history, that promotes their local industries, that educates the people of the country. What interest have the city papers in the interior towns that a man should take one of them in preference to his home paper? There are no two ways about it. Every citizen in the country should feel it his duty to support the local papers, and every business man should feel that he ought to advertise. The moral of this lies in the application of it."

Orange Blossoms.

The REVIEW has again that pleasing duty to perform,—although 'tis but a repetition of the "old, old story,"—in announcing another interesting matrimonial event. Our young townsman, Mr. Jno. Mouncey, has at last succumbed to the "tender passion," and is now enjoying the delights of a honeymoon trip down the St. Lawrence, having been married on Monday evening to Miss Annie E. Tumelty. We beg to extend our congratulation to himself and the estimable young lady who has joined their fortunes for life, and we trust not even the smallest cloud will ever arise to mar their happiness.

Good Travelling.

The Renfrew *Mercury*, of week before last says:—Mr. C. F. Aylsworth, Inspector of Colonization Roads in the Eastern District, arrived in Renfrew last week, on his way to inspect the Colonization roads in the South Riding of Renfrew. On his return, he informed us that he found the roads generally in a satisfactory condition. As, on the trip back from the rear of the county, he was able to travel eighty miles in one day, the improvements which have been effected of late years can be understood and appreciated by those who remember what the Opeongo Road was formerly."

Harvest Reports.

The Grand Trunk report of the probable crop of Canada is of the most encouraging character. The acreage of spring wheat is larger this year than last and the prospects are most excellent. In Western Ontario the acreage under barley is much greater than before, while it is much less in Eastern Ontario. The crops of oats and peas will be very heavy and potatoes will be a large yield. Apples and other fruit promise well and in fact all indications point to a bountiful and heavy harvest. Throughout North Hastings we hear encouraging reports generally from the farmers, if the crops can be housed without suffering from the rain.

Sad Accident.

Yesterday afternoon a little boy about 11 years of age, son of Mr. Robt. Rollins, senr, and brother to Mr. Geo. A. Rollins, of this village, met with a sudden end. He was at his uncle's, Mr. Samuel Rollins, near this village, where the men were engaged unloading hay with a hay fork, and unfortunately got behind the horse which was hauling the fork when the whiffletree broke at one end, the other end flying back and striking the little fellow on the back of the head. He never spoke until death relieved him a few hours afterwards.

Obituary.

By the death of Mrs. McDonell, which sad event took place on Sabbath last, a most kind and loving husband has been sadly bereaved, and the community in which she resided for the short period of her married life, has lost one who truly possessed the kindliest regards of all her neighbors, without distinction of nationality or creed. We sincerely trust that the expression of our sincerest sympathy may bring at least some little consolation to the sorrowing husband, who has merited, by his upright and honorable conduct since his advent amongst us, the respect and esteem of each and every one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. It is highly creditable to Mr. McDonell that he should, in the short time he has lived at Baker Mine, so enlist the sympathy of the entire neighborhood, that they should show such true kindness as they have done to a comparative stranger amongst them. The body of Mrs. McDonell was followed to the Roman Catholic Cemetery on the 6th inst., by a large and most respectable cortege, and the following gentlemen met together after the funeral, and decided to draw up an expression of condolence to be presented to Mr. McDonell, on behalf of the entire community at Baker Mine:—S. S. Steenburg, Palmer Baker, John Phillips, Martin Murphy, William Morton, and John Smith.—COM.

The Slough of Despond.

There is an unfortunate spot in the Canadian Pacific's new line, the Ontario & Quebec, called the Sink Hole of Kaladar, which has already devoured a large amount of earth. It is like the Slough of Despond described by John Bunyan, into which the King's surveyors had spared twenty thousand cart loads of the very best material without any permanent result. No sooner did the Company's engineers get their rails laid on what they believe to be a good roadway than it sinks again. This has been repeated several times and each time the engineers have been satisfied that it would never go down again. On Friday last it went down again, and in consequence the opening of the road had to be posponed once more to Monday, 11th, if it can be made solid by that time.

Born.

O'FLYNN.—In Madoc, on the 1st inst., the wife of Frank E. O'Flynn, B. A., of a daughter.

Married.

MOUNCEY—TUMELTY.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Township of Madoc, on the 4th inst., by Rev. W. C. Beer, John McC. Mouncey, Merchant, Madoc, to Annie E., eldest daughter of Wm. H. Tumelty, Esq.

Died.

DUNN.—In Las vegas, New Mexico, on July 24th, of Typhoid fever, Orrin Dunn, late of Madoc, in the 21st year of his age.

CROSS.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Thomas Roberts, in this village, on the 26th July, Mrs. Alexander Cross, aged 72 years.

STONEBURGH.—In Madoc, on the 4th inst., Mrs. John Stoneburgh, aged 48 years, 2 mos. and 8 days.

MCDONELL.—On Sunday, 3rd August, at Baker Mine, Hastings County, Mary Mitchell, wife of D. C. McDonell, aged 22 years and 6 months.

Ottawa papers please copy.

The funeral took place at Madoc on the 6th inst., her remains being followed to their last resting place by a large number of the settlers of that neighborhood, where she had resided for the past six months, and to whom she had endeared herself as a neighbor and friend. Both the deceased and her bereaved husband were highly esteemed and respected by the whole community, and the latter has their deepest sympathy in this great affliction.

☞ Call and see our Remnant Tables.

4w376 JOHN DALE & SON.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $5 00	to $5 20
Fall Wheat, $1 00	to $1 00
Spring Wheat, $1 00	to $1 05
Oats, 40 cents	to 43 cents
Rye, 56 "	to 00 "
Barley, 45 cents	to 00 cents
Peas, 70 cents	to 00 cents
Potatoes per bag, 00 cents	to 100 cents
Butter per pound, 14 cents	
Eggs per dozen, 12 to 13 cents.	
Tallow, 6 cents	
Lard, 12 "	
Calfskins, 30 cents	to 45 cents
Sheepskins, 30 cents	to 40 cents
Wool, 17 cents	
Hay, per ton, $9 00	to $12 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00	to $6 00
Cheese, 9c	to 12c

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

RUSSEL PROPERTY, MADOC.

Village Building Lots FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 861

Latter Day Saints Reviving Their Mission in Missouri.

Several prominent members of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints are now in Richmond, Mo., on a curious errand. David Whitmer, the only living witness of the alleged miracle by which the Book of Mormon was given to the world, is a resident of this town. He is a very old man, but he retains his vigor in a marvellous degree, and his memory is still good. He has a fine old home here, where he has lived for many years, respected by all. No man in the State stands higher in the estimation of his neighbors. He is eminently pious, and lives his religion. Mr. Whitmer's possession of the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon has long been known to members of the Church, but he has steadfastly refused to part with it, though often solicited to do so. The polygamous Mormons have made several efforts to gain possession of the coveted papers, but Whitmer has declined to listen to any proposition they might make. The gentlemen now here are prominent officials of the organization in Missouri, Iowa, Ohio, and New York. Many errors have crept into the numerous editions of the book during the last twenty years, and it was thought desirable to compare the present version with the original text before the death of Mr. Whitmer, who holds most tenaciously to the manuscript. This examination is still in progress. Several verbal writers have been discovered, and in a few instances entire sentences have been found to have been perverted. The original contains no authorization of polygamy, as the version in use in Utah does, and these gentlemen denounce the Mormons of that Territory in the severest terms.

Mr. Whitmer's faith in what he claims to have seen is remarkable. He recited his experience at the time of the revelation to his visitors as follows: "In 1828 when I lived in Ontario county, N. Y., there was great excitement over the discovery by Joseph Smith, a farmer in our neighborhood, of a great treasure. Nothing was known of it in a definite way by my family until the next year, in June, when Smith visited my father's house. While there he was busily engaged in the translation of the book which I learned he had found, in the form of gold plates, on the hill Cumorah, about two miles from Palmyra. I say the plates frequently in Smith's hands, but as the characters inscribed upon them were something like Egyptian hieroglyphics, I could make nothing out of them. Smith, however, had no difficulty in deciphering them, and as he dictated Oliver Cowdrey wrote. I asked Smith once how he came to find the plates, and he told me that the place on the hill was pointed out to him by an angel in dazzling apparel. They were in a stone casket and purported to be the history of the Nephites, a nation that had passed away. The plates, as I saw them, were fastened with three rings. About half of them were loose and movable, but the others were solid as if sealed. Smith said in explanation of this that the angel had told him very impressively that the loose plates alone were to be used, and that the sealed portion was not to be tampered with.

"I became interested in the matter, as Smith was a man of good repute. After the plates had been translated, six months having been passed in the work, the same heavenly visitant appeared to Smith and reclaimed the tablets, informing Smith that he would replace them with other records of the lost tribes that had been brought with them from Asia, and that they would be all forthcoming when the world was ready to receive them. I saw this apparition myself, gazed with awe on the celestial messenger and heard him say: 'Blessed is the Lord and he that keeps his commandments.' Then, as he held the plates and turned them over with his hands so that we could see them plainly, a voice that seemed to fill all space was heard, saying: 'What you see is true. Testify to the same.' Oliver Cowdrey and I, standing there, felt, as the white garment of the angel faded from view, that we had received a message from God, and we have so recorded it. Two or three days later the same angel appeared to Martin Harris while he was in company with Smith, and placed the same injunction upon him. He described the sight and his sensations to me and they corresponded exactly with what I had seen and heard. In his translation of the tablets Smith used a small oval or kidney-shaped stone, which seemed endowed with the marvellous power of converting the characters on the plates, when used by Smith, into English. He would then dictate and Cowdrey would write. Frequently one character would make two lines of manuscript, while others made but a word or two. I can assert emphatically, as did Cowdrey, that while Smith was dictating he had no manuscript notes, or other means of knowledge save the seer stone and the characters as shown on the plates.

"As an evidence of our belief in the divine origin of the book, I can say that Martin Harris, one of the witnesses, mortgaged his farm for $1,500 for the purpose of having it printed, and we all contributed time and money for the purpose of circulating it. A few years ago Orson Pratt and Joseph F. Smith, who had been sent from Utah to secure the original manuscript came here, and after a careful examination Elder Pratt assured those present that the writing was in the hand of Oliver Cowdrey. He declared that the archives at Salt Lake were incomplete without it, and he offered me any reasonable sum for it, but I refused to part with it, as I regarded it as a sacred trust."

Mr. Whitmer's beliefs have undergone no change. He has refused to affiliate with any of the various branches of the Church that have sprung up through false teachings, and he rests his hopes of the future "on the teachings of Christ, the apostles, and the prophets, and the morals and principles inculcated in the Scriptures." He also declares that the Book of Mormon is but the testimony of another nation concerning the truth and divinity of Christ and the Bible, and that that is his rock, his gospel, and his salvation. Having been misrepresented by the various branches of the Church, he recently had the following proclamation printed, and, having many copies in his possession, he gives them to all of his callers:

Unto all nations, kindred tongues and people unto whom these presents shall come: It having been represented by one John Murphy of Polo, Caldwell county, Mo., that I in a conversation with him last summer denied my testimony as one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon;

To the end, therefore, that he may understand me now if he did not then, and that the world may know the truth, I wish now, and in the fear of God, once for all to make this statement: That I have never at any time denied that testimony or any part thereof, which has so long since been published with the book as one of the three witnesses. Those who know me best well know that I have always adhered to that testimony, and that no man may be misled or doubt my present views in regard to the same, I do again affirm the truth of all my statements as then made and published. "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear." It was no delusion. What is written is written, and he that readeth let him understand.

And, that no one may be deceived by this statement, I wish here to state that I do not endorse polygamy or spiritual wifeism. It is a great evil, shocking to the moral sense, and the more so because practised in the name of religion. It is of man and not of God, and is especially forbidden in the Book of Mormon itself.

I do not endorse the change of the name of the Church, for as the wife takes the name of her husband, so should the Church of the Lamb of God take the name of its head, even Christ himself. It is the Church of Christ.

As to the high priesthood, Jesus Christ, himself is the last great high priest. This, too, after the order of Melchisedec, as I understand the holy Scriptures.

Finally, I do not endorse any of the teachings of the so-called Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, which are in conflict with the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as taught in the Bible and the Book of Mormon, for the same gospel is plainly taught in both these books as I understand the Word of God.

And if any man doubt, should he not carefully and honestly read and understand the same before presuming to sit in judgment and condemning the light which shineth in darkness and showeth the way of eternal life as pointed out by the unerring hand of God?

In the Spirit of Christ, who hath said, "Follow thou me, for I am the life, the light, and the way," I submit this statement to the world, God, in whom I trust, being my judge as to the sincerity of my motives and the faith and hope that is in me of eternal life.

My sincere desire is that the world may be benefitted by this plain and simple statement of the truth.

And all the honor be to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, which is one God.

DAVID WHITMER.

Appended to the above are the signatures of many of the most prominent citizens of Missouri, all bearing witness to Mr. Whitmer's probity and purity of life.

It is not known what disposition he will make of the manuscripts in his possession. The papers have been cut up into printers' "takes," and are soiled to some extent, but the handwriting is very plain, and not a word is missing. The non-polygamous Mormons in this section are increasing in numbers, principally by reason of the profound respect for the faith which Mr. Whitmer's blameless life has inculcated.

DR. KOCH'S CAREER.

The Life Story of the Discoverer of the Cholera Germ.

An interesting sketch of the life of Robert Koch, the discoverer of the cholera germ, the man whose name is at present in everybody's mouth, appears in a recent number of the *Gartenlaube*. Dr. Koch, who is now 41 years old, is a son of the Hartz Mountain. In 1866 he took his M D degree. For the next six years he slowly and laboriously worked his way upward as assistant physician in out-of-the-way hospitals. Fortune did not smooth his road, and when in 1872 he got an appointment at Wollstein the struggle for existence had again to be fought for seven years. Under circumstances so unfavorable for scientific research he prosecuted his studies with a success which secured a world-wide recognition of his genius. His first distinction was won by the publication of the results of his quiet labour on the methods of the artificial dyeing of microscopic objects, especially of bacteria. By the general public his discovery could not be appreciated, but those who understood the value of these researches in the prosecution of the study of bacteria knew that with it a new era had dawned for science. This conviction has been brilliantly confirmed. During the last five years he has succeeded in identifying the germs of cattle disease, of consumption, and of cholera. These discoveries are not incidental strokes of good luck, but the natural fruits of his own system of research. The significance of these discoveries is felt even by those who have no knowledge of medicine. Experiments in vaccination with the poisonous matter, experiments in disinfection in laboratories, wholesale experiments in disappearance of epidemics—all these are but links in the chain, the last link of which the destruction of the germ of the disease, is now more attainable, but has become even probable. Honors have been conferred upon Dr. Koch and his colleagues on coming home from India, the breeding place of cholera. They have received titles and orders to which, in honour of the personal danger of the voyage of discovery, were added such distinctions as otherwise are only conferred on soldiers. By addresses and banquets colleagues have honoured them, and it it said that the new Professorship of Hygiene, at Berlin, will be given to Dr. Koch. In short, outward acknowledgements have been plentifully made to the modest, quiet scholar. Although the Germans call him theirs with pride, he will always remain what he is, universal, and he deserves the full and the honourable title of "benefactor of humanity."

James Freeman Clarke's Latin.

"Thirty years ago," says James Freeman Clarke, "I tried the new method of pronouncing Latin. I was travelling in Italy. My wife, happening to see a priest pass by, asked me the meaning of the tonsure. At that moment, not recollecting it significance, I said, 'I don't know; but there is a priest, and I will ask him.' Not knowing Italian then, I first constructed a Latin sentence. I thought I had made it very well, and then I put it exactly, as I imagined, into the Italian pronounciation, got it ready to say, and then went to him and said it. 'Eh! Che dite?' he asked. I repeated it again. 'Ah,' said he. 'I understand. Here, take this man to a confessor. He wants to confess his sins.' This was as near as I ever came to the Continental pronounciation of Latin; and I have never tried it since."

The Horrors of the Arctic as Experienced by an Explorer in the Frozen Region.

The sufferings of the survivors of the Greely expedition recalls the thrilling experience of a part of the crew of the steamer Polaris. As told by seaman William Nidemann, whose heroic conduct in the ill-fated Jeanette expedition has given his name a place in the history of exploration, it rivals the wildest story ever penned by a fiction writer. "I can never forget," he said, "the terrible experience of our party of nineteen when we were carried away from the Polaris. It was on the 15th of October, 1872 we ran in among icebergs and were caught fast. Every moment we expected to see the vessel crushed, so we began to get provisions out on the ice. Suddenly the ice broke and away went the Polaris, leaving nineteen of us including two Esquimaux with their families. A blinding snow-storm was raging, and in fifteen minutes the Polaris was out of sight. We had on the piece of ice on which we were drifting provisions enough to last us a month, and for 196 days we drifted about, sometimes surrounded by great icebergs towering high above our heads, again drifting in the open water; sometimes compelled to move hastily to prevent our being carried away when the ice broke, or again swept and drenched by the heavy seas breaking over our iceland home. Soon our provisions got so low that we were put on allowance of one biscuit a day. We used to sit by the hour telling the most silly stories, listening to yarns spun by Peter Johnson, a seaman on board the Polaris, about catching seals, but we did not care to talk of home. We thought that we were lost, and lost past finding, but we lived on just the same. Once in a while we would catch a seal and drink its blood. Then we would eat the seal. We threw nothing away except the gall. The entrails were thrown on the ice to freeze, and when they were solid we eat them. And when we had not even this, we chewed the sealskin, hair and all, for there was life in it. Early in the April following we were on a piece of ice perhaps 300 feet square, and were starving. To add to our misery a rain storm set in, and continued for three days. Our tent was swept away, and for three days not a person slept. We were soaking wet, and our piece of ice rolled and tumbled in such a way that we expected every moment to be washed overboard. Then the ice came together again and we started out hunting. Hans Christiansen and Joe Ebelieg, the Esquimaux, and I. We were terribly hungry, for we had nothing to eat for some days. Fortunately we saw a bear and succeeded in killing him. And what a feast we had that night. I can never forget our feeling when one day we saw a steamer. We danced with joy and fired our guns and shouted, but the people on the steamer did not see us, and she passed from our sight. Our hearts sank and we gave ourselves up for lost. Then, when in the fog, Linquest, one of the party, gave the shout, "Ship ahoy!" you should have seen us jump. There she was, and we could just see her boom. We again fired our guns and shouted. But we could get no reply, for a ship going through ice makes a terrible noise. Our hearts again sank as we saw her passing away from our sight. Suddenly she came into view again, and they saw us. We were taken aboard, and finally reached St. John's. It was the steamer Tigress, and she had picked us up in the nick of time. Strange to say that every person in the party caught a heavy cold when once on board of the Tigress, and all the time we were drifting on the ice each man preserved good health.

How Industrious Italian Women Are.

How little we know of people unless we live with them. Our idea of Italian women, for instance, is that they spend their time like Turkish sultanas, sleeping and lounging listlessly in soft couches, their only occupation being love making or perchance learning how to sing a song. Never was there a greater mistake. Italian women, even in towns and in good circumstances, work harder than any other women I know. Not a stitch is done in the house that they do not do. They spin and make their own linen, rear their own silk worms, knit their own stockings and the stockings for the whole family, make their own dresses, hats, bonnets, cloaks, and superintend all the baking, cooking, and cleaning of the house, if they do not possibly do it themselves. They rarely go out except on Sundays, and holidays, and rarely receive visitors unless in the highest society, where one day a week is set aside for receiving. They are perfect slaves to their husbands, whose comforts they study from morning until night. I have heard much of Italian illicit love-making, but I have never seen it. It may exist, perhaps among the aristocracy, but in the middle and lower classes it is more imagination than reality. Bonny brides, even in high society, still maintain the custom of making their own wedding outfits. A young friend of mine, who has just married, has brought her husband four dozen of every article of body and house linen, all made and embroidered with her own hands, even the lace which trims the house linen being her own work. All the stockings, also, were knitted by herself. Nor is this the exception; it is the rule in Italy. Who, after this, shall say that the Italian women are idlers? No one, certainly, who has known and seen them as I have will ever say so; on the contrary, I would hold them up as models for all other women to imitate. Why, even in Rome, once the seat of the world, the women spend their time between their house and their church, varying these with an occasional walk on Sundays and great holidays, while everything in the house is done by themselves, servants being too expensive for most incomes nowadays.

Wanted to Continue to grow Old.

Old Mme. Rothschild, mother of the mighty capitalists, attained the age of ninety-eight. Her wit, which was remarkable, and her intellectual faculties, which were of no common order, were preserved to the end. In her last illness, when surrounded by her family, her physician being present, she whispered in a suppliant tone to the latter. "Dear doctor, try to do something for me." "Madame, what can I do? I cannot make you young again." "No, doctor. I don't want to be young again, but I want to continue to grow old."

The popular opera in Utah is "The Chimes of Mormon day."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Dangers of Bicycling—A Big Ranche—A New Chinese Order—Health of the German Empress, &c., &c.

A Liverpool bicyclist who was riding down a steep hill near that city was shot through a cottage window by the breaking of his machine.

The district around Galena, Kansas, is credited with being the largest zinc producing locality in the world. Last year 70,000 tons were mined.

Queen Victoria has issued a command that when the Prince and Princess of Wales dine out in London the number of guests invited to meet them is not to exceed fourteen.

Two Danes have undertaken the task of paddling, in a skin covered canoe, from Alaska to San Francisco, a distance of about 2,500 miles. The canoe is nine feet long, and covered with the skins of sea lions.

The dog, says the Boston *Journal*, is the only animal able to follow man as far and as high as he can go, but the finer breed of dogs cannot long endure the conditions of a height of more than 12,500 feet.

A enormous ranch in Mexico has just been purchased for £300,000 by a syndicate of English and Scotch speculators, of whom Lord Tweedmouth is one. It extends over sixteen hundred square miles.

The Duke of Marlborough made his maiden speech in the House of Lords on the Franchise bill. It is described as "Lord Randolph Churchill and water." The Duke is the head of the house of Churchill.

Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army intends entering London at the close of his provincial tour at the head of one hundred brass bands. The Home Secretary has been applied to to stop it, but he has declined. The crash must come.

The State Treasurer of New Hampshire has issued a notice to the Selectmen of towns that in presenting claims for bounties on woodchucks they must certify that none of the animals were killed on Sunday, else the claim will not be allowed.

A member of the House of Commons, when recently complimenting a popular actor on his clever creation of a new part in which he had made a great hit, concluded a lively criticism of the impersonation with the characteristic remark: "But what I admired most of all was your shirt front. Do tell me where you got that shirt?"

Part of the Leicester, England race course consists of glebe land belonging to the living of Oadby. The present vicar does not disapprove of racing, but, with a view of preventing disagreeable consequences which might occur if his successor were to be a more straight-laced individual, the race committee have induced Cannon, a well-known jockey, to buy the living.

A curious yet true tale is current at Munich. King Louis of Bavaria is eaten up with debts. Some days ago he tried to effect a loan with the famous Berlin banker, Herr von Bleichroeder, and also with the Darmstadt Bank. Unsuccessful in both applications, the King, refusing to comply with the proposed conditions, sought three Munich bankers, and has settled with them by giving a portion of the Crown lands as security.

Statistics show that the tendency to suicide is much greater among regular gamblers from losses than other business men. The sharp strain of the gambling table, short though it may be, spoils the nerves, and weakens fortitude more than the strain of business. Cavour, one of the most serene of men, was within an ace on one great gambling night, of throwing half his fortune away rather than call a card, and only called it, as he relates himself, because a drop of perspiration rose on his opponent's forehead.

Announcements have recently appeared that the order of the Double Dragon has been confered on two or three distinguished personages. This is a new order instituted by the Emperor of China in harmony with Western ideas. It is divided into five grades, the first three of which are subdivided into three classes. The first grade in the three classes is reserved for sovereigns, princes, and other magnates, with a remarkably quaint, beautiful, oblong decoration, in which respect it differs from the others, which are round, with inverted edges, except the last two, which are round and plain. They are enamelled, and of various colors.

The Paris police are carrying on most active operations of late against a regular organized band of young ruffians of the very worst type, who have for a long time been a terror to Neuilly and all around it. One of their dodges was to congregate near the Arc de Triomphe, and watch for cabs with luggage. These they followed to a residence, and were most obliging in assisting to take the luggage into the house. While there they took cognizance of the bolts and fastenings of windows and doors, and gained information extremely valuable to those burgling there in the course of a night or two.

A Berlin correspondent writes that the malady of the Empress of Germany, which has assumed a cancerous character, dates back forty years, to the birth of her daughter the Grand Duchess of Baden. To the repeated recommendations of her physicians to quit Berlin, she has always given the answer: "A home needs a housewife and a country a Queen." Her residence some twenty years ago at Coblentz is said to have been suggested in an unmistakeable manner by her husband, in consequence of her having shown a disposition to oppose the views of Prince Bismarck. The Empress's sufferings have helped to make her deeply sympathetic with those of others.

The head quarters of the gamblers in Paris is a beer shop in the Faubourg St. Denis, where, in the last fortnight of June, all the shady knights of baccarat assemble. The house looks very tidy and respectable, and no games are allowed there but back-gammon and dominoes. Numbers who frequent this cafe are not aware that they are in a den of card sharpers. The latter, the *philosophers*, and their collaborators, styled in England "bounets," keep their appointments there, transact their little business, and make their arrangements for the season, without paying any attention to the detectives, one or two of whom are always present in a disguise that never deceives those interested.

At a seance in Dublin, a thought reader boasted that he could find a marked pin hid by one of the audience. Several of them came forward, among whom was a confederate in an adjoining room. He [illegible] committee, among whom was the [illegible] ate. The student, [illegible] his looks, slyly took the pin [illegible] place. On the return [illegible] thought reader gazed into the hider's face, and putting his hand to his brow, was blindfolded and led the student to the hiding place, but of course could find no pin. He returned, acknowledging his defeat, and looking daggers at the confederate. "Now, gentleman," said the student, "I'll undertake to say that if this 'diviner of the human mind' will do as I tell him half the audience, without a single hint from me, will know where the pin is," and, turning to the thought reader, he said: "Sit down." He did so. There was a yell, and, jumping up, the thought reader hastily pulled from the seat of his trousers the marked pin.

The Panama Canal.

In spite of the obstacles due to the unhealthiness of the district, sparseness of population, and the mechanical difficulties of construction progress is being made. The line of the canal is divided into 23 sections, superintended by four engineers in chief. The preliminary work of organising is now practically completed, and actual work on the canal begins to make a show. The amount of excavation completed up to March last is about six million cubic metres, and it is anticipated that three times as much work will be completed. Six dredges of the Slaven type are being constructed in Philadelphia at a cost of £25,000 each. They are capable of dredging alluvium and soft coral rock Schist and grit can be dredged after blasting. Two dredges are expected to arrive from New York, one dredge was burned in January but has been replaced by another, one commenced work in May. The sum expended during the past 3½ years amounted to between £6,000,000 and £7,000,000. The effect of the canal operations has been to double the traffic in both passengers and goods on the Panama Railway. Panama itself is increasing in population, and building is very active, whilst at Colon, the other extremity of the line, the place is hardly to be recognised; from a small hamlet in 1880, it has become thriving town with a brisk trade and streets swarming with people. Houses, stores and other edifices, have been constructed all over the island of Manzanilla, and the swamps and marshes are being reclaimed. In the harbor as many as sixty ships may be seen at times lying at anchor waiting for their turn to be discharged, the accommodation in quays and wharves being quite insufficient for the rapidly grown traffic. Upwards of 82 000 tons of machinery and stores were discharged last year for the Canal Company at Colon. There is thus a considerable activity, and the construction of the canal is indirectly benefitting the country generally, developing and bringing it within the boundaries of civilization and commercial enterprise.

Capuchin Monkeys.

Some of these little monkeys really appear to reason, and are very clever. Ranger states that when he first gave eggs to his monkeys they smashed them, and thus lost much of their contents; afterward they gently hit one end against some hard body, and picked off the bits of shells with their fingers. After cutting themselves only once with a sharp tool they would not touch it again, or would handle it with the greatest care. Lumps of sugar were often given them when wrapped up in paper, and Ranger sometimes put a live wasp into the paper so that in hastily unfolding it they got stung. After this had happened once they always first held the packet to their ears to detect any movement within. This breaking of the egg in a proper manner is as interesting as two well-known facts, one of which may be observed by anybody in the habits of American and other monkeys. Sometimes a little monkey has a nut given him, and he is not strong enough to crack it. He will look up into your face with a meaning glimmer of his eyes and hand you the nut again. Cracc it for him, and he receives it as a matter of course. Formerly one of the largest monkeys in the Zoological Gardens had weak teeth, and he used to break open the nuts with a stone, and Mr. Darwin was assured by the keepers that this animal after using the stone, hid it in the straw, and would not let any other monkey touch it. Ranger taught one to open palm-nuts by breaking them with a stone, and so satisfied was it with its performance, that it soon began to experiment on other kinds of nuts, and then it began upon boxes. It also crushed off with blows of a stone the soft rind of a fruit that had a disagreeable flavor, in order to get at the luscious food within.

British Export Trade.

The exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures during the first five months of this year are valued at £96,971,996, an increase of £40,036 on the returns last year. A falling off of £1,204,245 in the exports of iron and metals is the only unfavorable feature of the export trade worthy of notice, either a considerable increase or a slight falling off being shown. The most remarkable change has occurred in the import trade, the total value of our imports having declined £10 597,173. The figures for the first five months of last year were £196,555,412, and this year they are £169 958 239. This remarkable decline is entirely owing to the decreasing imports of food, the value being £12 000,000 less than last year. It cannot be supposed that the nation eats less, but the natural inference is that the country has contributed more towards the food supply during the past five months than it did in the corresponding period of last year. We should never neglect to buy our food in the cheapest market, although when that market happens to be American, we may regret that our manufactures are not taken in payment for our food; but it is none the less pleasing to believe that our farmers are competing successfully to supply the home market with food. The agricultural interest has suffered from the encroachment of foreign competitors, but the nation at large is benefited by supplies of food at cheaper rates than those at which it could be produced at home. With an improvement in the agricultural industry will come an increased home demand for iron.—*London Iron Trade Exchange.*

The exercise of careful ignorance is safer than the promptings of reckless genius. However, where there is very little genius of any kind, the country is comparatively safe.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

Dr. Vigouroux recommends a glass of lemonade, taken as hot as possible every hour or half hour, as not only an easy and agreeable but a most efficacious cure for diarrhœa.

Prof. Miall says there are to be found associated with seams of coal, and especially with the underlying shale, the flattened impressions of creatures which once had life, though at first strenuously doubted.

A well-deserved honor has been conferred on M. Caillatet, one of the two physicists who liquefied the last of the gases. He has been nominated a "Membre libre" by the Academy of Sciences, Paris, in place of the late M. du Moncel.

To preserve wood from decay and render it fairly fire proof, a solution of lime, salt, and wood ashes may be applied. Enough of lampblack or yellow ochre may be added to impart color if desired. For light fences or small wooden structures it ought to do very well.

New iron works will soon be opened at Kose, Japan, by a native capitalist, who has engaged several hundred men trained at the Alabama Iron Works and elsewhere in Tokio. It is also stated that as the iron yielded by the ore of the Shimozuida mine has proved itself to be of a very fine quality it will be employed hereafter for the armor of Japanese war vessels, according to instructions issued by the Naval Department.

A German statistician says that there are 3,965 paper mills in the world, and that of the 1,904,000,000 pounds of paper turned out annually half is used for printing, 600,000,000 pounds being required for newspapers alone, the consumption of which has risen by 200,000,000 pounds in the last decade. He alleges that on an average an Englishman uses annually 11½ pounds of paper, an American 10½, a German 8, a Frenchman 7½, an Italian or an Austrian 2½, a Spaniard 1½, a Russian 1½, and a Mexican 1.

An official report from Col. Majendie, Col. Ford, and Capt. Cundil, British inspectors of explosives, states that within the past year the dynamite trade in Great Britain had grown considerably, four new factories for explosives having been erected; that the number of license storage magazines had increased from 320 to 329; and that the total number of registered premises for explosives in the United Kingdom was 19,396. During 1883 there were 179 explosions, causing the death of 89 and the injury of 109 persons.

Prof. O. C. Marsh finds that the skulls of the pterodactyls of the Middle Chalk, West Kansas, differ from those of other known pterosauria in the absence of teeth and of anterior nasal apertures distinct from the antorbital openings; in the presence of the elongated occipital crest, and, lastly, on the whole jaws, which appear to have been covered with a horny sheath, as in recent birds. All these cretaceous reptiles belong to the genus Pteranodon. Some of the species were of enormous size, with a spread of wings of about 25 feet.

If, says M. Montigny in *L'Electricite*, we cast a rapid glance over the progress that has been made in electricity in less than half a century, we shall see that after presenting itself suddenly under an entirely new form in the Volta pile, after manifesting its surprising action upon magnets and currents at a moment when the science of the phenomena engendered by the pile seemed to some to be exhausted, electricity is again presenting itself under a new light in induction apparatus wherein it is excited by the most surprising means.

The physical comfort of a man who, of his own accord, is industrious, the *Builder and Woodworker* says, is in every way a matter which has an actual money value. Those who are disinclined to keep steadily at work should be allowed no pretense of an excuse of unsuitable surroundings. The inference it adds is plain: Do justice to your workmen, and, as a rule, they will do justice to you; at any rate, any injustice done them will surely, sooner or later, be returned with interest.

It is not unlikely that the diamond field of Bingera, New South Wales, will equal in richness the famous Kimberley district of South Africa. At Bingera within the last few months hundreds of diamonds have been discovered, and the size and number of the gems are said to increase with the depth of the diggings. A very formidable obstacle to the development of the locality has been removed by the discovery of abundance of water for diamond washing and other purposes at no greater depth than 50 or 60 feet from the surface.

A 3-year-old gorilla which died lately at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, was imported from the Gaboon district, West Africa, and was the first living specimen of this species brought to France. He was surly and solitary in his habits, barely tolerating any of the other apes near him. His intelligence was far below that of the orang-outang or the chimpanzee. He had full command of his well-developed hands. His physiognomy, says Milne-Edwards, was very peculiar, his eyes being very mobile, and crowned with large superciliary ridges, the nose flat, and the acetrils wide.

Dr. W. Alexeyeff, of the Russian Chemical and Physical Society, has published a memoir on the specific heat of solutions. After a searching investigation of those solutions which are accompanied by a lowering of temperature he believes that this phenomenon takes place in those liquids which have not a chemical affinity, and that these liquids are true solutions. On the other hand, in those cases where a rise of temperature occurs, he believes that the dissolved liquids enter into chemical combination with the dissolving one.

Paper bottles are made on a large scale in Germany and Austria. This is the recipe for the stock: Ten parts of rags, 40 of straw, and 50 of brown wood pulp are thoroughly incorporated. The paper is impregnated or coated on both sides with 60 parts of defibrinated fresh blood, 35 parts of lime powder, and 5 parts of sulphate of alumina. After drying, 10 or 12 rolled leaves are coated again, placed over each other, and then laid in heated moulds where pressure, acting on the albumen of the blood and the lime, produces a strong and intimate combination. Bottles are formed of two pieces joined together.

When in England Cetywayo and his attendant Zulus are reported to have sought and found relief from coughs and colds in this remedy: About 18 ounces of good onions, after the peels were removed, were slightly instead and boiled for three quarters of an hour in 35 ounces of water, with 12½ ounces of moist sugar, and 2½ ounces of honey. The liquid was then strained and bottled for use. One tablespoonful was taken when the attack of coughing was severe, and half a tablespoonful at intervals afterward until the distressing symptoms disappeared. This treatment of cold has a familiar old New-England sound.

DISCOVERED BY A DREAM.

How a Terrible Murder was Unearthed.

In 1861 a young man stopped at an inn in the little town of Argentiere, near the foot of the Cevennes Mountains in France. The first night while sleeping there he dreamed a dream that made a strong impression on him.

"I thought I had arrived in the same town," so he related, "but in the middle of the evening; that I had put up at the same inn, and gone out immediately in order to see whatever was worthy of observation in the place. Presently, I reached a miserable cottage, in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I had no great difficulty in getting into the garden, for the hedge had several wide gaps in it. I approached an old well that stood solitary and gloomy in a distant corner, and looking down into it, beheld, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and wide gashes. There were six."

At this moment he awoke with his hair on end, trembling in every limb, and cold drops of perspiration bedewing his forehead. He sprang from his bed, dressed himself, and, as it was yet early, sought an appetite for his breakfast by a morning walk. He went accordingly into the street and strolled along. The farther he went the stronger became the confused recollection of the objects that presented themselves to his view. He hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring him to the cottage; and this was really the case. In all its exterior appearances it corresponded with what he had seen in his dream. He entered the garden and went directly to the spot where he had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed; there was none. He looked in every direction, examined the whole garden, and even went round the cottage, which seemed to be inhabited; but nowhere could he find any signs of a well. He then hastened back to the inn in a state of excitement hard to describe. He went to the landlord, and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged that was on the by-road.

Said he: "It is inhabited by an old man and his wife, who have the character of being very unsocial. They scarcely ever leave the house, see anybody, and nobody goes to see them. Of late, their very existence appears to have been forgotten, and I believe that you are the first who for years, has turned your steps to the lonely spot."

Hastening to the nearest magistrate, he related the whole circumstance briefly and clearly. "It is very strange," said the officer. "I will place two of the police at your command; you can then go once more to the hovel, and search every part of it."

He allowed but a very few minutes to elapse before he was on his way, accompanied by two officers. The old man received them somewhat uncivilly, but showed no mark of suspicion when they told him they wished to search the house.

"Very well; as fast and as soon as you please," was the reply.

"Have you a well here?"

"No, sir; we are obliged to get our water from a spring about a quarter of a mile distant."

They searched the house, but discovered nothing of any consequence. They however, resolved to inspect the garden. By this time a number of persons had collected together outside, having been drawn to the spot by the sight of a stranger with two policemen. They were asked if they knew anything of a well in those parts. They replied they did not; the idea seemed to perplex them. At length an old woman came forward, leaning on a crutch.

"A well?" said she. "Is it a well you are looking for? That has been gone these thirty years. I remember as if it were yesterday; how I used to throw stones into it just to hear the splash of the water."

"Do you remember where that well used to be?" asked the gentleman.

"As near as I can recollect," replied the woman, "it is on the very spot where you now stand."

He suddenly started as if he had trodden upon a serpent. They at once commenced digging up the ground. At about twenty inches deep they came to a layer of bricks, which, being broken up, revealed some rotten boards. These were easily removed, when they beheld the mouth of the well.

"I was quite certain that this was the spot," said the old woman. "What fools they were to stop it up, and then have to travel so far for water!"

A sounding-line, furnished with hooks, was now let down into the well—the crowd hard pressing around them, breathlessly bending over the black and fetid hole, the secrets of which seemed hidden in impenetrable obscurity. This was repeated several times without any result. At length, penetrating below the mud, the hooks caught in something of considerable weight, and after much time and effort they succeeded raising it. It was an old chest. The sides and lids were decayed, and it needed no blacksmith to open it. Within it they found what they were sure they would find, and which filled the spectators with horror—the remains of a human body!

The police officers now rushed into the house and secured the old man. As to his wife she at first could not be found. But, after a fatiguing search, she was discovered beneath a pile of wood, being much bruised by the heavy logs above her. By this time nearly the whole population of the town had collected around the spot.

The old couple were brought before the proper authorities and separately examined. The man persisted in his denial most obstinately; but his wife at once confessed that she and her husband, a very long time ago, had murdered a pedlar who possessed a large sum of money. He had passed the night at their house, and they, taking advantage of the heavy sleep that encompassed him, had strangled him, after which they placed his body in a chest. The chest was thrown into the well, and the well stopped up. Terrified by the deposition of his wife, the old man at length made a similar confession; and six weeks after the guilty couple expired on the scaffold.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There is but one virtue, the eternal sacrifice of self.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune has denied it.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure.

Prefer knowledge to wealth; for the one is transitory, the other perpetual.

Experience is a trophy composed of all the weapons we have been wounded with.

Happiness consists not in possessing much but in being content with what we possess.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man; when you get it red hot it looses its temper.

God bless our women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

Unselfish people are always polite, because good manners are only the absence of selfishness.

Gold can buy nearly everything in this world except that which a man wants most—happiness.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

Any man can pick up courage enough to be heroic for an hour; to be patiently heroic daily is the test of character.

When you fume and fret at the petty ills of life remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last longest.

Restraint and liberty go hand in hand in the development of character—indeed without the former the latter is impossible.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while petty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

Memory is a net. One may find it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

True modesty is beautiful, but it announces the supremacy of the idea of perfection in mind, and at the same time, gives truth and sincerity the victory over force and vanity.

Let a man take time enough for the most trivial deed, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly, without hurry or confusion, as if the short spring days were an eternity.

When God would educate a man He compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the necessities rather than to the graces, that, by knowing all suffering, he may know also the eternal consolation.

The sea drowns both ship and sailor, like a grain of dust, and we call it fate; but let him learn to swim, let him trim his bark, and the water which drowned him will be cloven by it, and will carry it like its own foam—a plume and a power.

Rumor is a pipe, blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures; and of so easy and so plain a stop that the blunt monster, with uncounted heads—the still discordant wavering multitude—can play upon it.

That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptation, can best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned.

Look Here.

Do you feel blue and despondent? Do pains rack and tear away at nerve and muscle, and have you been disappointed in finding a remedy that will afford certain and speedy relief? If so, go at once to any drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polsen's Nerviline. Polson's Nervilina never fails to relieve neuralgia, cramps, headache, rheumatism, and all internal or external pains. J. B. Cartman, druggist, Morrisburgh, writes: "All the parties I supply speak very favorably of Nervilina, and always purchase a second lot." Polsen's Nervilina is sold in sample bottles at 10 cents; large size 25 cents—by all druggists and country dealers everywhere. Try a ten cent bottle.

A man named Songster shot another man in Philadelphia last week. He sings in another key now—turn-key.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a victim of stomach disorder, after he had procured one for my Bilious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and is also a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

"It's a warm weather," remarked the man who was endeavoring to get away from the inhabitants of a bee-hive.

Young Men! Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

If you live in the city don't cry over spilt milk. Examine it closely and you may find it is not milk, after all.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A circus tumbler ought to live long. When one is turned over so often, it must take the sands of life a long time to run out.

Ostarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Ostarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and inclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

Any kind of goods or fancy article can be dyed any color in a few minutes by Triangle Dyes. A child can use them with perfect success. All the popular colors. 10c.

"One must creep before he can walk," as the small boy said when he crawled under a circus tent.

Is Advice Cheap?

We think not, for if disinterested it has like every good thing, been dearly purchased. A fool may offer, but it requires a wise man to profit by it, and you, my reader, may offer or accept a little practical advice. Use or tell your friends to use only Putnam's Corn Extractor, for thousands have testified, after a practical test, that it is the only sure, safe and harmless remedy for corns in the world. Sold everywhere, by druggists and dealers in medicine, all over the country. Beware of substitutes.

It is said that glue is used in the cheaper grades of ice cream. Taste is "ice cream" with a stick in it.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier All Druggists 50 cents.

A. P. 188.

THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont

WANT Agents. Teamster's Friend. Send stamp for sample outs free. 39 Mich St., Cleveland, Ohio.

WHEAT Martin $4, Finlay $1 80, Russian $2, Seneca $1 30, (60 lbs.) and list. Jas. Rennie, Toronto.

MARRIED Persons, or those about to marry, will be greatly benefited by sending 5 cents for sealed particulars of this advertisement. J. W. SOUTHWICK Toronto, Canada.

SHORTHAND. LESSONS GIVEN BY mail in Isaac Pitman's system, by practical phonographer. Send for terms or plan to FRANK YEIGH, 253 Sherbourne St. Toronto.

MEN WANTED.

Active pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salary from $600 to $2000 per year. Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

FOR SALE.

Roughcast Blacksmith Shop, Woodshop and Dwelling House, 1¼ land, good garden, stable and woodshed. Failing health the cause for selling. Apply Box 79, Hepworth, Ont.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE shops 24 x 118 feet; double stoop, with office 24 x 60, blacksmith's shop, 30 x 42; lumber barn, and shed, horse barn, two acres of land with dwelling-house suitable for two small families; two cisterns, cellar, and well; situated at Rose Corners, four miles from Belleville, on main travelled road; good locality, where a business from $8,000 to $10,000 per annum is done. The premises are now in full blast, and will be sold to good live man at a bargain. HARFORD ASHLEY, Belleville.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box

W. & F. P. CURRIE & Co. 100 Grey Nun Street, Montreal. Importers of Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Wever Lime, Fine Ground, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay Manufacturers of Bessemer Steel sofa, Chair & Bed Springs

F. E. DIXON & CO., Manufacturers of Star Rivet

Leather Belting! 96 King Street, East, Toronto

Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

HOUSE CLEANING TIME.

If you want your house to be attractive, use Ramsay's Improved Calcomine Colors for tinting Walls.—Can be used without the aid of a Painter and do not rub off. Made in fifteen different tints. Apply to your local dealers for them.

MANUFACTURED BY A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shaw & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B. Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Beurlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal

CANADA PLATE. Price Low For Future Delivery. Tin Plate. Galvanized Sheet. Stamped Goods FOR SALE BY COPLAND & McLAREN. MONTREAL.

REINHARDT'S HAIR RESTORER AND MOUSTACHE PRODUCER. A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers and moustaches in six weeks. Sent to any address on receipt of $1. F. REINHARDT, Chemist, Hamilton, Canada.

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS'N Incorporated. Head Office, London, Ont. Issue Certificates from $100 to $5,000, payable on marriage, to following rates: For $100, payable on marriage, $1 monthly dues in advance; $1.75. For $200, $2 quarterly dues in advance, $3.75. For $500, $5 quarterly dues in advance, $9.75. For $1,000, $10; quarterly dues in advance, $19.50. For $2,000 Certificate, $20; quarterly dues in advance, $39. For $5,000 Certificate, $50; quarterly dues in advance, $97.50. The only cash payments. Assessments on deaths $1.25 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid on present membership of 2,000 at date. Before current year's assessments will cease to be paid, providing for a large number of endowments, which is the aim of this association in a sound financial position. No connection with any other Insurance Co. A good opportunity for paying agents. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL

Montreal,	Aug. 2	*Vancouver,	Aug. 23
*Sarnia,	Aug. 9	Toronto,	Aug. 30
Brooklyn,	Aug. 16	*Oregon,	Sept. 6

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $80, $90, $95, $100. Return, $90, $105, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $30, 35, steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and cabins of steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, Montreal.

MACHINERY. For sale 1 Westinghouse C. Morrison &c. 1 8 h. p. Portable Engine and Boiler on Skids. 1 10 h. p. Horizontal by Northey. 1 do. by Waterous with cut off valve, and 50 engine on boiler of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 2 24-inch Planers and Matchers. 1 16-inch Planer. 1 Iron Frame Planing Machine. 1 Iron Slat Tenoner. 1 Buggy Planer or Jointer. 1 bed gang. 10 Saw Tables. 1 Fire-Proof Safe. 1 Jeweler's Rock Sheet. 1 Book-Binder's Screw Press. 1 6-inch Frank Bros' Portable Grist Mill. 1 Grist Inserted Tooth Saw &c., &c. Send for new list, No. 9, containing full description of machinery in stock. Address H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

CONBOY'S CARRIAGE TOPS

is one of the hits. Not that a carriage top is anything new, but the great want of something more perfect than the heavy, expensive, inconvenient tops in use, suggested the invention of the Conboy Adjustable Top, which has been altered and improved until it now stands without a rival. The styles and grades now manufactured are the most popular, and are varied enough to suit all tastes. Mr. Conboy is the Pioneer in this business. It has been his aim since the commencement to merit the patronage and confidence of the trade and the public, by producing durable and convenient, and at the same time, elegant and stylish tops, that could be sold at exceedingly low prices. That he has been successful it abundantly proved by the thousands sold, and the numerous letters of approval received from the leading carriage builders throughout the country. Since moving to Toronto, Mr. Conboy is giving his whole attention to the improvement and manufacture of carriage tops, where his increased facilities, his practical knowledge, and his numerous patented improvements, give him great advantages over all competitors.

497 KING STREET, WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST, THE STRONGEST, THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

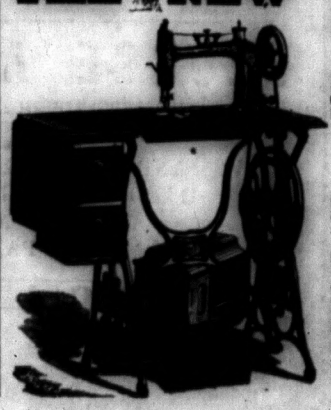
RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE, HAMILTON, ONT

THE NEW WILLIAMS



High Arm Machine is now recognized as the Sewing Machine of the Period.

It is Light and Easy to run.

Silent and Rapid in movement

Plain and Simple to Learn.

It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

1783 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 88 King St., West, Toronto.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

PAID FOR

Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

363 **B. A. S. WILSON.**

HARVEST TOOLS !

Our Stock of Harvest Tools is complete in all lines

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Special value in CRADLES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the municipality of Marmora and Lake, to be held at the Town Hall, Marmora village, on Friday, August 22nd, 1884, that a by-law will be submitted to open up and legalize such opening, of a road running east from "Devine's Corners" across lot No 9 in the 8th concession, to a corner near the office of the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company, thence north until it intersects the old Malone road. All parties personally interested in the aforesaid by-law will hereby take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

HENRY M. JONES, M.D.,
Township Clerk.

Marmora, July 16th, 1884. 377-4

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the municipality of Marmora and Lake, to be held at the Town Hall, Marmora village, on Friday August 22nd, 1884, that a by-law will be submitted for the purpose of closing up and giving to the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company in lieu of new road, that portion of the old Malone road commencing at its junction with the line between the 7th and 8th concessions, running easterly until it strikes the side line between lots 10 and 11, in the eighth concession. All parties personally interested in the aforesaid by-law will hereby take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

HENRY M. JONES, M.D.,
Township Clerk.

Marmora, July 16th, 1884. 377-4

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S
SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

JANE WRIGHT.

CHAMBERS & WHITE!

THE | BIG | TEA | POT | SIGN.

(Successors to J. A. Chambers.)

O'FLYNN BLOCK, - MADOC, ONT.,

where will be found a choice stock of fine

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY.
GLASSWARE, &C.,

—ALSO—

FANCY CHINA WARE, OF THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Fine goods always a specialty with us.

James White. *J. A. Chambers.*

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,00 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market !

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

WATCHES ! WATCHES ! WATCHES !

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 380. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, August 14, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR.—Is there no law in our little village Prohibiting Bicycles from running on the side-walks on our principal streets. I would not mention this only a circumstance that occurred where an old Lady had to get off the side-walk on account of one of our Bicyclists coming along, and that where it occurred the Lady had to jump a distance of 3 or 4 feet to get out of the way. Now Mr. Editor, if there is anything that is gentlemanly in such conduct I would like to know it, and if I understand it there is a law prohibiting Bicycles from running on the principal streets in Cities, Towns, and Incorporated Villages. As the County Roads extends East, West, North, and South of the village, and thirty-six feet in width, I think if there is not enough room for them to run their Bicycles on they had better take the fields or some back street, as our side-walks are not very wide, particularly on St. Lawrence Street, where this scene occurred. I think that pedestrians require all the side-walk without having to make room for Bicyclists. Thanking you Mr. Editor, for this space in your columns, I remain yours

AN EYE WITNESS.

To S. S. Steenburg, Palmer, Baker, and others.

GENTLEMEN.

Please accept my heart-felt thanks for the expression of your sympathy towards me on the sad occasion of my dear wife's recent death. It is a source of much consolation to me to receive the sympathy of all my respected neighbours manifested to me, in so many ways, both prior to the death of my lamented wife, by kindness and constant attendance, and in following her remains to the grave. Such kindness I can never forget, showing strongly after all that although difference of creed and nationality may occasionally intervene in the ordinary concerns of life still when real friendship is required, and the broken heart needs some support and consolation, all forget their differences and join in paying, as on this occasion, the best tribute of respect to the dear departed.

It is also pleasing to me to be able to bear testimony of the uniform kindness of all my good neighbours in Limerick, to myself and wife whilst residing in their midst, and you gentlemen, and all those good friends whom you represent, I may say again, I thank you sincerely for your kind expression of sympathy, and ask you to accept this expression of assurance of my continued esteem and friendship.

I am, etc.,

D. C. McDONELL.

Madoc, Aug 9th, 1884.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

By this time every loyal and patriotic citizen must be thoroughly disgusted with the Mowat government. The members of this government have always displayed a certain degree of hostility towards that glorious institution the "National Policy," and some of them are so very ignorant that they could not understand how Sir John Macdonald could make the country richer by increasing the taxes. But their cup of iniquit, is now full. This last action of theirs is the wickedest and most corrupt of all, and must surely alienate the sympathy of the few supporters that remained to them. It appears from your correspondent "Reformer," that this unprincipaled government has actually been guilty of the crime of selling "mineral lands" to a mining company. There can be no doubt about the facts; and the case against the government is so clear that their warmest supporters cannot say a word in their defence Some old-fashioned, ignorant people who have not properly considered the subject might be inclined to imagine that the mineral land ought to be sold to miners, this "Reformer," evidently knows better. He has forgotten to tell us what class of people these lands should be sold to, but he knows that they should never be sold to a mining company. But this is not all. Some of the mineral lots are suitable for agricultural purposes, there are being several places on the companies property where a few hills of potatoes might be planted between the rocks, moreover, there are occasional crevices in the rock in which onions might be planted, but all this must be lost to the country in consequence of the iniquitous policy of the Ontario Government. No wonder that "Reformer" should wax so indignant, and threatens to turn his coat when he thinks of these terrible wrongs. "I have always voted the Reform ticket" he says, "but in future I shall be more careful." He then goes on to say that he cannot support the Mowat Government because they have helped to "establish a monopoly" in this county. This will no doubt be bad for the Ontario Government, but, if he is so strongly prejudiced against monopolies he will be puzzled to know how to vote at the next general election. If he should think of supporting the Conservative party he will probably investigate their system of establishing monopolies, and disposing of crown lands. He will find that Sir John Macdonald's government undertook to build a road to the Pacific coast, and proceeded in this way; first they constructed about a thousand miles of the road and present it to a company, then they gave the company money enough to finish building the road, and gave them exemption from taxation forever. Then, in order that the company might be perfectly happy they were given twenty-five million acres of the best land in the Dominion, and to make the monopoly complete it was enacted that no other company should be allowed to build a road that could compete with them. Several companies have been formed in Manitoba who proposed to build railroads with their own money, but Sir John has refused to allow them to proceed, lest their construction should diminish the profits of his favorite Syndicate. To a casual observer these things might suggest the idea of "monopoly," so that our friend "Reformer" will hardly know to vote at the next election. Perhaps he may stay at home on election day and write an article on "Political Economy," for the Belleville Intelligencer. When any serious act of corruption is committed there are generally two parties to the transaction, and so it appears to have been in the case to which "Reformer" calls our attention. The Ontario Government was guilty of selling the land, and Mr. Coe, and his company were guilty of buying it. It has been asserted by friends of Mr. Coe, that no capitalist would ever build a road into that district unless he had secured enough mineral land to insure him a profitable traffic. This is all very well, but "Reformer" knows a thing worth two of that. He would have them build the road first, and then buy the land. This would furnish a splendid opportunity for enterprising "Settlers" who could "settle" on all the best locations, and then sell them to the company at prices ranging from ten thousand dollars upwards. The company would soon become bankrupt, but the speculator would get rich. Perhaps "Reformer" is acquainted with some capitalists who would like to build a rail-road on such terms. There is one most important matter that appears to require further explanation. We are told that in addition to the land purchased from the government, Mr. Coe is going to take the occupied land as well. Now as all the land in Ontario is held on the same tenure, it appears that Mr. Coe will own the whole Province, and perhaps the whole Dominion. Your correspondent was probably so much overcome by his feelings in contemplating this calamity that he forgot to mention the nature of Mr. Coe's claim. However it may not be too late yet, and if he will publish the information immediately something may still be done to prevent this gigantic system of confiscation being carried into effect. After he has furnished this information it would be well for him to borrow a dictionary and study the meaning of the word "Monopoly."

J. P.

AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years I have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month, Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,

Apr. 29, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

Tea! Tea! Tea!

We as usual are showing

Special Value in Tea,

in all grades.

JOHN DALE & SON.

FOR SALE.

ONE first-class Cooking Stove, large size, with copper reservoir.

D. C. CLARKE.

WANTED.

A TEACHER, holding a Third or Special Certificate, for Union S. S. No. 3, Limerick. Apply to ROBT. CAMPBELL, Trustee, Thanet P. O., Hastings Road, Ont. 1

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge.
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. K. ORR, *Noble Grand.*

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

ICE CREAM
—AT—
LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

LUMBER.
BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand

SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,

at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

Ready-made CLOTHING.

We are showing

EXTRA VALUE

in all lines.

JOHN DALE & SON.

E. A. SEYMOUR,
General House Painter,
AND GLAZIER.
Madoc, - Ontario.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLO
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.

Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½ 13	in 1st concession	Madoc,	
29	5th	"	"
29	7th	"	"
W ½ 30	9th	"	"
N E ¼ 13	10th	"	Marmora,
27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

C. G. WILSON,
CHEMIST
—AND—
DRUGGIST.

Gray & McGregor,
GENERAL
GROCERS,
—AND—
LIQUOR
MERCHANTS,
Madoc. - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.
GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. B. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.
SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.
CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.
JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!
I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company. Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1877

M. W. SINE, V. S.,
(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,
BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.
Dealer in all kinds of
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Flowers, &c.

I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.

369 W. C. REID.

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallet & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS
AND OTHER
MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,
23 Front St. West, Toronto.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

The last of the magisterial examinations was over now, and so far as it lay in the power of the inferior tribunal to pass judgment, Frank was found guilty. It had been impossible indeed to come to any other decision in the circumstances, for the evidence was overwhelmingly strong. The nurse, finding it impossible to retract the story first told, swore with every appearance of sincerity—and she honestly believed that in the spirit, if not the letter, she spoke the absolute truth—that she had relinquished her charge into Mr. de Walden's hands, that they two had gone out together, that Mr. de Walden had never returned, while the child was found murdered in the shrubbery, strangled by the sash she had tied around his waist.

The woman broke down in a tempest of hysterical tears when she spoke the last words, and a thrill of indignant sympathy ran through the crowded court. But the sensation she produced was as nothing compared with that which thrilled all hearts when Sir George de Walden stepped heavily into the witness-box, and, clutching at the chair-back, as though to steady himself, began in hoarse vibrating tones to tell his tale.

He dwelt on every circumstance that could connect his nephew with the crime with a sort of malignant intensity. By sheer force of will he seemed to bear it upon his hearers his own conviction of his nephew's guilt. Men and women who had doubted before felt their doubts borne away upon the strong current of that deliberate yet passionate speech: eyes that had rested almost compassionately on the worn, proud, young face turned from it with loathing then. Even the good looks, the air of trained and graceful strength that would have told in the prisoner's favor in any other circumstances, seemed an argument against him with the women listeners now, for all remembered that that young strength had been pitted against the weakness of a child. But of all the fierce feeling wakening against him Frank knew nothing; he hardly listened to the words, his eyes rested with such pitying earnestness on the old man's altered face. Sir George de Walden, when he saw him last, had borne his sixty odd years with so gallant a grace that few strangers would have thought him more than fifty. Now the upright figure was bowed, the gray head white as snow; the eyes red-rimmed and sunken far back into their sockets, seemed the only signs of life in a dead face, and they betokened only pain and hate.

While giving his evidence Sir George stared straight before him, as though measuring the weight of every word he spoke upon the magisterial mind; but, just as he left the box, he glanced over in his nephews direction, met fully the passionate pleading glance of the pitiful gray eyes, and drew back as though the other had offered to touch him.

"I call on you all to witness," he cried, with a fiery outburst as unexpected as it was irrepressible, "that but one man had an interest in my child's death, and I say that that man killed him!"

Of course the tumult caused by these words was immediately repressed, and the witness reminded that he must offer evidence only; but the witness was gone, and there remained only the impression left by his words. People whispered to each other that the prisoner grew deadly white, and that, for the first time that day, the muscles twitched with a sort of nervous distress; but he lifted his head almost immediately and glanced round the court, not defiantly, but with quiet steadfast pride.

Since then he had seen nothing of his uncle, though he had heard indirectly that he still pursued him with an unrelenting hate, still believed firmly in his guilt; but it was a subject that he could discuss only with his solicitor, for Lord Croxford, on whom that one interview had made a cruelly strong impression, evidently shirked it, and when Es is and May were with him other matters filled his thoughts.

He welcomed the girls with eager gladness now; the time in which they would be free to visit him was growing pitifully short. His trial was fixed for the tenth of October—ten days from the present time, and after that—He never dared carry his thoughts much beyond that time; he should either be free, saved by a miracle from the net that had ensnared him, or——

He lifted the pale brave little face between his hands and gazed upon it with a fondly critical gaze, noting the violet tinge beneath the steadfast eyes, the fine lines about the sweet sensitive mouth.

"Still brave and houseful, Essie?" he asked, in a hal! whisper; and Essie answered aloud—

"Not only hopeful but sure. No, do not shake your head, dear; I have not one doubt. Heaven knows your innocence, and Heaven will prove it in time."

There was all the calmness of assured conviction in her sweet unfaltering tones. She spoke as a person speaks from knowledge, not from faith. In spite of himself and his reason, Frank felt a faint thrill of hope, and May turned round from the window with a little sob.

"She always talks like that. She never seems to waver. The child is either inspired or mad! But I am neither. And, oh, Frank, my dear, dear boy, do not trust in your innocence, or in any miracle; but try to think of some one who would, or could, be demon enough to kill that poor little child!"

Frank laid his hand on the girl's graceful shoulder with a touch that was in itself a caress.

"Poor May!" he said gently. "You must not cry your pretty eyes out, or break your kind heart for me; that would be treating Croxford badly. By-the-way, where is that loyal friend to-day?"

"He was to have met us here," May answered, drying the eyes he apostrophized with vengeful little dabs, and speaking with all the petulance of pain. "But he is long past his time; perhaps he too has turned traitor and deserted us; nothing would surprise me now."

"I think that would," Frank said, with his gentle tired smile. "Hark, May! There is a commentary on your injustice; I hear his step and voice in the corridor."

Almost before the words had passed his lips, Lord Croxford was in the room, and at the first sight of his face May jumped up with a shrill little scream, and Essie clasped her hands on Frank de Walden's arm, as though supporting him against some sudden shock.

For the young Viscount was literally radiant, his air as he was framed, his gait, gesture—"Oh, Croxford, you have news—good news!" May cried with passionate eagerness. "Tell it quickly. We can bear any shock of joy."

"Yes, good news, and a visitor," Croxford answered, clasping his sweet-heart's hand, but looking at the prisoner's pale proud face. "Frank, dear old fellow, prepare yourself to see Sir George de Walden."

The name seemed to strike Frank like a blow; the blood rushed hotly to his face, then ran back, leaving it very pale, as his uncle's face, filled with malignant hatred, rose before him, his useless harsh denunciatory tones rang once more in his ears.

"He could come on but one errand," Essie cried, her blue eyes radiant with that unshaken light of faith, but with something of the old sweet serenity vanished from her face. "Oh, Frank, you will see him, dear."

But Lord Croxford had not waited for the answer; he had gone back to the door, and now returned, leading in Sir George de Walden.

For one moment the young man stood proudly irresolute, for one moment the old man stood, with bent head and cruelly working face, before the nephew he had wronged and hated. It seemed as though neither know how to break the eloquent silence. At last, touched with an intense and aching pity for the crushed and broken man, Frank spoke.

"What am I to say, sir? Heaven knows how I pity you and grieve for your grief; but you—you think me the cause!"

"No, no!" The grave gentle tones seemed to break the spell that lay upon the old man's lips. He caught Frank's hand and clasped it between his own trembling palms, and poured forth his words now with a fevered volubility. "No, I was mad to doubt you, Frank; and now at last I know——"

"Know he is innocent!" Essie cried, raising her small head proudly. "We knew it always, sir."

"And I only to-day." Sir George paused and passed his handkerchief across the wrinkled forehead on which the great drops were gathering thick and fast, then turned to his nephew with a painfully forced smile. "Frank, if the tardy penitence I offer is worthless besides the faith of these true friends, I bring something that will make amends, something that will give you life and freedom and take the last stigma from your name."

"And that is——" May broke in breathlessly, for Frank was past all speech.

"The murderer's confession, sent to me by the priest and magistrate to whom he dictated it on his death-bed. He was—he was" Sir George paused again, seeming to gather all his strength to utter the words that tried him so sorely—"the man we all thought dead, my wife's discarded lover—Giuseppe Lani!"

CHAPTER X.

"Well," said Lord Croxford, puffing vigorously at his cigar, and beaming on his friend complacently, "now that all is well with you again, I do not mind confessing that I was horribly afraid; things looked awfully black for you this time last week, Frank."

Frank nodded.

"But you never lost faith in me," he said gratefully.

"In you? Well, no; I was not quite such an ass; but my faith in your lucky star was getting decidedly shaky. Certainly I never dreamed that your uncle would be the man to come forward and prove your innocence."

"My poor uncle! I really do not understand how the whole thing came about now. Do not stare, Croxford; I know of course that I am free, and that that fellow Lani was the murderer; but there my knowledge really ends."

"But the whole story has been printed in every newspaper in the kingdom," Lord Croxford persisted in much amazement. Frank winced, and turned away as he answered beneath his breath—

"I have not cared to read the papers lately."

"No, no, of course not," returned the good-natured young Viscount, with ready comprehension of the other's feelings and ready regret for his own blundering speech. "Look here, old fellow! Can you endure to hear the story? I will tell it as briefly as may be."

"Yes, tell me please," Frank answered eagerly; and, after a few preliminary puffs at his cigar, Croxford continued—

"You see this Italian was poor Lady de Walden's cousin, and appears to have looked upon her as his own special property, ever since she was a child; not that she gave him any encouragement, for she held him in extreme dread, but perhaps he thought to subjugate her by that very fear! They tell me she was very beautiful——"

"She was," Frank broke in with a low pained tone, "the loveliest girl I ever saw, and her beauty was of the purest, most angelic type."

"Well, poor soul, she ought to be an angel in Heaven now, for she died the death of a martyr here; but to go back to the days before her marriage. It seemed this Lani tried to force from her a promise to wait three years for him, and marry him on his return from the voyage on which he confidently hoped to make his fortune; and she——"

"Refused him and married my uncle. I heard that part of the story."

"Oh, have you! Well, having heard nothing of her terrible cousin for so long a time. I suppose poor Lady de Walden came to the comfortable conclusion that he was dead; and I do not think that Sir George ever troubled himself about the matter; but it so happened that Lani returned to Port Rico on the very day that your uncle went back to England. The news that met the fiery-tempered desperado, whom success had rendered more arrogant and imperious than ever, drove him absolutely mad. Anita's refusal had counted for absolutely nothing in his thoughts, though he had fiercely resented it at the time. He had returned rich; he did not doubt that he should find her still at Port Rico, and could cajole or force her into marrying him at last. When he did find that she was already married, that she, her child and husband had escaped him but by a day, his rage was terrible to behold. He followed instantly to England, driven on, as he told the priest who shrived him, by a keen desire for revenge. All one dayand night he hid about the place, hoping to catch sight of Lady de Walden, but she never left the house, though he saw you constantly with the poor little child by your side."

Frank's face grew very pale; and he turned his beak abruptly away, recalling, with a keen pang, the little trotting figure by his side, the little hand that had clung to his in such perfect trust.

"He did not think at first of harming Georgie. But the next morning, rendered desperate by fatigue and baffled rage, he ventured nearer to the house. The little fellow, who was seated on the verandah waiting, as it seems, for you, caught sight of the lurking figure, and ran out to it with a glad greeting cry of 'Cousin Frank, cousin Frank!' Lani caught and held him in a grip of iron, and the poor baby soon discovered his mistake. He began to whimper as he looked into the hard cruel eyes of his captor, and then, and not till then,—or so he says—there came to the murderer the fiendish thought that he could best punish and torture the mother through the child."

"And he killed him!" Frank cried, lifting his ashen face and blazing eyes with a look of dazed horror—"killed the innocent trusting little creature that even a wild beast might have spared!"

"Such men are worse than wild beasts," Croxford answered sadly. His honest face was pale with sympathetic pain; but he hurried through the hard task he had set himself. "And his cruel vengeance did not end there. He waited in the shrubbery until Lady de Walden came, and then rose up like a demon before her, and, overwhelming the pale mother with fierce reproaches, flung the dead child at her feet."

"You know the rest, Frank," Lord Croxford went on, after a brief pause, broken by the other's choking sobs. "The shock turned the poor young mother's brain, broke her heart—and—killed her with merciful swiftness. Lani, with an audacity that seems almost incredible, went straight back to Port Rico, where he led for some weeks a life of reckless dissipation, and was finally killed in a drunken brawl, lingering, thank Heaven, just long enough to clear and save you."

Lord Croxford leaned back in his chair and resumed his cigar with a relieved sigh, watching his friend keenly the while through his half-closed eyes. A week's freedom had not served to restore Frank de Walden the nerve and strength of which the long imprisonment and longer strain of suspense had robbed him. He looked pale and harassed, and started at every unexpected sound in a way that would have seemed absurd to the hale athletic young fellow of a few months back.

"There is but one cure for him, complete change of scene and thought, and but one travelling companion who will serve to rouse him," the kindly young man decided within himself. "I will talk to Sir George to-morrow; he must see that Frank has been sacrificed long and cruelly enough, even to such a sorrow as his."

He carried out his intention; and, as Sir George had taken the strong capricious fancy of an invalid to May Verner's lover, much was decided at the conference between them and Frank was not a little astonished by a summons to his uncle's presence.

He obeyed it with a sort of languid distaste—not that he harboured one bitter or resentful thought against the man who had done his best to hang him; but he shrank always and nervously from any painful scene, from any expression of remorse or regret, from any touching upon the unhealed, aching wound in his memory and thoughts.

It was an inexpressible relief and almost as much of a surprise to him to see May Verner's bright face behind the sick man's chair, to see the eager pleading smile with which his uncle held out one thin hand to greet him.

"At last, Frank!" he cried, trying to keep the faint touch of reproach out of his tone, "I thought you were never coming near me again."

Frank muttered some few words of apology in a dull mechanical fashion, and dropped listlessly into the nearest chair. He did not mean to be ungracious, and was dimly conscious of May's reproachful look; but even to please her he could not shake off that cruel apathy that lay so heavily upon him.

"Well, I cannot grumble," Sir George said, with a short, impatient sigh; "but I am glad you have come, for I want to speak to you—on business."

"On business?" Frank repeated, with a stupid stare. What business could have any interest for this desolate, stricken old man?

Sir George read the not unnatural thought, and slightly shook his snow-white head.

"I have still to set my house in order, Frank; but the business of which I spoke was yours. My dear boy, I have never spoken of the cruel wrong I did you."

"Do not!" Frank said with a sharp little wince and an imploring gesture. "I want to forget."

"And, to show that you forgive, will you—will you——" Sir George suddenly caught his nephew's hand and held it fast, then turned his head back, and said hurriedly to the watchful girl behind his chair—

"May, tell him what I want."

May flushed a little, but answered instantly to Frank's appealing look.

"Sir George thinks, and we all agree, Frank, that you and Essie should get married at once."

It was a verbal thunderbolt. Frank rose at once, the red blood dyeing his pale face, the pained and listless look yielding to one of half rapturous, half shocked astonishment.

"At once—in all this——" He paused and glanced at Sir George, who promptly took the word from him.

"In all this misery? Yes; it is my wish—my earnest eager wish, Frank. You will not deny that pleasure to a man who has no other left in the world? Marry, and take your wife away, and let me see you happy and yourself again before I die."

Frank paced the little room with hasty uneven steps; his nerves tingled with the excitement of the thought, his blood ran wildly through his veins, the old listless apathy was dead, and in its place there had come a feverish unrest.

To win Essie, his true and loyal love, to bear her away with him, to forget for a while beneath blazer shine and in other airs the misery that had almost turned his brain and broken the spring of life within him—this was a temptation indeed; and yet—and yet —— Would not the burial and the bridal services jar discordantly? Dare he be happy in presence of this fresh grief—these new made graves?

Perhaps May, who knew and loved, and who was watching him intently, divined the shrinking thought, for she whispered gently as he neared her chair—

"Remember, Frank, he is the truest mourner—and it is his wish!"

"And—Mr. Verner?"

May's whole face brightened, for these few words told her that the day was won. Frank's eyes had met hers, and the love in them lent night."

"And Essie?"

May's gold-flecked lashes rested for a moment on her soft pink cheek, then lifted themselves bravely, as she said, with a frankly affectionate smile—

"Ask her, Frank. Even her sister must not answer such a question as that."

* * * * *

Frank did ask her, with all the eloquence at his command; and without any show of doubt or hesitation Essie placed her small hand in his, and agreed at once to his wish. It was no time for coyness or coquetry, when her lover's life almost seemed at stake, and there was no reason for delay when millinery preparations were unnecessary. So, one week later, Esther Verner and Frank de Walden were made one in the quietest fashion, and the great wish of Sir George de Walden's heart was fulfilled.

"I can die happy now!" he said to May, his great comfort and consoler, when the wedding was over, and the young pair had started on their honey moon trip; and May only answered with her cheerily obstinate look—

"No; you have made them happy; you must live to see—who knows!—perhaps to share—their happiness now."

Sir George smiled affectionately at the girl and sadly at the prophecy; but, strange to say, the latter was fulfilled. He did live to welcome Frank back, restored to perfect health of mind and body, and, being nursed with tenderest devotion by the new mistress of De Walden Court, even seemed to take a fresh hold in life. Grand-nephew and grandniece had climbed about his knees and taught him that life holds drops of sweetness to the very dregs, before the end came, and he looked his last on loving faces before they laid him to rest beside the young wife and little child of whom a cruel vengeance had robbed him.

THE END.

AMERICAN FABLES.

HOW THE WOLF GOT LEFT.

A Fox who had been caught in a trap appealed to a passing Wolf to save his life, and vowed that his Gratitude would never grow cold. The Wolf helped him out and was overwhelmed with Thanks as the Fox limped away. After a few days the Wolf wanted Assistance in securing one of a flock of fat sheep, and he called upon the Fox to go with him.

"Too dangerous," replied Reynard.

"Then help me to catch a goat."

"Too much running."

"You will at least render me assistance in digging out a couple of Hares for my Sunday dinner?" continued the Wolf.

"But I am a Friend of the Hares," answered Reynard.

"See here!" exclaimed the Wolf, "I rendered you a Great Service and counted on your Gratitude. Is this the way you repay me?"

"My Friend," said Reynard, as he scratched a flea off his shoulder, "there's a heap of difference between a Fox in a Trap and a Fox at liberty. Please go away—you make me tired."

MORAL:

The man who doesn't happen to meet you when he wants a favor continues your friend.

THE TIGER'S FRIENDSHIP.

A Tiger one day approached a Peasant near enough to call out that he wanted to be friends, and to invite the man to meet him half-way.

"Tigers have always eaten men, and men have always sought to kill tigers," he added, "but I can see no reason why it should be so."

"Nor I, either," answered the Peasant, and he advanced to the meeting.

They were yet several feet apart when the Tiger called out:

"Ha! why do you bring a gun with you?"

"And why are you licking your chops and working your claws?" shouted the Peasant.

The result was that the Tiger skulked back to the thicket and the Peasant to his field, each feeling renewed distrust.

MORAL:

In some cases Fear is a great safeguard against Friendship.

THE FOOLISH PEASANT.

A Peasant who was Being Pursued by a Wolf managed to Escape by Climbing a Tree. The panting Wolf looked up at him and called out:

"How contemptible in you to take advantage of my inability to climb trees! If there was any man about you would give me a fair show!"

"But you intended to Eat me!" Protested the man.

"Suppose I did. Wasn't I willing to give you the same chance! Come down and be a man!"

Thus appealed to the Peasant descended and the Wolf made short work of him.

MORAL:

When you get ahead of a fare bank put the money into real estate.

Concerning Enemies.

One real good first class enemy is worth more to a man or woman than a dozen tender-footed friends. The individual who does anything in this world is bound to have opposition, more or less bitter, and it may be set down as an infallible rule, that he who has only friends never does enough good to be good, or enough bad to be bad. He is a negative quantity which has trivial extension and nothing more. He displaces as much atmosphere as a man of equal size, but the analogy ends there. Bad enemies, malicious people, I mean, are to be feared for they are the worst kinds of thieves. They steal reputation, and reputation is something they have no use for themselves nor can they transfer it to anyone else. Even that kind of enemy has his usefulness though, for his enmity is so much more of a compliment than his friendship, that respectable people admire, more than ever, the object of his abuse and spite. The devil is the arch enemy and he does great mischief, but we have to have him, for if there were no devil there would be no divinity, and the world would be a great mass of namby pambyism, so utterly insipid that man would invent sin to give life a little tone and spice and make it endurable. Enmity gives form and substance to friendship and true friendship is the crown of human association.

An able sea man—The astronomer.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick all the time, who, if they would but try it, would be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve. Only $1 a bottle. It is a splendid Blood Purifier All Druggists 50 cents.

Current humor—The farce of the electric girl.

Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Not a favorite with cow-boys—The short horn.

Josh Billings Says:

Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort comes an old shoe. One trouble exists in the fact that old shoes wear out, and another that they cannot always be worn. Undoubtedly Josh must be a sufferer from corns, and has not yet heard of the great and only sure corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. This great remedy never fails to remove the worst corns—soft or hard—in a few days. No discomfort, no sore spots, but prompt and certain cure. Beware of flesh-eating and sore producing substitutes. Use Putnam's only. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, props.

A rousing demonstration—Getting a growing boy out of bed.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of $1,000,000, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

The stuttering tippler has a high-drawlhic pow-wower.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will get up this morning! Oh yes you will, if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood Bitters to purify the blood and tone up the system Immediately. 50 cents.

The fall overcoat belongs to the clothes of the year.

Quack Advertisements

Are rapidly becoming a nuisance, and we think it behooves publishers to examine into the merits of many articles puffed up in their columns. We do not deny that many meritorious remedies are properly to be classed under this heading. Take the hundreds and thousands relieved from severe suffering by the use of Polson's Nerviline, would it not be unreasonable to expect them to condemn that far-famed remedy? Now we know for a fact that Polson's Nerviline is without exception the most powerful, pleasant and certain remedy in the world for pain. It can not fail, for it goes right to the bottom of pain, penetrates to the nerves, soothes them into quietness, and affords prompt and permanent relief. Nerviline is sold by all druggists. Sample only 10 cents. Try it.

A.P. 189.

WHEAT Boswell $1.50, Empire $1.75, Roper $1.60, Fife $1.35 (60 lbs.) Jas. Rennie, Toronto

Thos. Galloway & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Cotton, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont.

FOR SALE.

Well-worked Blacksmith Shop, Woodshop and Pruit Pallingtons, 11 land, good garden, stable and woodshed, house, the same for selling. Apply Hepworth, Ont.

Party wanted to purchase carriage shop 24 x 110 feet; dwelling house, with office 24 x 60; blacksmith's shop, 20 x 45; lumber shed, 40 x 60, and horse barn, two acres of land with dwelling-house suitable for two small families, or one large family, good well; situated at Rose Corners, four miles from Brockville, on main gravelled road; good locality, where a business from $5,000 to $6,000 can be done. The premises are now in full blast, and will be sold to a live man at a bargain. Harford Ashley Bellerille.

1883.-ST. JOHN EXHIBITION.-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The Highest Prize and Gold Medal for Leather Belting, and Fire Engine Hose were awarded to us both at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to Robin & Sadler, Montreal, over all competitors.

Mutual Marriage Endowment Ass'n Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $125 to $2,000, payable on marriage, as following rates. For $500, or half certificate, $1 per month in advance. For $1,000 Certificate, $2; quarterly dues in advance, $6. For $1,500 Certificate, $30; quarterly dues in advance, $9. For $2,000 Certificate, $40; quarterly dues in advance, $12. The only cash payments are $5 on each $500. First years quarterly contributions are payable in advance, and thereafter at end of year. Reserved reserve account will amount to $10,000, providing for a large number of endowments, which, from the nature of the Association, will be payable in connection with any similar institution. A good investment society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

The Ready Mixed Paints

MANUFACTURED BY

A. RAMSAY & SONS, MONTREAL,

are ground in Pure Linseed Oil and Turpentine. The American Mineral Paints are to a large extent ground in Linseed Oil, and will wear as any price. Ask for Ramsay's, and see that you get them. Apply to your local dealers.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. Cabin passage from Halifax or Portland to Liverpool, $50 and upwards, according to position of berth. Return tickets at reduced rates. Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Liverpool and Quebec and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Allan, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan Portland, Boston, Montreal.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

New London Fashion—A Valuable Estate—Western Rights in China—An Aged Lady—&c., &c.

An Arizona man has sued a local paper because it announced that he was the father of a thieving boy a week old. The editor meant to say "thriving."

The latest fashionable affectation in London is to have negro minstrels, who have for years been confined to the variety shows of the metropolis, appear at select parties in Belgravia, where the banjo and the bones are more in favor than the violin and piano.

It is reported that a ruby found in Clay county, N. C., was sold by the finder for $15, then for $3,000 and, after being cut by a lapidary, for $18,000.

A Detroit telephone got out of order and the man who was sent to fix it up discovered that a hole had been punched in the instrument by somebody who had innocently thought he could hear better through it that way.

The boys of the Sacramento (Cal.) High School, believing their principal to have been harshly used by the Board of Education, which had dismissed him from his post, packed up their books and left the school in a body.

There is living near Conesville, Fla., a colored man named Romeo, who is wedded to a maid of his race called Juliet. This couple have twins whom they have named Romulus and Remus, and the family is conveyed to church on Sundays by a horse named Pontius Pilate.

A regulation is in force at the Hague by which every one in whose house an infectious disease exists is bound to hang up on the front door a notice to that effect, and to state the nature of the malady, so that any one whose business takes him to that house may risk the danger or not as he thinks fit.

The trustees of the Lick estate in San Francisco have paid $12 000 to Edmund Feil of Paris for a glass for the Lick observatory on Mount Hamilton, but of nineteen glasses produced all but two have proved defective, and it is not certain that these two will be any better. The glass is to be thirty-six inches in diameter.

L. J. Rose has sold his estate, probably the finest in California, for $750,000. The plantation is known as Sunny Slope, near Pasadena, and it contains more than 2,000 acres of well-watered land. The orange crop was sold on the trees by Mr. Rose this year for $16,000, and the vintage last year from 1,000 acres of vines was 1,809 tons of grapes.

A Powhatan (Ohio) woman gave a warm reception to railroad surveyors who attempted to lay out a line through her yard contrary to her wishes. The first surveyor escaped with his hat riddled with shot from her revolver, while the second man was driven into a mud pond at the point of the pistol, leaving all his tools, which she captured and still holds possession of.

The collections of the British Museum increase so fast that it has been found necessary to remove whole departments. Thus the entire natural history collection has been transferred to the South Kensington Museum, and soon the prints, drawings, and newspapers will be placed in a new building. Last year 36,000 volumes were added to the new library. The number of visitors was 100,000 more than in 1882, but the number of students is on the increase.

The descendants of Rebecca Nourse, who was hanged as a witch at Salem, Mass., on July 19, 1692, held an anniversary reunion at Danvers, a few days ago, at which about 200 of her representatives were present. Benjamin F. Nourse of Boston, president, and arrangements were made for the erection of a monument to be dedicated a year hence. An interesting feature of the occasion was a letter from the poet Whittier expressing the opinion that, in the execution of Rebecca Nourse, the people of Salem hanged the best Christian woman among them.

Women have some pretty substantial rights in China. This appears by the recent decision of a court in Foochow. A man being convinced that his wife was unfaithful to him prepared to kill her—a remedy which the law sanctions. His unworthy spouse, however, was too quick for him, and, instead of allowing her husband to kill her, she killed him. This also was recognized by the court as one of the rights which belong to condemned wives, when they can exercise them; and, on the conclusion of the trial the woman was dismissed with a reprimand for not having immediately informed the authorities of her husband's death, and thus made arrangements for his burial.

The lately published vital statistics for Ireland for 1883 give the population at 5,015,328, showing a falling off from 1882 of 82,525. The marriage rate, which was 15.3 per 1,000 in England and 14 in Scotland, was but 8 6 in Ireland, 0.5 below the mean rate in the previous decade. The birth was 2 0 below the mean rate, and was but 23 6, while in England and Scotland it was 33 2 and 32 5. The death rate, which was 17.4 in 1882, rose to 19.2 in 1883, while in England and Scotland it was 19 5 and 21. It should be remembered that owing to emigration 42.1 per cent. of the deaths in Ireland last year were persons of sixty and upward. The proportion in England was 25 per cent.

In a town in Normandy lives an aged lady named Marie Durant, much visited, who is believed to be 123 years and a few weeks old, but who, when asked, with true feminine instinct declares she does not know. For ninety-six years she has been a widow, and during her lifetime four kings have ruled, the stars of two emperors have risen and set, and three republics have been established. She lives exclusively on vegetable diet, but is always ready for a petit verre of cognac, and says she would have died but for frequent doses of it during a recent illness. Her skin is brown and wrinkled and all the flesh seemes to have disappeared from under it, though there are still small veins of color on her withered cheeks.

A reporter of a Denver paper, while travelling recently among the Rockies, found the snow on the tops of the ranges as red as if it had been sprinkled with red pepper. Upon digging down a few inches it appeared clean and white. He concluded that the red dust must have been meteoric iron, and in some way connected with the recent protracted sunsets. Prof. Van Diest of Denver disposes of this theory very briefly. "It could not have been meteoric iron," he said, "because iron would by its specific gravity have sunk beneath the surface of the snow, and, in addition to this, the color would not have been red, as it is described to have been, but it would have been more like ochre. I imagine that the red substance found upon the snow was the pollen of some flower which had been carried from a distance by the winds. This has been noticed before, travellers in the Arctic regions have spoken of seeing similar appearances upon the snow. Examinations have shown it to be vegetable and not material."

THE TORTURE OF QUARANTINE.

How the Italians Welcome Travellers from France—A Lady's Narrative of Her Experiences.

On Monday we slept in Paris; and having the following evening paid our reckoning and packed ourselves and luggage off to the Lyons Railway Station, we prepared to depart by the seven o'clock night express. But lo! when taking our tickets so be stamped at the *guichet*, our attention was attracted to a notice in front of our eyes, which we were told had only that morning been issued, to the effect that all people travelling to Italy, *via* Modane, through France, would be subject to a five days' quarantine on the frontier. About nine o'clock next day we reached Modane, where we all alight, for the examination of our luggage by the Italian *douaniers*. And now begin our troubles. We have to show our tickets one by one to a jolly, good-looking man—a gentleman in plain clothes—who bars our passage beyond the platform. We are almost the first to approach. He takes our tickets, makes much pretence of examining them, and with a bland smile

COOLLY PRONOUNCES OUR DOOM,

"*Cinq jours de quarantine a Bardonneche!*" We protest. We insist that we only left London on Monday, and slept but one night in a clean hotel in Paris; that we have no option but to push on, as "Monsieur" has an engagement at —— for Sunday; that we have travelled all night, and have no right to be thus detained. The man is inflexible, and declares that if we have only "*touches a Paris*" to Bardonnecchia we must go to be disinfected, for five days. At length some carriages are shunted up and we are told to enter a first-class compartment. The smell of carbolic powder greatly distresses our empty stomachs. At last we are off, and are at once in darkness, for we are in the Mount Cenis Tunnel. Arrived at the other end, whence our train has barely emerged, the doors are opened and we are ordered to dismount. "Where are the omnibuses?" I ask, in grim jest. Persons in uniform takes possession of us all—for there are "*pestiferes*" in other carriages—and we are marched in the full blaze of a mid-day sun on to the mountain-side, retracing for about the space of twenty minutes the way we have just passed. There are many white tents dotted about the plain. These, we are given to understand, are for the soldiers, by whom we are guarded on every hand. At length we come to a standstill, and want to know what the next proceeding is to be. With shoulder shrugs we are told that there is nothing more so be said. Here we are, *enfin*, camped out, and must make the best of it. No sign of any refreshment, and no luggage. This last has gone to the railway station. "Will it be sent to us?" "In time, but it must first be purified." "But will our boxes be opened?" "Decidedly; your keys would be asked for by-and-bye, but not yet;

WE MUST HAVE PATIENCE."

"But surely we shall be present at the inspection and purification?" "That is not possible, since the luggage is at the station, and you are not allowed to leave these boundaries." Oh, horror! to have our boxes unpacked by these men; our pretty toilettes subjected to any process of fumigation they may choose to apply; ribbons discolored, Parisian flowers mauled, hats and bonnets spoiled. We were all gasping for a wash and some refreshment, and both seemed as far beyond our reach as did Turin itself. Besides which, say what they might, the manner of those who promised us the eventual transfer of our effects was far from reassuring; and when I pleaded for the prompt possession of my linen, of which I stood in pressing need—having not a single garment with me to change for the dusty, travel-stained clothes I wore—I received for sole reply, "Ce ne'est que pour cinq jours!" Qu'est-ce que cela fait? cinq jours!" I really began to think I must be a sybarite, and had asked for some extraordinary luxury. But here we were under a burning sun, with no kind of shelter; a gloomy-looking garret was in view, but man were intercepting us from its approach by a length of wire. Having nothing else to do, tired and utterly worn out, suffering from a horrible headache, and feeling deadly sick with the odor of disinfectants that poisoned the very air we breathed, I sat down on the parched grass and cried! This undignified proceeding secured me some attention. Job's comforters flocked round me with the reassuring phrase "It's only for five days." "For God's sake," said I entreatingly to the medico, "conduct me to some shade for my head is splitting!" I rose and followed him, accompanied by all our party. We entered the casserne, and were shown the place where we might stay and sleep. Bare stone walls, filthy floor with black patches of grime upon its surface, no table, no chair, no bench, no straw. Here we are all to herd ourselves to night in a concentrated essence of carbolic. Indignantly we protest, and are answered, "Mais c'est une belle place; que voulez vous? Ce n'est que pour cinq jours!" In another similar apartment are three filthy sacks filled with dirty straw and two iron bedsteads. Whoever wants these luxuries, I suspect, will have a good price to pay. There are doorways but no doors. Our companions may be refugees from the plague-stricken towns; the riff-raff that haunts our place of quarantine may murder and rob us in the night for aught we know. "You have your remedy," said the doctor, "you can return to France." "How soon?" we exclaim in a breath. "There is a train that returns to Modane at five o'clock." Five o'clock, and it was now only half past twelve. "We will go, then, but must leave this place at once." So the medico calls a soldier, writes on a piece of paper our permission to pass, and hands it to him, with an order to conduct us to the station at Bardonnecchia.—*London News.*

In a Greek Family.

We alighted from our mules in front of the cafe and then ascended a dark wooden staircase to be introduced to our host and hostess. The latter was a stout busy woman, scantily clad, without shoes or stockings; she had on a white cotton skirt, while over this was a blue jacket, ganged behind and frilled at the edge. She had on a white head dress twisted in folds, and a streamer hanging down behind. Her name was Mrs. Sunday. She had large brown pencilled eyebrows, a sallow, almost swarthy, complexion, and a profile as Grecian as ever was seen on any vase. She greeted us with profusion, apologizing, as women will, for her *negligé* attire, and busied herself to prepare for our reception. * * * * * * *

After a few minutes our host and a few friends dropped in. He was a regular islander, with big baggy trousers, his loose embroidered waistcoat, and his fez. He carried a gourd in his hand full of wine, some of which he spilt as a libation, just as if he were an ancient Greek who wished to propitiate Zeus. Then we all raised the gourd to our lips in turn, saying, "We have found you well," and other compliments, which flow like water in these parts. Our host expressed his delight at the honor we had done him by visiting his roof, and told us that a table should be spread for us later on, after which he would have the pleasure of questioning us about our wanderings. * * * * It was quite dark before the table was spread for our meal, and when served it was more curious than sumptuous; the water, in which a kid had been boiled with some rice in it, led the way as soup, and was followed by pickled cuttle fish, very hard and unpalatable, but a prized luxury in these islands, especially during Lent, so much so that it would pay the enterprise of pickling the many thousands we throw away in disgust to send out here. Then came the kid, a deliciously tender little thing, one of a litter of six, our host informed us. After the kid came the misethra, a standard dish in the Grecian Islands, made of curdled milk. I have tasted exactly the same in Corsica, under the name of broccio, and I always revel in it. There was a Turkish dish of rice and sour milk, called pilaff and yaourte, and which I had considerable difficulty in getting rid of; figs and almonds brought the repast to a close. The wine was rich and excessively sweet, such as, I presume, once was the nectar of the gods. The table was laid for four, ourselves, our host and his brother. Mrs. Sunday and her family waited upon us; occasionally she sat down respectfully in a corner, with a bone which she gnawed: but when all was cleared away, and the men began to smoke, she drew her chair up to the table, took occasional sips out of her husband's glass, and became talkative. Now all restraint was at an end, and questions about England and the far west occupied more time than I cared to devote to them. Every Greek adores the name of Mr. Gladstone, and I went up considerably in our host's estimation when I told him I had been at Oxford. "Then you are a schoolfellow of Mr. Gladstone's!" To this novel way of looking at the question I deemed it wise to assent.

Railway Courtesies.

A singular case was tried before Mr. Baron Pollock and a special jury at Oxford, Eng., on July 5th, arising from the action of two ladies, who had been shopping in town, endeavoring to secure the whole of a railway compartment by spreading their purchases over the seats, so that it might appear that all were occupied. The guard having directed Capt. Preston and his wife, who were going by the same train, to take their seats in the compartment, the captain removed some of the parcels to obtain room for himself and lady. This was done, according to the evidence of an independent witness, in a perfectly cool manner; but the owner objected, especially to the removal of a large milliner's cardboard box, and there appears to have been some force used, as the defendant stated that her hand was cut by the string in her endeavor to prevent the removal by Capt. Preston. Leaving the carriage at Reading, the lady said she had been grossly insulted, and subsequently her husband wrote to the captain demanding an apology. This was very naturally refused, when a blow was inflicted on the plaintiff, but in the struggle which ensued the defendant's finger was broken. The action was for slander, libel, and assault. The judge held the words uttered by Mrs. de Windt were not slanderous, and that there was no publication of a libel in the letter sent to the plaintiff but the assault was regarded as proved, and the jury gave a verdict for Capt. Preston, the plaintiff, awarding damages of £50. The fact that a railway passenger has only a legal right to the particular seat occupied, appears not to be recognised by many persons. Mrs. de Windt had not the slightest legal right to occupy the seats with her luggage, to the inconvenience of other passengers, nor to prevent their removal of it, if it annoyed them or occupied the space they desired to use. Luggage may be tolerated on the seats but it is only there on sufferance. Nevertheless, there are many persons who imagine that if they are the first occupants of a carriage, the can place their boxes, &c., where they please. It is a not uncommon practice for a lady to secure one corner seat for herself and to place a favorite box in the opposite one, thus monopolising two of the best and most comfortable places, and instances are not unknown of their regarding themselves as discourteously treated if their property is removed, and the seat occupied by a passenger. Of course there is neither legal nor moral defence of such selfish actions, and, as is instanced by the case under notice, the appeal to a husband to avenge the supposed wrong may end in his not even getting the better of the encounter, and having to pay a heavy sum in damages and costs.

Plantation Philosophy.

Smiles ain' no sign o' a good disserposishun. De red apple ain' allus de sweetes'.

Good sense doan' hanker arter fine close. De stalk ain' nigh so bright arter de corn is ripe.

De abidin place o' good sense doan' b'ar no sartin mark. De rabbit doan' allus hide in de tallest grass.

De man carried away wid hate is like de man carried away wid love. It is mighty seldom dat he's tempered wid good sense.

I hab never knowed er wise man to spread hisself. De rake rivers mo' groun' den de grubbin' hoe, but it doan' go down nigh so deep.

HORRORS OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

The Personal Experiences of a Drinker.

I had been on an unusually protracted jamboree, and it frightens me now to recall the immense quantity of mixed drinks I absorbed during its continuance. For about three weeks I had been industriously putting one drunk on top of another, but during odd fleeting intervals of partial sobriety thought of "letting up" and "swearing off" for a season. One night a shadow passed swiftly before my face, preceded by a peculiarly dull sensation in that portion of the cranium which is allotted by phrenologists to the organ of veneration. The numbness (which in the main very nearly expresses the nature of the sensation) from this point spread gradually downward. Its progress was so alarmingly apparent to me that I hastily made my excuses to the party, bade them good night, and repaired to my room, hoping that an application of cold water and a good night's rest might bring relief. Before reaching home the numbness had begun to effect my eyesight to such an extent that all objects had to me a shadowy, uncertain appearance, and to my vision the letters in the names of the streets on the corners ran together in such an unreliable, go-as-you-please manner that I wouldn't have known the name of the thoroughfare by any knowledge I gained from the sign. Arrived at my room I saturated a towel with ice cold water, enveloped my head with it, turned the light low and retired. While walking along the street, when my sight began to be affected, several times a shadow seemed to flit past me to the right and left and sometimes directly across my face—very similar to the flight of a bat. Now, while lying on the bed, this singular experience was often repeated, the shadow seemed to pass before my vision and the ceiling, completely obscuring it from view for the instant. I was perfectly aware that this was a vagary of

A DISORDERED BRAIN,

but still hoped and believed that rest would bring relief. Confident in this conviction, I endeavored to compose myself to sleep, but the numbness increased rather than diminished, the bewildering shadows continued to annoy my vision, and I was soon convinced that sleep, under such circumstances, was out of the question.

At last the uncanny thoughts and feelings consequent upon my delirium became too much for my nerves to stand, and disturbed me to such an extent that I arose and repaired to the nearest all-night barroom hoping amid the cheerful carnivial company I was sure to find there, to get rid of the oppressive sensations. I took a seat near a party who were engaged in some game of cards and endeavored to divert myself by watching them play. While doing so I imagined I saw a monstrous rat scoot across the floor. The sober second thought, which I was enabled to evolve from my reasoning faculties by an extraordinary exertion of will, demonstrated to me satisfactorily the utter absurdity of such an idea. I was now pretty well satisfied that I was in the early stages of the "jim jams," and on the impulse of the moment, realizingfully the cause to which was attributable my deplorable condition, firmly resolved that not another drop of liquor of any description should pass my lips as a beverage. Some of my intimate friends who were in the barroom, and who had noticed my singular conduct, engaged me in conversation, and from their remarks I discoved that they, too, were satisfied that I was in the early stages of the "horrors." I had now been without sleep for forty-eight hours, and while my reduced physical condition (I weighed only eighty-five pounds) as well as my mental disquietude sadly demanded rest, still I had not the slightest inclination to sleep. The next day and night passed in a similar way, and the fourth, fifth, and sixth. At the beginning of the fifth day I first experienced the distress and suffering arising from loss of sleep, but, in spite of all efforts to compose myself, not one moment's slumber came to my relief.

If any one had assured me that the sacrifice of a hand or an arm would insure me a nap of fifteen minutes' duration, I would gladly have submitted myself to the tender mercies of the most unskilled sawbones in that behalf, and could have undergone the operation, too, without the administration of chloroform. My

SUFFERING FROM WANT OF SLEEP,

was now so intense that I made two deliberate attempts to destroy myself—once by the gunpowder and once by the water route—but was circumvented by watchful friends.

Having reached this condition of mind and body I was at length prevailed upon to seek medical advice, but before I enter upon the details of my visit to the doctor and its results I propose to describe some of the vagaries which took possession of my disordered brain. It is proper that I should explain, in this connection, that, so long as I was in a barroom or any other place where general conversation, or singing, or general hilarity was in progress, I was comparatively free from the annoying "presence" to which I have alluded, but the moment I repaired to my room, turned the light low and strived to sleep, the room was at once peopled (if I may be allowed that expression) with grotesque and hideous shapes that are not satisfactorily accounted for in any work on natural history I ever encountered. Tawny little devils, about three inches in height, sat upon my shoulder and peered into my face with the most terrible grimaces. Every now and then troops of them would rush pell-mell down the length of my arm, and make marvellous leaps from the ends of my fingers, vanishing for the time being, only to appear in some other locality, having lost none of their horrible and repellant ugliness during their temporary absence. Then strains of music greeted my ears, as if rendered by a Lilliputian brass band, and raising myself in bed and resting my body upon my left arm I beheld a multitude of the tawny tribe marching in military order and keeping step to the miniature music—their tramp being as distinct to me as if caused by the tread of elephants. On their heads they wore tin hats or helmets. As they passed along on the floor, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, they greeted me by name, and vociferously invited me to come down and "fall in." While I gazed upon this grotesque vision, suddenly every one of those tin hats began to rise slowly from their heads—up, up, up, until they almost touched the ceiling; and while marvelling upon this remarkable transformation, and leaning forward to secure a better view, the phantasm vanished in thin air. Now my attention was called to the odd conduct of the lower window sash, which was

RAPIDLY MOVING UP AND DOWN

in its frame, and of the door, which was swinging to and fro. Of course, in the moment or so that I was enabled to concentrate my thoughts, I remembered that I had secured both the window and door; but the movements seemed so genuine that I was actually impelled to rise and satisfy myself of the fact by touching them. Having done this I returned to bed, determined to secure some sleep if possible, and, turning my face to the wall to avoid the light, was confronted by a hideous snake coiled on the pillow, apparently anxious to put its fangs where they would do the most good—judged from a snaky standpoint. That settled it! No amount of money could have induced me to pass the balance of the night in that room, and I hastily vacated, again seeking relief in the rough and noisy crowd of a barroom, thankful for a few minutes' respite from such horrible illusions. My stomach peremptorily rejected the little nourishment I attempted to absorb; in fact I had no cravings for even the most inviting viands.

It was while in this most pitiable plight that I at last had recourse to a physician. I detailed to him my condition, described the vagaries of which I had been the victim, and my earnest longing for and utter inability to sleep. "Of course you are taking liquor once in a while to taper off on?" "Of course I am not," I replied; "I know that liquor caused me this trouble, and I shall not touch it again." "But my dear fellow," expostulated the doctor, "in your condition, if you suddenly stop its use altogether, you will soon die." "Very well," I rejoined, "if I die you can set your bottom dollar I'll die sober. But for God's sake, doctor, give me something that will make me sleep." Thus urged, he administered what would be, under ordinary circumstances, a powerful opiate; but it had no more effect on me as an inducement to sleep than so much water. This I reported to the doctor, and begged him to renew his efforts and spare no means within the scope of his skill to produce the much desired result. The physician's face bore a grave, troubled look, and after a few minutes deep thought he said: "Young man, I will be candid with you. Your condition is critical, probably more so than you suspect. If you don't sleep, and that very soon, you must either die or

BECOME A RAVING MANIAC.

I am about to prepare for you a most powerful potion. If you decide to take it, the result will be that you will secure a long refreshing sleep, and waken in a desirable state for supplemental treatment, or—you will never wake at all. You must accept these fearful chances if you decide to take the potion."

The possibility (aye, probability) of death as the result had no terrors for me at that moment, and caused no hesitation. I hastened to my room, swallowed the sleeping draught, sank into a sound and refreshing slumber, and, on awakening, found that I had been locked in the arms of the drowsy god for nearly nineteen hours. I awoke feeling like a new man. The numbness had subsided, the tawny little devils were conspicuous by their absence, and I was hungry as a wolf. I believe I could have tackled a roasted ox with a very fair prospect of absorbing all but the bones. However, I realized that in my condition I must take food in moderation, and governed myself accordingly in ordering my first "square meal" for nearly a week. Much to my delight I found that my stomach had "remmed," and concluded to permit the gastric juice to perform its allotted duty.

My gradual but sure recovery dated from that hour. But I had an awful close call. My will power was of sufficient strength to enable me to keep my vow to abstain from intoxicants, and as one of the happy results I gained in four months time about fifty-five pounds in weight. From that day to this—over ten years—I have faithfully remained a total abstinent, and I tell you in all seriousness, that you couldn't pile enough money in the largest sized room to induce me to violate the pledge which I made to myself during that dreadful epoch when I first so vividly realized what a fearful wreck I had become under the dominion of strong drink.

An Insect with Hot Feet.

Some of the insects have electric organs for defense. Gen. Davis, of the British army, who was a famous insect collector, once picked up a wheel bug in the West India Islands, and received a blow that paralyzed his arm for some time. As he shook the insect off he noticed where it had stood on his hand six red marks, the impression of its feet. Kirby and Spence also refer to this peculiarity of the insect, and other naturalists have received shocks from certain of the luminous beetles. In one case, that of Capt. Blakeney, life was almost destroyed. The gentleman took up an unknown caterpillar, and immediately received such a shock that his entire right side became paralyzed, and for a long time he was dangerously ill.

Black vs. White.

A European who has travelled on foot four thousand miles down the African coast declares that in manliness and shrewdness, in intelligence and honesty, and in the essentials of government, the black man is quite as good as the white. Boil down your idea of civilization as much as you please, and unless you make it consist of the mere use of pocket-handkerchiefs, you will find that these so-called savages are as civilized as any Europeans. They are traders, and keen traders too. They have their own religion, their own laws, and their own patriarchal methods of life. All the best of them are Mohammedans. They administer justice in their own way, and show more hospitality to the stranger than does the ordinary foreigner. They have no penny newspapers, but they have what still serves the Spaniard and the Portuguese as a very effective substitute in the shape of their barber shops, which are the accepted news centres of the neighborood. Every one goes to the barber shop to learn the news.

Getting a Boy Out of Bed.

Mamma (at foot of the stairs)—Come Bobby, dear, it's time little boys were out of bed. Breakfast is nearly ready.

Bobby—Yes'm-um m

Big sister (a little later)—Bob-b-o-o, breakfast is on the table. Come right down this minute.

Bobby—Yes-yes-um-m.

Old Gentleman (a little later still)—Robert!!

Robert—Yes, sir!

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUGUST 14, 1884.

THE WHEAT CROP OF THE PROVINCE.

The Report of the Bureau of Industries for August gives a cheering account of the wheat crop of the Province. The fall wheat appears to have made steady improvement throughout the season, and in localities where it was regarded as hardly worth saving in May, good harvests have been reaped. The moderate cool weather and occasional rain showers favored continuous growth and healthy maturity, and the grain is an excellent sample, being plump, hard and bright. In a few localities it was attacked by the midge and weevil, but the extent of injury by these pests is not appreciable on the aggregate crop. Reaping began in the south-western counties of the Province about the middle of July, and by the first of August the bulk of the crop was cut and much of it safely housed. The harvest weather being very favorable, the grain has been gathered in first-rate condition. Accounts of the spring wheat are equally good, excepting for the northern and north-eastern counties, where its growth was checked by the drought of June. But even in these districts it promises a fair yield, while in the Lake Ontario, West Midland, Georgeian Bay and Lake Huron counties it is reported to be better that for many years. It will be fully ripe about the middle of the month, and with a continuance of the present weather the quality will at least equal that of the fall wheat.

OUR MINERAL WEALTH.

The following article from the *Mail* is applicable to this section, as well as others :—

The mineral statistics of the United Kingdom for 1883 have appeared this year as a Report from the Home Office which H. M. Inspectors of Mines are commisioned to collect. They show that the total value, at the mine, of the minerals raised was 378 million dollars, and it is interesting to note that out of this no less than 255 million dollars was the value of her coal and iron. In 1883 the amount of her pig iron manufactured was 8½ million tons, valued at about 100 million dollars. It is, therefore, easily seen that the backbone of the United Kingdom is the coal and iron. The gifts of nature vary in different places. All countries derive more or less wealth from their mineral productions, and while the United Kingdom is one of the most striking examples of prosperity, accruing largely from a steady yield from her mines, the proportion of precious metals has been insignificant. The above statistics show that in 1883 the value of gold ore was only $1,260 and the silver (from lead) $360,000; while precious metals form the chief source of mineral revenue in Australia, and the United States: the former deriving some 35 million dollars per annum from her gold, and the latter since 1848 extracted from her mines from ten to ninty-six million dollars worth of gold and silver per anunm.

The mineral yield of our Dominion is very much smaller than it should be, considering the abundant traces of valuable ores we find scattered through our vast country, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. Were the quality of these traces inferior, the matter would be a different one; but the majority of our ores, so far discovered, are exceptionally good, and at the last two World Fairs, Canada's exhibit minerals compared more than favourably with others and some of the ores attracted much attention.

The popular impression in our country about mining and minerals is that the less one has to do with them the better; and so what should be in the near future one of our greatest sources of wealth lies almost dormant, and the revenue derived from our mines is consequently small. Still the public have every reason to be cautious, they can point to the fact that many attempts to develope our minerals have been unfortunate. Failure has more often occured from ignorance than from any desire to deceive. A speck of mineral is magnified into a mine; a mine must be a stock company; a company must have fine buildings, every convenience for transport; salaried officers, etc. This is the sort of mining that has brought mining enterprises into disrepute, not only in this country but in England and the United States, and this sort of mining should be stamped out. Across the border such mining is termed "wild cat." In Canada it is more often the result of inexperience, men being led away by their own enthusiasm, lacking the experience of mining engineers, or the penny-wise-pound-foolish policy of saving the expense of employing experts. Now that so much of our mineral country is being opened up by the Canada Pacific railway, it is to be hoped that the mining interests will receive more attention and encouragement.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

A SAD ENDING TO A DRUNKEN ROW AT CALABOGIE.

Some of the residents and rougher floating population of Calabogie erected a dancing platform with which to attract a portion of the crowd after the Methodist picnic was over on Wednesday. Some of the speakers at the picnic advised their hearers to give the dancing booth a wide berth, but nevertheless quite a crowd remained to witness or participate in the pastime. A plentiful supply of whiskey was forthcoming; and as a consequence, temper soon began to run riot. A row ensued, and revolvers were freely flourished. One drunken rowdy threw his revolver on the ground; and another, immediately picking it up, either accidentally or intentionally discharged it. A quiet, inoffensive young man, named Crane, was passing at the moment, and the charge entered his breast. A Sharbot Lake doctor was sent for; but it is not expected that the young man can recover. He was 18 or 19 years of age, an only son, and lived near Burnstown.

This young man is only another added to the long list of innocent victims of the liquor traffic. And yet we are to be treated to the spectacle of men spending thousands of dollars in this County in an effort to coax the people to allow them to go on rolling up riches easily, without the least consideration for the hundreds who have to suffer. Let the great King Dodds go up and comfort young Crane's family with his sophistry —Renfrew *Mercury*.

SEVERAL children have been bitten by vicious dogs in Kingston lately.

THE Ontario and Quebec Railway was only opened on Monday last, and several excurions are already advertised for both Ottawa and Toronto.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOY WANTED.

A SMART BOY wanted immediately to learn the printing business. Extra inducements offered. Apply at
REVIEW OFFICE.

TEACHER WANTED.

FOR School Section No. 13, township of Madoc. Second or Third Class preferable.

J. P. MULLETT,
T. H. TUMELTY,
JOHN GILLEN.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of Dungannon and Faraday will pass a By-law at its next meeting, to be held at the Town Hall, Bancroft, August 30th, 1884, for the purpose of establishing a piece of road, commencing at the north-west corner of Lot 18, on the 15th Concession, Dungannon, and running thence to the line between the 15th and 16th Concessions, past Lots 18, 19, 20, and part of 21, running thence north-west till it strikes the present travelled road, 30 rods north of said line, on Lot 21, 16th Concession, Dungannon.

A. C. BARKER,
Clerk of the said Municipality.
Faraday, Aug. 2nd, 1884. 379-4t

VOTERS' LIST, 1884.

Municipality of the
TOWNSHIP OF MADOC,
County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal elections, and that the said list was first posted up at my office, in Madoc, on the 2nd day of Aug., 1884, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Clerk of said municipality.
Dated this 4th day of August, 1884.

CITY
Art Gallery,
FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past, and of soliciting your custom in the future.
I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio and increased my facilities, and have now a

FIRST-CLASS GALLERY!

IN WHICH I HAVE IN IT

TOILET ROOMS for DRESSING, &c.,

and with an efficient Staff of Artists I am prepared to make

Photos superior to any heretofore made in the City

And further, it is encouraging for us to know that we are not only doing the

Most Extensive Photographic Trade in the City,

but have the patronage of most of the Leading Citizens of Belleville.

☞ Customers who intend to sit for Photos are requested, if possible, to make an appointment a day or so ahead.

J. H. FORD,

DEALER IN

Picture Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Mirrors, &c.,

NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE.

PEERLESS

MACHINE OIL!

AT

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,
(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to
A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. M'LEAN,

AGENT FOR THE
CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES
Manufactured by the
Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.
Also Agent for
Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,
MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT
IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150
to every buyer of a
Suit at $12.00, and upwards.
Every watch warranted to keep correct time.
SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Specialties

Patent Harpoon Hay Forks.

HAY FORK PULLEYS.

FARM BELLS AT $3.50.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

Diston Saws.

Pocket - Knives,

A of any

WARRANTED,

From 25 Cents, up.

HARVEST TOOLS

in abundance, at bottom prices.

R. R. CASEMENT, & Co,
MADOC, ONT.

Latest Local News.

N. T. & Q. Railway.

Trains on the Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec R. R., commenced running regularly between Napanee and Tamworth on Monday last.

Canada's Laws.

We have lately received copies of both the Dominion and Ontario Statutes, for the sessions of 1884, for which our rulers will accept our thanks.

Coe Hill to the Front.

A correspondent sends us the news that Coe Hill, Wollaston, is now in telegraphic communication with the rest of the world. Another great event for Wollaston.

Importing Tiles.

Last week Mr. W. H. Dingman, of Madoc, received from Toronto 500 tiles which he will use in draining his farm near this village. We believe they are the first ever brought in here.

Off for His Health.

Mr. P. J. Green, of Maynooth, Reeve of Bangor, Wicklow and McClure, is at present rusticating at that favorite watering place, Cacouna, Quebec. Mr. Green has gone there for his health which we trust will be improved by the visit.

Death of Mr. Gatling.

The *Intelligencer* says:—We regret to learn that Mr. W. J. Gatling died at Toronto this morning, after a lingering illness. Deceased was aged about 62 years, a native of North Carolina, and a brother of the inventor of the Gatling gun. He was a resident of Belleville, for several years, and was much and deservedly respected.

The Busy Burglar.

On Saturday night last three houses in Belleville were entered by burglars but in each case were discovered before getting anything of value. The houses entered were those of Alex. Robertson, M. P., G. F. Dow, and Jas. Moon. Burglars are also operating in the surrounding towns and villages. They may make Madoc a visit. Housekeepers may just as well be prepared for them.

The Weather.

The morning train between this village and Belleville now carries a weather signal for the benefit of farmers and others along the road. The signal is a large disc attached to a car, with large letters saying what the weather will be for the next 24 hours. This is telegraphed from the meteorological bureau at Toronto every morning. These probabilities are invariably to be depended upon.

New Time Table.

A new time table went into effect on the Midland Railway on Mouday last. The principal change is the running of the afternoon train, which leaves here now at 3.45, returning at 7.20. This train now only runs to the Junction where passengers are transferred to the Peterborough train for Belleville, and come out again on the same train to the Junction. The morning train runs through to Belleville as usual.

A Warning to Berry Pickers.

Blood poisoning from berry-bushes is rarely heard of, but the Lanark correspondent of the C. P. *Herald* says:—I am sorry to have to record the deaths under painful circumstances, of Mrs. Duncan Gunn, of Lanark township. Mrs. Gunn's death seems to have resulted from blood poisoning, received while picking berries. One of her hands became scratched and a white, gummy substance—often seen on raspberry bushes—got on the hand, which swelled and inflamed, until the whole body was apparently poisoned.

Madoc Abroad.

The Parkdale *Times* of last week has the following in reference to an old Madocer:—"Mr. W. F. Seymour, late organist of Parkdale Presbyterian Church, met with an accident last Friday. He was practising with a bicycle, and, running against a fence, he fell from the machine, dislocating his shoulder. He is now getting along nicely and is recuperating at his home in Burford." The same paper says that Mr. Seymour has been appointed organist of Chalmers church, Dundas Street, at a salary of $75 for the present year.

Village Council.

Council met on the 4th, inst., Present the Reeve, and Councillors Kerr and Kirk.

Moved by Mr. Kirk, seconded by Mr. Kerr that the case of James Mooney, regarding his claim for damages against the corporation, be laid over to next Council meeting. Carried.

Two accounts were ordered to be paid; that of the Street Surveyor, $53.12, and J. Welsh, for driving Christie from village to his home, $2.00.

A communication was received from the Provincial Board of Health, in reference to local Boards being appointed.

The Surveyor was instructed to lay down $10.00 worth of work on Road from St. Lawrence Street to Sash Factory.

Council adjourned.

The People's Excursion.

The Sixth Annual Excursion from Belleville and Bay ports to the Central St. Lawrence Camp-ground, will take place on Aug 23, by steamer Hero. Leaving Belleville at 6 45, a.m. she will give an all day-light trip, passing the grand sceneries of the Thousand Islands, Alexandria Bay, Island Park, Westminster Park, and reaching the Camp-ground six miles from Brockville, at 7 p.m. She will remain over Sabbath at her dock. Parties who wish can remain on the boat. Returning will leave the ground at 7 a.m. on Monday Those who desire can remain longer, for a small extra fee. Remember this is the longest route, grandest scenery, and best privilege yet offered for the money. Able Speakers at the Parliament. A special train will leave Marmora Crossing at 4.30 a. m. and connect with the boat at Picton. Passengers from this section will find the train route convenient and delightful. Reduced rates have been asked for the day previous on the Madoc line to Belleville. By all means take in this Excursion. For particulars see bills.

Changed Hands.

Mr. Thos. Reynolds last week purchased the bakery and refreshment rooms of Mr. W. Hudgins, and will in future conduct the business. Mr. R. will endeavour to give satisfaction to his customers.

Photographic.

David Morrice desires us to inform his numerous patrons that he has so far recovered in health that he hopes by the first of September to be able to re-open his gallery again, and that his continued absence has been caused by an unexpected relapse, from which he is now recovering.

Lacrosse.

Yesterday a team of the Sioux Lacrosse Club, of this village, played two matches at the village of Hastings, a big undertaking for a club to do in one day, and in both of which they were defeated. In the morning they played their return match with the "Trents" of that village, and lost by three goals to one, after a hard game of nearly three hours duration. The "Trents" however have no reason to be proud of their victory. They had recourse to the contemptible act of filling up their team with outside players, "Joe" Henderson, a member of the Peterborough first twelve, and one of the finest players in that fine team, playing the Hastings defence, while Bigley, another of the best Peterboro' men, was discovered to have been on their team after the game was over, and perhaps others. The Hastings boys are welcome to all the credit they can take out of their victory. In the afternoon the Sioux again entered the field against the Okas, of Belleville and notwithstanding that they were minus two of their players, Halliwell, who had unfortunately been crippled by a sore stickle early in the Hastings match, and Vannorman goal keeper. The match was for a Silver Cup, presented by Messrs. Corby and Spanzenberg, of Belleville. The Okas won after nearly an hour and a half play. They got the first and third games fairly, but the second game was given them by their umpire, who at first "was not sure" that it was game, but finally made up his mind that he was sure, and gave the game to his team. All who saw the game were unanimous that the ball passed outside the stakes. The Madoc team was composed of Vannorman, goal, and Halliwell, Orr, Aylsworth, Davis, Wright, Francis, Love, Nolan, Geary, Cross and O'Flynn.

Mr. Halliwell won a silver lacrosse pin during the day, for long distance throwing.

A PICTON BARRISTER ELOPES.

NEHEMIAH GILBERT RUNS OFF WITH A SERVANT GIRL AND A PILE OF MONEY.

PICTON, Aug, 9.—A prominent lawyer of the town, Nehemiah Gilbert, son of J. A. M. Gilbert, of Belleville has eloped with a servant girl whom his wife had discharged, leaving Mrs. Gilbert and four children in a deplorable state. The girl's name is Annie Gerow, and she had been in Gilbert's employ for several months, but was discharged by Mrs. Gilbert about two weeks ago. On Monday evening Gilbert and Miss Gerow were seen together in a skiff on the bay. Tuesday morning her parents were inquiring about town after their daughter, not knowing where she spent the night, and it transpired that Gilbert had not been at home Monday night, and that both had disappeared. Neither has been heard of since, and it is believed that they went down the bay to get in the track of some vessel that would convey them to Oswego. Gilbert leaves also a lot of unpaid debts, and carried with him money he held in trust for different persons, the total amount variously estimated at from $2000 to $4000.

The scoundrel left no money and made no provision for his wife and children. He studed law and practised for a time in partnership with Mr. S. B. Burdett. He came to Picton about two years ago, and was understood to have a fair practice. He is a stout florid man, about 5 feet 5 inches in height, and 35 years of age, with light hair and red moustache. The Gerow girl is a rather pretty, modest and immature damsel 18 or 19 years of age.

THEY are trying to introduce the Scott Act in Renfrew County.

ONE dealer in Kingston has shipped $50,000 worth of furs to the States this spring.

THE Kingston *Whig* says Sharbot Lake has exactly 99 islands, and exclaims "if it only had one more!"

TWENTY men were discharged from the Perth car-shops a little more than a week ago. Only 50 men are now employed.

PETER STEVENS, an Algonquin Indian died on the 21st of July last at Point Alexander. He was a few months over 110 years of age.

MR. Amos Way, of Ameliasburg, has an egg 6x8¼ inches, laid by a hen. Mr Way leaves a record of an Ayrshire cow that has given 334½ pounds of butter from September, 1883, to July, 1884 inclusive.

The *Central Canadian* is afraid that Carleton Place will become overstocked with religion. Just think of it! it says, The four churches on Sundays, three services in each, except the Baptist, which steams up but once. Then these churches have their weekly refreshment The Plymouth Brethern gather as often on Sundays as the churches, and twice in the week. And the Saved Army are are at it every night in the week and twice on Sunday. This, says the *C. C.*, is terrible pressure.

CAPSIZED IN THE LAKE.

A YOUNG MAN DROWNED BEFORE HIS FATHER'S EYES.

KINGSTON, Aug. 10.—On Saturday night, Joseph Mercier and his son went to Clayton in a skiff, and started on the return trip this morning at one o'clock, with two heavy trunks. When near Howe Island, at daybreak, a swell made by a passing steamer filled the skiff, when the son lifted a trunk and cast it into the river. The act capsized the boat. The son clung to a trunk, and the father got on top of the skiff, which was bottom up. They drifted apart, but kept talking to each other. Finally the son, thinking his father was weakening, left the chest and swam to him, but the latter persuaded him to go back telling him he was all right, and that

THEY WOULD GET PICKED UP

as soon as the farmers arose. The son went back to the chest, after kissing his father goodbye, believing that they would not be rescued. Time wore on and again the boy, thinking his father was slipping from the boat, started to go to him, but he had not gone far when he was seized with cramp, and went down a few yards from the boat. The old man could not swim a stroke, so he clung to the boat till seven in the morning, when he was picked up by L. Rushford, who put out from the shore in a boat. He says he was fully four hours in the water. The drowned man was 22 years of age, and sober and industrious. The circumstances are extremely sad.

Died.

ROLLINS.—At Madoc, on Wednesday, August 6th William John, son of Robert Rollins, aged 11 years and 7 months.

MRS. Gale, wife of the editor of the West Durham *News*, died suddenly at Bowmanville on the 4th inst.

Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Sores, Wounds, Ulcerations, and other diseases affecting the skin, are capable of speedy amendment by this cooling and healing unguent, which has called forth the loudest praise from persons who have suffered for years from bad legs, abcesses, and chronic ulcers, after every hope of cure had long passed away. None but those who have experienced the soothing effect of this Ointment can form an idea of the comfort it bestows by restraining inflammation and allaying pain. Whenever Holloway's Ointment has been once used it has established its own worth, and has again been eagerly sought for as the easiest and safest remady for all ulcerous complaints. In neuralgia, rheumatism and gout, the same application, properly used, gives wonderful relief.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $5 00	to $5 20
Fall Wheat, $1 00	to $1 00
Spring Wheat, $1 00	to $1 05
Oats, 42 cents	to 45 cents
Rye, 56 "	to 56 "
Barley, 45 cents	to 45 cents
Peas, 70 cents	to 70 cents
Potatoes per bag, 60 cents	to 90 cents
Butter per pound, 14 cents	
Eggs per dozen, 12 to 13 cents.	
Tallow, 5 cents	
Lard, 12 "	
Calfskins, 35 cents	to 45 cents
Sheepskins, 20 cents	to 40 cents
Wool, 15 to 17cents	
Hay, per ton, $9 00	to $12 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00	to $6 00
Cheese, 10c	to 12c

G. A. ROLLINS,
Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned wishes to sell all his property east of the old C. M. Church, on St. Lawrence street, consisting of one residence, barn included, and two tenant houses.
W. BRISTOL.
Madoc, July 30th, 1884. 378-4

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse.
Highest prices paid.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

ESTRAY.

CAME into my premises, on Saturday last, 2nd August, from the north, a Span of Horses. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away.
JAMES BEST,
Madoc, Aug. 5, 1884. Keller's Bridge.

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,
CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

L. WEISS,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Has opened business in the
SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.
First class stock, and good work.
TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

BUTLER'S
Celebrated Waterproof Blacking,
BROWN'S BOSTON DRESSING,
Saratoga and Bon Ton Dressing,
For Ladies' and Children's Shoes, also
Jaquot's, Lamb's, and Mason's Blacking,
—AT—
T. ROBERTS'
Madoc Boot & Shoe Store

MAYNOOTH
NOT FORGOTTEN!
To my Many Friends & Customers

Not having received a satisfactory Tender for my stock and premises, I have decided to
Continue the Business
AT MAYNOOTH,
in my own name, and on my own account, until further notice.

As Usual, the Stock will be Kept Thoroughly Assorted.

And I would also take this opportunity to thank you all for your valued patronage in past years, and solicit a continuance of the same.

Wishing you every success and prosperity,
Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
E. J. CASSELL.
Maynooth, August, 1884.

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the
MARKET WILL AFFORD,
which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

RUSSEL PROPERTY,
MADOC.

Village Building Lots
FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, MADOC,
will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)
H. & J. RUSSEL
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.
Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

Established - in 1862.

WHITE'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS,
MADOC, - ONT.

Wanted Immediately 1000 Farmers
—TO BUY—
1000 Mowers, Reapers, Horse Rakes, Steel Plows, Iron Plows, Gang Plows, all wrought iron and steel Horse Hoes, Cultivators, Drags, etc. etc.

Farmers beware of silver mouthed agents selling western machines. Rest assured you will suffer as others have in getting repairs for them in the busy harvest season. Our
MODEL MOWER AND IMPROVED REAPER
for lightness of draft, fine finish, and good workmanship and simplicity stand without a rival. Our MODEL HORSE RAKE is one of the finest Rakes in the County. We give a written warranty with all our machines that they will do good work.

Wool, Wool.

The only WOOLLEN MILL in Madoc, is the one owned by
J. & J. WHITE,
and a better CARDING MILL is not in Hastings County.

WOOL CARDING 3 CENTS PER POUND.

Mr. Alonzo Howe is in charge of our Carding Department, which is a sufficient guarantee of good work.

Spinning, Weaving, Fulling, &c., done on short notice.

Fulleloths, Tweeds, Flannels, &c., kept in stock, and will be exchanged for Wool to those wishing it.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR WOOL.
at White's Agricultural Works.

JAMES WHITE. **JOHN WHITE.**

AGRICULTURAL.

At the New Jersey Experiment Station dried corn fodder was tested with ensilage, and the following conclusions were reached: 1. Green fodder corn dried in shocks was preserved as well as that in a silo. 2. Dried fodder-corn cut and crushed was eaten with as little waste as silage. 3 In three cases out of four the quantity of milk was not increased by silage. The quantity of food given was in each case the same, as shown by analyses; 18 per cent, of dry matter was lost in preserving green fodder-corn; the loss was the same whether the corn was packed in a silo or shocked for drying.

Many persons fancy that because they live on small farms, it is less important as to what class of stock they keep. In reality, the very reverse is true. The limited area from which the feed is to come makes it a matter of prime importance that the animals kept are of that class that will give the very best results in proportion to the food consumed. Indeed the chances are on the whole in their favor of having a better class of stock all around than the large land owner. In the first place it is much easier to commence well on a small scale, and in the second, a limited number of animals can be better cared for than a large number, other things being equal. The facilities for feeding are usually in favor of the smaller number, while the individuality of animals is most likely to be lost sight of where the number is large. While it is true that in a small herd there may be more proportionate outlay in procuring suitable males where one is kept for home use, in many instances this need not be done, as a considerable number now in very many neighborhoods have suitable animals, the service of which may be secured if need be. In some instances males may be thus selected adapted to the special requirements of the different females. Men who have but one beast should be most anxious to have it of the very best of its kind.

The Short-Horns in England as Seen by a Frenchman.

In matters relating to cattle breeds of renown, I have lately met with nothing which has interested and instructed me more than the report of an accomplished expert, a French gentleman, named Grollier, who, writing recently of the most widely known and locally celebrated herds of Short-horn in England, has given the results of his observations in late issues of the *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique*.

The first stable inspected was that of Mrs. McIntosh, at Havering Park, near Pomfret. All the country dwellings of these English farmers are kept in a remarkable neat condition; but the neat cattle are badly kept and deprived of all hand care. This is, no doubt, due to the fact that during the Winter they run at full liberty in paddocks, lying down in wet straw and manure. On one or two sides of the paddocks there are sheds for the protection of the animals in bad weather, and here they are fed with cut fodder, which is distributed in the feeding troughs. Water is also freely furnished, and the cattle drink at their pleasure. There are, besides, stables with stalls for the sick and for cows approaching the end of their terms, and boxes for calves. Each bull in service is kept in a separate shed, with a paddock attached, where he runs at will.

Great was Mr. Grollier's astonishment to find that the most celebrated breeders, possessing the best of illustrious families of Short-horns, representatives of which sell at enormous prices, do not devote themselves exclusively to breeding the pure race. At Havering Park, at Audley End, at Hatchwoods, and in all other Short-horn stables, there were common and half-blood cows alongside of the pure-bred Short-horns. One may see Jersey and Angus cows, and even the French Contentinese, which have been bred to full-blooded Durham bulls. The conclusion from this fact is, that English breeders do not believe, in common with most Frenchmen, that a full-blooded bull which has served a common cow, will transmit to a full blood cow he is subsequently bred to, the scrub mark and *stigmates*—of the common cow, like the black nose, the markings of the coat and other characteristic peculiarities.

Mrs. McIntosh's Short horns were all of the best stock and strain, including representatives of the Princess and Oxford tribes; but it must be avowed that, with a few exceptions, the visitor did not find them what he expected to see. The English are accomplished dealers, who know how to set forth the merits of what they have to sell by carefully drawn and high-sounding advertisements, well calculated to take in the inexperienced. Their faith in the power of blood, and in the merit of certain tribes where near relationship exists, perhaps in excess, is no doubt justified by the reality. "But after what we have seen," says he, "we find exceptions to this. Certain bulls which were shown as appeared very inferior though they came of the noblest ancestry."

The above paraphrase gives M. Grollier's first impressions, which were confirmed by subsequent observations. In fact, his report abounds in statements of facts of interest enough to breeders to be further drawn upon.

Milk vs. Meat.

I received, the other day, a letter to the following effect, says Sir J. B. Lawes in the *Farmer and Chemist of Agriculture Journal*: "Please will you let me know the difference of the manure from one ton of linseed cake, passing through a bullock or a cow?" His correspondent then goes on to say that he sends milk to London for sale. There can be no doubt regarding the object of the question, which is evidently to find out whether the production of milk is more exhausting than the production of meat, and whether the general opinion on the subject—that the production of milk is more exhausting—is correct. His correspondent wants this opinion to be placed before him, not in a scientific formula, but in the more easily understood form of dollars and cents.

Says Dr. Lawes, "I will try and work out the answer required from my own farm results. I have a dairy of about 30 cows. For the last two months each cow has consumed daily a little over 100 pounds of food, consisting of cake, bran, hay, and straw chaff, and mangels. The dry weight of this food is 28 pounds, while the average daily product of milk is a little over 28 pounds, but if we call it 28 pounds calculation, as we shall thus have one pound of dry food producing one pound of milk.

Milk contains about 13 per cent. of dry substance; 1,000 pounds of dry food will produce 130 pounds of dry milk. If I had fed oxen with the same food, I should have expected that the 1,000 pounds would have produced about 85 pounds of increase in live weight, containing 63 pounds of dry matter. The 130 pounds of dry milk will contain about seven pounds of nitrogen; the 63 pounds of dry animal will contain hardly one per cent. The 1,000 pounds of dry food will contain about 20 pounds of nitrogen, therefore the milk will abstract seven pounds—or about 35 per cent.—while the meat will take only five per cent.

In dealing with these figures, it appears to be the fairest way to show the loss of manure presumable upon the whole of the food equally. If I were merely estimating the manure or milk produced by the foods, such a proceeding would be evidently unfair; or if I were estimating the separate manure value of the different foods, a different course would have to be pursued; but here we have to deal with a certain number of ingredients contained in a mixed diet—part home-grown, part purchased—and it is required to know what amount of these ingredients is abstracted by a dairy cow as compared with the amount abstracted by a fattening ox.

If we assume the manure value of one ton of linseed cake to be 60s. before feeding, it would be worth 57s. if fed by oxen, as against 38s. if fed by dairy cows; these figures representing the value of the ingredients removed in the milk and meat, though making no allowance for the waste or loss of manure.

If, instead of charging the loss of the manure upon the whole of the food consumed, we charge it upon the cake alone, it will require all the nitrogen in four pounds of cake to furnish the quantity contained in two gallons of milk. Under these circumstances, a cow receiving one-fourth cwt. of linseed cake per week, and yielding 14 gallons of milk, would reduce the manure value of a ton of linseed cake to a very few shillings. It is quite evident, therefore, that the popular idea of dairy farming, taking much more out of the land than grazing is fully borne out by the figures given, and unless the loss is compensated by imports in the form of foods or manures, pasture land will soon deteriorate.

Love-Letters.

Among English novelists no one has even approached the late Anthony Trollope in the composition of a love-letter. Where others were stilted, flowery, or too affectionate, he alone unites the life-long devotion with the spice of *espieglere* and the *soupcon* of passion which compose the ideal love-letter. And he has had a just perception of the length to which a love-letter should run. Too lengthy an epistle is a great mistake. The little twisted note of three lines which a man can put next his heart, the scrap he finds in his candle stick when going to bed, the few touching heart-broken phrases thrust into his hand at parting—these are love-letters, indeed, to be treasured and read over again. Tennyson's conceit of the rose sent floating down the stream to the beloved one's garden comes too near an Oriental love letter. Lallah Rookh might have received such a one, and a princess in the "Arabian Nights" responded to it by sending back a sprig of myrtle under a snow-white dove's wing. There is no sadder object after the death of beloved one than a love-letter written in the plenitude of health and spirits. As the few lines written in ink now fading away are opened, they exale the perfume of kisses and caresses which breath like messages from another world. Let no one leave love letters behind him. The matter-of-fact executor tosses the whole bundle into a corner; the house-maid exhibits them in the servants' hall, and takes the choicest phrases to send to her "young man" in the Sunday letter. Finally, worse than Imperial Cæsar's fate when dead and turned to clay, they are wrapped around candlights or sold to the marine store dealer. But love-letters have a final cause in domestic life; they point the great moral that all sentiment is evanescent, all affection eternal; that the substance is better than the shadow; the settled sanctities of wedded life more satisfying than all the cupids and bright-hued butterflies which hover around new born love. They emphasize the feeling of honor which forbids every English man or woman to write a love-letter unless the sentiments it conveys are really felt; and when the love-letter has done its work, and drawn twin souls together by the magic affinity of affection, they warn its recipient as soon as may to commit it to the flames.

Result of a Practical Joke.

A paragraph in a Cleveland paper not long since told the sad story of a hoax practised by three women upon a friend. It seemed harmless to them. It proved almost fatal to the friend, and illustrates a fact that should not be forgotten, that frights may kill, or may crase the brain permanently. Such jokes are criminal, and deserve a serious penalty. The victim of this hoax—Mrs. Barns—had gone away for a short time, leaving her husband and little ones at home.

The husband went to work, and the three women thought it would be extremely funny to scare Mrs. Barns. The chairs and tables were upset, and everything was put "topsy-turvy." A figure was made and clothed in a suit of Barn's clothes, and was laid on the floor, its head tied with a white bandage, resting against the sewing-machine.

Then the women scoresed themselves. Mrs. Barns, who is of a nervous temperament, came home and was struck speechless with horror at the scene. The poor woman, seeing the inanimate form, immediately supposed that her husband had committed suicide. Tottering to the house of a neighbor, she gasped out that her husband was dead, and fainted away.

A physician was called, but she went from one spasm into another. When she finally revived sufficiently to talk, it was found that her reason had left her. For days she hovered between life and death. Although she is now considered out of danger, the shock has left its impression upon her mind, and she may never fully recover.

An ingenious Southerner has conceived the idea of opening an hotel for suicides. He acts upon the American idea of the largest liberty for the largest hallucinations.

Lemuel Wright's Invention—Origin of the Term "Pin Money."

A question involving research and worthy the attention of a Philadelphia lawyer, is what becomes of the 10,000 000,000 pins yearly manufactured in the United States and therein consumed. True, a few of these 10,000,000,000 are swallowed by children, some are bent up at school and placed in vacant and inviting chairs. A few million get into cracks of floors, and the rest, for the most part, are scattered along the highways and byways, dropped from woman's apparel, and there left to work their way into the earth.

The origin of pins, and whether it is an ancient or modern invention, is still a matter of doubt, and the solving of the problem is equal to the deciphering of a paradox in Greek. Insignificant in size, they have been prized in the boudoir of royalty, and used only by nobility until American ingenuity stepped to the front, with a machine, and Lemuel Wright got out a patent for his invention.

It was not until 1824 that Lemuel Wright, the American inventor, introduced his machine that, during the revolution of a single wheel, made a perfect pin. When steam was added the revolution was complete. The machine takes the wire at one end and presents a perfect pin as it comes out of the other end, performing alternately the operation of cutting it, heading it, rough and smooth and then drops it into a receptacle below. The whitening and sticking, minor labors, complete the operation of making ready for delivery to consumers. Pins known as blanket pins, about three or four inches in length, to the smallest ribbon pin, which takes 300,000 to weigh one pound, are all turned out by the same machine. One manufactory alone consumes three and a half tons of brass wire every week, and turns out more than ten tons of pins each six days. The operation of sticking pins by hand and usually performed by children, is now done by machinery. Pin papers are marked by means of a molded piece of wood, the molds corresponding to those portions representing small folds, through which pins pass, and are held. The paperer is usually a girl, who gathers together two of the folds of the paper and places them, with a small portion projecting, between the jaws of a vice. Herein are grooves channeled to serve as a guide for passing of pins. When filled the paper is released and held so that the light strikes it, when the eye at once detects any defective pin and the ready hand removes it.

The expense incident to the manufacture of a pin, ere machinery came to the rescue, made them articles of intrinsic worth. In 1614 pin makers offered Sir Ralph Winwood £4 000 or a moiety of the profits of the commerce in pins for his influence in their behalf. Two years later their charter was confirmed, securing them she sole pre-emption of foreign pins, forbidding them being landed at any port but London. In 1635, by the renewal of their privileges by Charles I., pinners covenanted to pay his majesty £500 per year. The monarch disposed of this gift by presenting it to his queen, when it received the title of pin money. Soon the custom was inaugurated of bestowing upon wives a certain small pension for their use in trifles, which received the same name. Finally it was used as a dowry to a bride. Addison condemns the practice of bestowing pin-money, and says: "In proportion as a woman is more or less beautiful and her husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of pins, and a treaty of marriage rises or falls in her estimation. What would a foreigner," he continues, "think if he were informed that his bride demanded 500 or 600 pins a year? better had it been called 'needle money,' so as to have implied something of good housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think that dress and trifles have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts."

Arctic Exploration.

It is but eight years less than three centuries since the first Arctic exploration reached the region of polar ice and spent a dreary winter locked in by the icebergs and shut up in their huts by wolves, snow storms and white bears. Two lives were sacrificed in this expedition, which reached a latitude of 80 degrees and 11 minutes.

Three hundred years have passed and the latest, the Greely expedition, touched 83 degrees 24 minutes, the highest latitude reached since the Dutch navigators spent ten months in the ice off the island of Nova Zembla. In all those three centuries only three degrees of the journey to the pole have been overcome—a distance something less than the distance between New York and Boston, a little more than between New York and Albany.

This fact alone is a significant comment upon the value of these expeditions which have cost a prince's revenue and as many lives as have been lost in some noted battles.

The Dutch were the great navigators of the sixteenth century, and soon after achieving their nation's independence, began to speculate upon a passage to China and India by way of the North Pole. Their ideas of that region were fanciful indeed. Some believed that those seas inclosed a polar continent of perpetual summer and unbroken daylight, whose inhabitants had obtained perfection in virtue and intelligence. Others thought it peopled with monsters having horses' hoots, dogs' heads and ears so long that they coiled them around their bodies in lieu of clothing. Other tribes were headless with eyes in their breasts, living in incessant logs and tempests during the summer, but dying every winter and, like plants, revived to life by the advent of a brief spring. It was believed that the voyagers would have to encounter mountains of ice and volcanoes of fire, together with monsters on land and sea, more ferocious than the eye of man ever saw.

But in spite of these terrors, on the 5th of June, 1594, the first expedition designed to navigate these frozen seas set out from Amsterdam. Their ships and appliances were of the rudest description. In place of the staunch modern steamboats built for the purpose they sailed in small, unwielding vessels built like a tower at stern and stem, scooped in the middle and scarcely able to plow their way through the water, to say nothing of the ice. Instead of the delicate and ingenious scientific instruments constituting an exploring outfit of the present day they had a clumsy astronomical ring three feet in circumference on which they depended for ascertaining the latitude. They had no fuel, no rifles, no compact ammunition, no logarithms, log or nautical almanacs, no tea, coffee, or the hundreds of luxuries, stimulants, medicines, and other stores which now abound in such profusion.

The first expedition was turned back by the ice and polar bears, but the problem of a northeast passage to China was considered solved, and the next year a second ship was sent with a cargo of broadcloth, linens and tapestries for the Chinese market which the explorers were expected to reach. Again the ice and the bears frightened them back.

But an offer of 25,000 florins to the discoverer of a north east passage to the east led to a third expedition, the first that outlived a polar winter and amidst perils and sufferings, whose story reads as much like the narratives of Kane and De Long, of Hayes and Greely, as the story of shipwreck and rescue in the days of Robinson Crusoe read like those of the days of Enoch Arden.

Notwithstanding all the discoveries and appliances of the year 1884, the Greely and De Long parties suffered quite as much as the Dutch explorers of 1596; which anyone may see who cares to read the account in the third volume of Motley's "United Netherlands."

HAREM LIFE.

How Women is Treated in Pharaoh's Land.

Gen. Loring throws as much light as circumstances permit, in his recent book on Egypt upon life in the harem. One can naturally see that from the peculiar manner in which marriages are made in Egypt there is little domestic life of the sort we understand.

"They amuse themselves in crunching melon seeds, eating candy, smoking cigarettes and showing their jewelry and fine toilets to their friends. Living a life of ease and indolence, they are never supposed to soil their hands with labor or rack their brains with thought. When they toil their sole occupation is to beautify themselves. when young they are well made; their extremeties are fine and their hands are soft, white and supple, and they might be likened to the budding flower which opens at the rays of the morning sun. Their complexions are white and their cheeks tinged with rose; their eyes are sometimes blue, but that is exceptional; they are generally black as jet, and when fully open are of almond form and full of sensibility and delicate sweetness.

"So binding is the law that no man shall see the face of a woman not his property, that, in case of a violation of its sanctity, it looks with favor on the action of the injured husband should he solace his jealousy with the life of the intruder. It is not even permitted to recognize a woman outside of the harem.

"Society among the inmates of the harem means simply smoking cigarettes and pipes and the most trivial amusements. Instead of the sparkling conversation and pleasant music with which the sexes reciprocally entertain each other among Western people, horrible screamings, the monotonous noise of a drum and the clang of tambourines are are here the solace of woman in her hours of of ease. The boasted luxury of the palaces offers in its isolation no attraction to a refined nature."

The English Universities.

The universities are not now the last refuge of conservative thought; they are the very foci of all the energies that work for change. The long resistance to the advancing tide has only added to its momentum, and so to the sweep and speed of its action. The church has lost or is losing control of the universities, and the danger is that religion may do the same. The fight for the freedom of the universities was a fight against the freedom of the church, but for the authority of religion, and it is the duty of those who prevailed to see that the end of the tyranny does not also become the death of the authority. The nation has entered the universities and asserted its rights there in a marvellous way. Education is another thing than it was, harder, higher, taxes more severely the skill of the teacher and the strength and mind of the student. Honors become every year more difficult to win, competitors multiply, schools and subjects increase. There may be, there is, much room for reform. The teacher has too little freedom, is becoming too much the mere coach, that most helpless of intelligent beings, the drudge of the examiner, working to pass, not to educate his pupils. The student may be forced to grind too much at text books, and may know too little of the inspiration that comes to students who study under a man who is master of his subject, and teaches it as a master and not as a coach. There may be great waste of energy, too many men teaching one subject, and there may be too few subjects for the number of available teachers on the one hand and students on the other. But whatever the faults of the present system, one thing is certain, it is worked with zeal, with energy, with consummate skill and success. No man who knows what the universities were and what they are can doubt that the recent changes have all tended to make education, if not better, yet more real, requiring on all sides a sterner discipline, more arduous and actual work. Education reformers may regret that the changes have not gone much too old and not too fruitful lines, but they at least must rejoice that academic rewards now mainly depend on academic honors and attainments.—*Quarterly Review.*

A Curious Relic.

There is a curious relic of Gustavus Adolphas in the possession of a private family at Augsburg. It is an embroidered collar, said to have been worn by the King at a ball, and is now kept in a glass case, together with the following note: "This collar has been worn by Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and was given as a keepsake to my beloved wife, Jakobina Lauber, who at the time of the King's sojourn in this town was the most beautiful among the maidens. His Majesty deigned to dance several times with her, but on his becoming too familiar she 'collared' him, and as a reward for this act of valor received the collar he wore that night." The *Daghlad*, which publishes the story, abstains from making any comments, except the innocent remark: "The Queen was at that time at Stockholm."

English as She is Spoken.

"Will you please pass the catsoup," said the new boarder.

"Sir!" exclaimed the landlady, with fire in her eye. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Excuse me, madam, I meant the catchup," and he pointed to the bottle.

"I catch on," said the landlady as she passed it.

COLD DISHES.

It is a great help to the housekeeper in the hot weather to have a number of cold dishes which can be used at noon and in the evening and to spare the necessity for midday cooking over the hot fire. There is a great choice too of such dishes, which may be prepared early in the morning twice in the week and especially upon ironing days when one must have a fire. There is cold corn beef boiled; boiled ham; boiled smoked tongues; potted chicken with calves feet, or calves head, or ham; and a great many other dishes which it may be interesting to describe as follows:—

COLD RICE.—Wash and drain some of the best rice; put it down to boil and cook it as dry as possible. Add a little salt to it when cooking. Turn it out into an earthenware pudding mold or a nappy and set it away to cool. When served turn it out on to a dish and use sweet cream, ice cream, custard jelly, preserves or any other desirable sauce.

BOILED HAM.—For a ham, proceed as above as regards boiling. When boiled leave it to cool in water, first however removing the skin which can easily be torn off whole if the ham is cooked enough. Stick cloves in the fat all over about 2 inches apart when the ham is dished. Before removing it from the water carefully take off the fat. Ham should be cut in very thin slices when served.

COLD BEEF.—Take a piece of rump or round or brisket and put it in pickle for three days; let the pickle cover it and put a stone on it to keep it down. After three or four days in the pickle, dip it in cool water, and plunge it in boiling water in a roomy pot; put one onion, a few red peppers and a dozen cloves in the pot, and after it has boiled up well for five minutes set it on one side where it will simmer slowly; give 20 minutes for each pound. Then set away to cool *in the liquor*. When cold put it in a dish in a cool place.

POTTED CHICKEN.—Stew or roast a few fowls and while hot remove the flesh from the bones. Put it in a stew pan with a little of the gravy to keep it hot. Then have in readiness a calves head boiled, a tongue or a ham. Slice these into convenient pieces and pack them down firmly into bowls or jars. Then pour off sufficient of the liquor from the calves head to cover the meat. Spice and flavoring and a few sweet herbs rubbed fine should be added to the meat. When wanted for use, dip the fowl in hot water for a second or two and turn out the meat on a dish.

CUSTARD.—A very nice cheap custard is made as follows: 1 2 pint of milk is put into a sauce pan with half the thin rind of a lemon and a stick of cinnamon broken up; this is simmered for 20 minutes and strained; add to it 3 oz. of sugar, a spoonful of arrow-root, corn starch, or rice flour, rubbed smooth with a little milk, and beat up with the yolks of eggs at least 10 minutes, mixing it by degrees with a little of the hot milk and then gradually adding the whole. Mix by pouring back and forth several times and then heat up until it thickens, but do not boil it or it will curdle. When thick pour it out and keep stirring until it is cool, adding vanilla or other extract to taste. Serve in cups or glasses or for sauce to a cold pudding.

COLD ROAST FOWL, prepared as follows: Kill the fowl early in the morning before it is fed, and in the following manner: Hang it up by the feet and take hold of the head with the left hand, push a small sharp bladed knife through the throat close to the bone and near the head, then cut quite through, dividing all the vessels at one quick stroke. Then leave the bird to bleed. This is a perfectly painless death, as all the blood is cut off from the brain and the nerves are paralyzed. As soon as it is dead, plunge it in scalding water and lift it up and down; or hold it by the feet and pour the water on the bird from the kettle, holding it over a pan, then scald it two or three times in the pan, strip off the feathers quickly without tearing the skin, dress the bird and put a few slices of bacon in it with no stuffing and bake it; for the first have the oven hot then let the fire down a little and bake slowly.

Storing Furs in Summer.

"When we put furs into storage for the season," said a furrier recently, "our first care is to beat them thoroughly with rattans to drive the dust out, and get rid of the moth eggs that may have been laid in them or been blown into them from the air. This done, they are hung on wire frames that distend them, and put into closets that are lined with tar paper. Moths cannot stand the strong odor of tar, and never live long under its influence. Every three or four weeks the furs are taken out of the closets and beaten with rattans; and so, in the course of a season, every article has to be handled at least a dozen times. In old times camphor was used, but it has been discovered that it had a tendency to detract from their color, and make them much lighter in hue. I suppose there is something in the dyes used for sable and other dark furs that camphor influences. Old women still use that drug, however; and when you see a sealskin sack or cloak or dolman that shows streaks of gray or a muddy yellow, you can be sure that it has been kept in camphor through the hot weather. The whole secret of keeping furs is to beat all the dust out of them and keep them in a close closet impregnated with the odor of tar. Another old preventive was pepper, either Cayenne or common black, but this has been abandoned; and some good housekeepers used to keep their furs in tobacco cuttings. I have seen moths flourish in tobacco; and, where I have seen insect powders used, they have sometimes injured the furs in some way, or have been totally useless in guarding them from their bitter foe."

"Another desideratum in storing furs is strict cleanliness. We wash all the closets every spring with water and common washing soda, and the latter serves to destroy any moth eggs that may have got into the place. Thus our closets are never invaded by the moths, but should we show carelessness for a single week the result would be disastrous. Muffs, collars, and other small articles we keep in boxes, packing with them sufficient tar paper to keep out the moth, and the shelves on which they stand are kept free from dust."

"Where are your kids?" a society man asked, looking at the bare hands of a poor but deserving editor at Vanderbilt's party. "At home in bed," was the indignant reply. "Do you suppose I'd bring my children to a party like this?"

THE SEA OF THE CHOLERA

Graphic Description From Stricken Marseilles and Toulon.

(Correspondence New York Times.)

I have made a five days' visit to this city, to Toulon, and to Arles, in order to learn and report for American readers some facts and scenes in regard to the cholera. I have visited every room in every cholera hospital existing in Marseilles and Toulon, and have seen the wretched people dying in hospitals and in their own hovels, and buried as midnight in the cemeteries by the light of torches and lanterns. I have discussed all the phases of the epidemic exhaustively with the hospital doctors, with priests, and with nurses, and my conclusion is that the much-dreaded cholera, probably the most fatal and severe of all diseases to which human flesh is heir, is a thing of which no intelligent community of well-ordered lives and well-managed sewer pipes need have an alarming fear, even when brought into close contact with it, to say nothing of getting into a panic at a distance.

I took the night train for Marseilles, and arose for breakfast at 6 o'clock in the morning at Valence, some fifty miles south of Lyons, and watched the country carefully for signs of anxiety or commotion, but saw nothing unusual until Arles was reached. Here every window of the Spanish-looking houses was closed, so far as I could observe them, and in the streets of this town of 25,000 people not a soul was to be seen. At the depot was congregated a melancholy crowd of poor people, the most of whom had bundles of clothing and various domestic articles tried up by means of bedclothes. They were waiting for the omnibus train—a train belonging to the third-class and miscellaneous in its character—that should carry them northward to Tarascon, which is in the same department as Arles, and to Beaucaire, on the opposite bank of the Rhone from Tarascon. During the day and night there had been thirteen deaths, and a fearful panic had prevailed in spite of the Archbishop's formal procession to the relics of the saints in the Cathedral of St. Trophimus.

AT MARSEILLES.

On the first view that one gets of Marseilles no one would be apt to suspect, either from the appearance of the city itself or of the people he could see, that a pestilence had seized the town. It was estimated at the time of my arrival that fully 100,000 people had already left the city; but their absence was scarcely noticeable from the appearance of the streets. In one of the public squares a band of Italian musicians were playing to a throng of children and grown persons. The omnibuses and street cars were full of people as in ordinary times, while on the sidewalks, under the cafe awnings, nearly all the chairs were occupied, and the waiters were kept as busy as ever by the cheerful crowd of loungers. But at the sumptuous Hotel Noailles, on the Rue de Noailles, a continuation of the famous Cannebiere, a different scene was observed. In all its hundred rooms, myself and my courier were the only guests to be seen.

The repast ended, we undertook a drive through the city. In the chief streets we could discern but slight changes. In the Rue St. Ferreol, a broad and prominent street in the main part of the town, only four shops were closed; in the Rue de la Cannebiere, in which are situated all the finest shops and business places of other kinds, only nine were closed. But the poorer quarters—and God knows there are enough of them—revealed another side to the picture as we drove into them. Passing along the narrow and squalid Rue Calseserie, over one-half the shops were seen to be closed at every crossing. From a tenement region on the hill above a stream of fetid water flowed across the street and plunged down a precipitous descent on the other side through dark lanes crowded with towering rookeries swarming below with idle men and children playing in the filthy gutters, the women meanwhile swashing the water about with their brooms under the evident impression that they were cleaning something. Finally we got on a street known as Toulon road—a wide thoroughfare without a shade tree. Along its gutters ran rivulets of drab-colored water which had overflown from the canal when the canal was dammed now and then by heaps of rotten vegetables or worse substances, including dead cats and dogs. Four out of every five houses were found closed. Those which remained open were mainly *estaminets*, where, under dirty awnings and on dirty sidewalks, men and women sat drinking or were already reduced to stupor from previous drinking, and junk shops in which filthy people were sorting rotten rags in an unspeakably vile atmosphere. Festering filth was around them, and a tropical sun beat fiercely down upon the scene, blinding the eyes as its rays were reflected from the white road across which, in the Quartier Capalette, courses a stream about the size of a main sewer in New York, winding its way uncovered among the houses on its journey to the sea. This stream was laden with the sewage of the vilest of the Marseilles quarters—Capalette and the adjoining one—which have furnished much over one-half of the deaths that have occurred in Marseilles, and it is an interesting fact that the largest proportion of them were Italians. The wharves all along the water front we found to be crowded with the quarantine shipping, mostly Italian and French, and picturesque sights were these Mediterranean sailors, among whom were many negroes lying in the shade.

THE PHARO HOSPITAL.

After this experience I decided to visit the hospital. The authorities objected to my entrance at the Pharo, and there was much difficulty in getting over their objections. Fortunately I had a note from a Paris physician to Dr. Quesviel, the President of the Medical Society, and a letter from Dr. Quesviel finally availed to secure me admission. A young English physician named Paul Bossano was my amiable escort through the wards of the building, now called the Hopital Auxiliare de Pharo. This is a magnificent structure externally. It was erected by the Municipality for the late Emperor Napoleon III, and was still unfinished when Sedan changed all the plans and the work was then stopped. As a palace this structure is a superb one, but as a hospital it is badly arranged. During a tour of the room, I saw eighty-four patients in all stages of the disease, from the last agonized breath to the period of cheerful convalescence. Every face in these eighty-four, male and female, was the face of a person from the lower walks of life, and this I am told has been the rule among patients from the first. At the beginning nineteen-twentieths of the patients received at the Pharo failed to recover. For the last fortnight matters have so far improved that only two-thirds of those received have died. This excessive mortality at first was largely due to the fact that most cases when received had developed into a hopeless condition. The highest number that have been in the hospital at any one time is 110, and the largest number received in any one day is 37. There are two chief doctors and four subordinates, who serve in turns. There are besides two apothecaries, ten Augustinian Sisters, and a large force of laborers. All of these people, except the two chiefs, will be obliged to remain in the hospital constantly until November, having been forbidden to go out into the city. One Sister has already died here.

The treatment both here and at Toulon, in the first stages, is twenty drops of laudanum, with three grains of ether, and ice in the mouth to stop the vomiting. In the second stage the patients become very cold. From ten to fifteen grammes of acetate ammonia, the same quantity of alcohol, and two injections of morphia are given daily. If the patient cannot breath, artificial respiration of oxygen is produced, and the limbs are rubbed with turpentine. The third stage is the coffin.

MIDNIGHT AT THE CEMETERY.

Late at night I drove, with my courier, outside the city to the cemetery, St. Pierre, to see the burial of the three patients whom I had observed in the Pharo Hospital in the afternoon. The route led through the poor quarter, and at every corner bonfires were blazing to purify the air. The whole population was sitting out on the steps of tenements or on church porches, enjoying the fires and the currents of air created by them. After a brief burial service, intoned by a pale young priest, who looked badly scared, three boxes were hurriedly lowered into a trench eight feet deep by twenty feet long, and a goodly quantity of lime was shovelled on top. A concierge showed me a burial permit. Across the face of the document was written, "Cholera—urgent," and there was a requisition for some disinfectant. I went back to the central part of the city, and it was gay enough. Bands were playing and cafe lamps were gleaming. People in throngs were walking in the streets, laughing merrily, and many heads were poked out of the windows of the houses.

AT TOULON.

My visit to Toulon was necessary in order to show me more plainly what were the effects of the epidemic. The country people seemed to have lost their wits. The stations along the road have been deserted save by the railway officials. At at Arles and everywhere else where there was a stopping place, piles of baggage, bedding, and household furniture encumbered the platforms. At the Boulevard de Lesse, near the station at Toulon, I saw no human being save one cabman, who was sound asleep beneath the shadow of a huge umbrella. I awakened him and hired him. I started at once for an inspection of the town. Not until I had reached the Place d'Armes did I see a soul. The Place d'Armes is the usual resort and lounging place of many sailors, for Toulon is a huge marine barracks, where at times there are as many as 12,000 sailors. Now I only saw two or three men seated on the benches. The larger portion of the sailors, with the soldiers, have been sent away, and are now quartered on the high ground which surrounds the city. Half two-thirds of the men I came across were either soldiers or sailors. The surgeons in the service and the Sous-Prefet estimate the people in the town to be to-day about 25,000.

If, in a sanitary sense, the condition of Marseilles was frightful, that of Toulon struck me as simply murderous. Toulon has always been a breeding place of disease. Smallpox when it broke out in Toulon was always of a malignant type, and more difficult to stamp out than elsewhere. The natural death rate is invariably high, and likely to be increased at any time by abnormal diseases.

Toulon streets and shops displayed no thing of their former bustle and activity. There were some few signs of life only in the two streets of La Republique and La Fayette. Here the shops were open, but elsewhere they were closed. No business seemed to be the rule, and a vitit paid to the outlying sections of Toulon showed how the dreaded disease had made the streets a solitude. I visited a hospital in the suburbs constructed in that unfortunate way so much in vogue a century or more ago. It has been receiving cholera patients since the 14th of July. I saw there thirty-six cases of cholera. Here I saw Mme. Dorvan, a lady of wealth whose name has already been celebrated for her devotion to the cause of humanity. This brave woman has nursed cholera patients in Egypt, Greece, and Italy. I found her in this hospital busily occupied, moving from bed to bed, administering to the wants of the sick. In a conversation with her in regard to the contagious character of cholera, Mme. Dorvan agreed with the doctors that under proper precautions the elements of danger were singularly lessened. I noticed that the doctors smoked cigars and chewed considerable quantities of camphor.

I stopped over one train at Toulon during my investigation and then went again to Arles, but had no time to visit the hospital there. I found no one who could give me any intelligible account of affairs. An old priest with whom I talked expressed himself in no measured terms in regard to what he called "the cowardice of the people." He said Arles was deserted and so panic-stricken that the dead in some cases remained unburied.

As no English-speaking journalist has this season been before me in this portion of southern France, though the condition of affairs is bad enough, the reports of panic and turbulence sent to English and American newspapers, I think, have been grossly exaggerated.

Rev. John Wesley a Mason.

Rev. D. W. Bull, of Transfer, Mercer Co., has some interesting relics of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. They consist of a Royal Arch Masonic apron, receipts of lodge dues paid by Wesley to the lodge of which he was a member, extending over a period of some fifteen years, and a number of books from Wesley's private library, containing his autograph. The Masonic apron is 153 years old. These relics were purchased by Rev. Mr. Bull's grandfather at the public auction of Wesley's personal effects after his death.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

$15,000.00.

"Truth" Bible Competition.

NO. ELEVEN.

THE FINAL ONE.

Closing September 15th.

A NEW PLAN.

For Persons Residing Anywhere in the World Outside the City of Toronto.

The Largest List, and Most Valuable Ever Offered by Any Publisher.

Residents of Toronto Inadmissable.

A SMALL FARM FREE.

Special Club Offer.

Four Pianos, Three Organs, Silver Tea Sets, Sewing Machines, Gold Watches, Silver Watches, and Innumerable Other Valuable Rewards.

Don't Delay Sending in Your Answers.

At the solicitation of many friends TRUTH announces one more—the final—Bible competition. Owing to the fact of so many valuable rewards going to citizens of Toronto, this competition will be open only to persons living outside the city of Toronto. Any one residing in any other part of the habitable world will be eligible to compete for these magnificent rewards. The questions—which are supplied by an eminent Presbyterian minister—are very difficult, but the rewards are valuable. Everything offered in previous competitions has been promptly and cheerfully handed over to the successful ones the moment they are known. Full and complete lists of all those who gain rewards are given in TRUTH the week following the close of each competition. There will be no change, and no postponement in any way; everything will be carried out exactly as stated.

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS.

1.—Where is GOLD first made mention of in the Bible?

2.—Where does it first state in the Bible that there was ONLY ONE LANGUAGE AND ONE SPEECH on the whole earth?

3.—Where is INN first referred to in the Bible? (By the word inn is meant a place of rest and refreshment commonly known now as an hotel.)

Every one competing must send one dollar with their answers, for six months' subscription to TRUTH. And aside from the rewards, themselves, they will find that they have made the best investment of one dollar they ever did. TRUTH is full and big value for the money. Bear in mind that you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, and you will get TRUTH for six months in any case for your one dollar, which is the regular subscription price, and will also get one of these rewards, provided your answers are correct, and reach TRUTH office in time. Don't delay.

Read the great list of

FIRST REWARDS.

1 and 2.	—Two Elegant Grand Square Rosewood Pianos, by the celebrated makers, Stevenson & Co.	$1,100 00
3.	—One celebrated "Bell" Organ, the finest organ makers in Canada	250 00
4.	—One beautiful quadruple-plated Silver Tea Set	100 00
5.	—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Stem winding and Stem-setting, latest style, Solid Gold, Hunting Case Watch	100 00
6.	—One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style	95 00
7 to 12.	—Five renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines	650 00
17 to 26.	—Ten Gentlemen's beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	260 00
27 to 31.	—Five Ladies' beautiful Solid Coin Silver Huntingcase Watches	105 00
32 to 51.	—Twenty Waterbury Watches	100 00
52 to 103.	—Fifty-two volumes Universal Cyclopedia. An excellent work	156 00
104 to 200.	—Seventeen Ladies' Beautiful Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, latest style patterns, splendid value	194 00
201 to 252.	—Fifty-two Elegant Triple-plated Butter Knives	52 00

The above magnificent list of awards will be given to the first two Hundred and fifty-two persons who send correct answers to each of the three Bible questions given above. Then follows the big list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1.	FIVE ACRES OF BEAUTIFUL LY SITUATED LAND, adjoining the corporation of Niagara Falls, free from all incumbrance, clear title, splendidly situated for fruit raising, sloping gently towards the south, overlooking the town, and within sound of the great cataract; not a stump or an uneven foot of ground in it; land on opposite side of road held at $1,000 per acre	$3,000 00
2.	—One Beautiful Square Grand Rosewood Piano, by Stevenson & Co.	550 00
3.	—One Elegant Cabinet Organ, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co.	250 00
4.	—One Beautiful Silver Tea Service best made, quadruple plate, six pieces	100 00
5.	—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Watch, Stem-winding and Stem-Setting, h. c	100 00

1.—Where is the first reference in the Bible to the day being divided into hours?

2.—What is the superficial area in cubits or square feet of the largest bedstead mentioned in the Bible?

3.—What evidence have we that in Bible times women were often employed in the manufacture of bread and sweetmeats?

6.	—One Lady's Hunting-case Watch Stem-winding and Stem-Setting	95 00
7 to 12.	—Six beautiful heavy black corded Silk Dress Patterns	300 00
13 to 18.	—Five celebrated Williams' Singer Sewing Machines	325 00
19 to 26.	—Eight Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	168 00
27 to 31.	—Four quadruple-plated Silver plated Teapots, latest designs	50 00
31 to 41.	—Eleven Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	231 00
42 to 59.	—Eighteen Solid Nickle Silver Watches, American Movement	270 00
60 to 111.	—Fifty-two volumes Chambers' Etymological Dictionary	156 00
112 to 208.	—Two hundred and forty-seven Ladies' Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, new and elegant designs	494 00
209 to 353.	—One hundred and forty-five Silver-plated Butter Knives	145 00

These five acres of land above described will be given to the person sending the *middle correct answer* of the whole competition, from first to last. The five hundred and four costly articles, beginning with the piano, that follow No. 1 of the middle rewards will be given to the five hundred and four persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or centre reward that takes the farm. The land mentioned above could be divided into building lots and sold to a great advantage, as there are no vacant houses in the town of Clifton or Niagara Falls, as it is now called. Then, that even the last may not feel that they are to be left out, TRUTH will give a series of

CONSOLATION REWARDS

1.	—Beginning with another of those fine pianos, by Stevenson & Co., which have been received with so much satisfaction by prize winners in previous competitions	$550 00
2.	—Then follows another Bell Organ	250 00
3.	—Another Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces, best quadruple plate	100 00
4.	—Gentleman's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch	100 00
5.	—Lady's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch	95 00
6.	—One celebrated "New Home" Sewing Machine	65 00
7 to 11.	—Five beautiful heavy Black Silk Dresses	250 00
12 to 29.	—Eighteen Solid Coin Silver Watches	450 00
30 to 41.	—Twelve Ladies' Solid Coin Silver Hunting case Watches	240 00
42 to 57.	—Sixteen Solid Nickle Silver Watches	240 00
58 to 71.	—Fourteen renowned Waterbury Watches	70 00
72 to 209.	—One hundred and thirty-eight elegantly bound volumes of Universal Cyclopedia	414 00
210 to 311.	—One hundred and two Ladies' Fine Rolled Gold Pins or Brooches	204 00
312 to 401.	—Ninety Solid Triple Silver-plated Butter Knives	90 00

The further you live from Toronto the better you can compete for these last or consolation rewards. Bear in mind that it is the *last* correct answer received at the office of TRUTH that gets number one of these consolation rewards. The offer is open only till the 15th September, and as long as your letter bears the postmark, *not received*, of the date of 15th September, will take its place in the order received at TRUTH Office. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters from distant points to reach Toronto, but don't forget that your letter must not bear a *later post mark* than September 15th. All competing must send with their answers one dollar for six months' subscription to TRUTH, which will be sent to any desired address Wherever you live, outside Toronto, you can compete at any time between now and the closing day for either the first or middle rewards, and as well as, of course, for the consolation rewards. Someone will get those five acres of land—why not you? Look up your Bible now and see if you can find the answers to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to TRUTH, which alone is good value for the one dollar. It consists of 28 pages of choice and pure reading matter for the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. The publisher could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless he was certain of your patronage in years to come, and you are almost certain to become life subscribers to TRUTH if you take it for six months, it is such a splendid, weekly (not monthly) magazine.

Special Club Offer to Yearly Subscribers.

If twenty-five persons join and send $50, each one of the twenty-five whose answers are correct will get their choice of a solid-rolled gold brooch, new and elegant design, worth at retail two dollars; a Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, worth about same amount; a World's Universal Cyclopedia, or a volume elegantly bound of Shakespeare's Complete Works. Of course, each of the club will have the same opportunity of gaining one of the rewards in the regular list (in addition to the certainty of one of the prizes aforesaid), as though they had sent in singly. This is simply an extra inducement to clubs.

The rewards in last competition were very widely scattered over Ontario and Quebec. In fact, every province was represented in the last, not excepting British Columbia. A great many also went to the States.

No information will be given any one beyond what has above been stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money *now*. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward, and that is where the biggest ones are. TRUTH directs special attention to the fact that clergymen are not permitted to compete, neither are persons who in previous competitions won prizes exceeding one hundred dollars in value, and as no Torontonians are allowed to compete, the field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards to any one, on the habitable globe, outside Toronto. No money will be received by telegraph, or in any way but through the postoffice or by express. One dollar only required. Try your skill. You are sure of good value for your money anyway. Address E. Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 28 and 30 Adelaide street, Toronto, Canada.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious Attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a Splendid Spring Medicine. Large size 50 cents.

Most any scheme is feasible with a lawyer.

MEN WANTED.

Active pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salary from $600 to $1000 per year. Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL

Sarnia.	Abeg.	Toronto.	Aug. 30
Brooklyn.	Aug. 16	Toronto.	Sept. 6
Vancouver.	Aug. 24	Montreal.	Sept. 13

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $80, $90, $95, $100. Return, $90, $105, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $30, 75. Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers are lettered thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

Import Orders.

BAR IRON,
SHEET METALS,
FIRE CLAY GOODS,
CHEMICALS AND OILS.

Orders to import solicited.

Copland & McLaren,

Wellington Street, Montreal. Wellington Chambers, Glasgow. 93 Fatternoster Row, London.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers throughout the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 963 Montreal.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co.

100 Grey Nun St., Montreal.

Importers of
Drain Pipes, Portland Cement,
Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings,
Water Lime, Fire Clay, Fire Covers, Whitings,
Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay,
Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay
Manufacturers of
Bessemer Steel Sofa, Chesnut Bed & Springs.

F. E DIXON & CO.

Manufacturers of Gear Rivet

Leather Belting!

70 King Street, East, Toronto.

Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts

MACHINERY.

For sale 1 Westinghouse Traction Farm Engine. 1 Able Triumph Do. 1 G. O. Morrison do. 1 15 h. p. Portable Engine and Boiler on Skids. 1 35 h. p. Horizontal by Northey. 1 do. by Waterous with cut off valve, and 20 engines and boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 2 24-inch Planers and Matchers. 1 20-inch Pony Planer. 1 Iron Frame Tenoning machine. 1 Rifled Shaft Tenoner. 1 Buggy Planer or jointer. 2 band saws. 10 Saw Tables. 1 Fire-Proof Safe. 1 Jeweler's Rocks Steel. 1 Book-Binder's Screw Press. 1 42-inch French Burr Portable Grist Mill. 1 42-inch Inserted Tooth Saw, &c., &c. Send for new list, No. 9, containing full description of machinery in stock. Address,

H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

WHAT SHALL I DRINK!

THE MONTSERRAT

Lime Fruit Juice.

Cordial, most wholesome, delicious and cooling beverage. Strictly pure and entirely free from Alcohol. Gold Medal Calcutta Exhibition. Sold by all druggists and grocers. Sole proprietors H. SUGDEN EVANS CO., Montreal. Agents, JAS. H. PEARCE & CO., Toronto.

Burton's All Healing
TAR AND GLYCERINE

SOAP!

The best in the world for all diseases of the Skin, on Man or Beast
Sold by all druggists.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'S
TRANSPARENT
CARBOLIC ACID AND GLYCERINE
Is the best in the market.

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Finest Electro Gold and Silver Plate,

New York, Meriden (Ct.), Chicago, San Francisco, London, (Eng.).

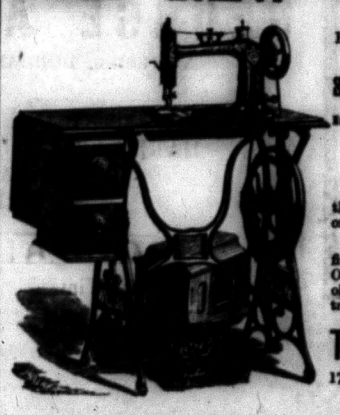
BRANCH FACTORY—Cor. Cannon and Wellington Streets, Hamilton, Ont.

TRADE MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY MARK

Many purchasers having through a similarity of names purchased other wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to ask special attention to the above TRADE MARKS. The fact that our names and Trade Marks are being so closely imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD.

TRADE
1847 Rogers Bros. A1.
MARK.

THE NEW WILLIAMS



High Arm Machine now recognized as the

Sewing Machine of the Period.

It is Light and Easy to run.

Silent and Rapid in movement.

Plain and Simple to learn!

It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

1783 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 58 King St., West, Toronto.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

PAID FOR

Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

363 **B. A. S. WILSON.**

HARVEST TOOLS !

Our Stock of Harvest Tools is complete in all lines

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Special value in CRADLES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the municipality of Marmora and Lake, to be held at the Town Hall, Marmora village, on Friday, August 22nd, 1884, that a by-law will be submitted to open up and legalize such ogening, also road running east from "Devine's Corners" across lot No 9 in the 8th concession, to a corner near the office of the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company, thence north until it intersects the old Malone road. All parties personally interested in the aforesaid by-law will hereby take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

HENRY M. JONES, M.D.,
Township Clerk.

Marmora, July 16th, 1884. 377-4

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Council of the municipality of Marmora and Lake, to be held at the Town Hall, Marmora village, on Friday August 22nd, 1884, that a by-law will be submitted for the purpose of closing up and giving to the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company in lieu of new road, that portion of the old Malone road commencing at its junction with the line between the 7th and 8th concessions, running easterly until it strikes the side line between lots 10 and 11, in the eighth concession. All parties personally interested in the aforesaid by-law will hereby take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

HENRY M. JONES, M.D.,
Township Clerk.

Marmora, July 16th, 1884. 377-4

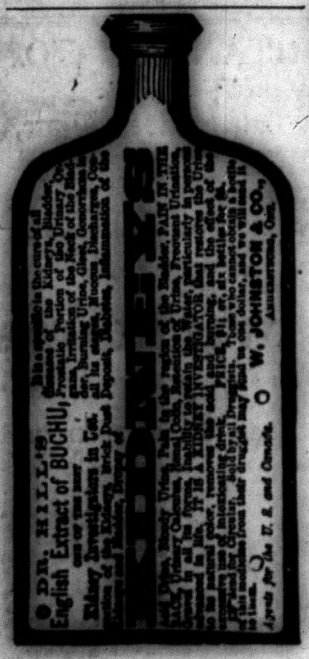
JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.



I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 1858.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

JANE WRIGHT.

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVES AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,00 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

E. B. Casement & Nails Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

E. B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 381. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, August 21, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

TOO HOT FOR ANYTHING.

Too hot to read, too hot to write,
Too hot to even be polite:
Too hot to sew, too hot to knit,
Too hot to be musquito "bit;"
Too hot to sleep, too hot to wake,
Too hot to brew, too hot to bake,
Too hot to think, too hot to talk,
Too hot to ride, too hot to walk;
Too hot to lecture or to preach,
Too hot to scold, too hot to teach;
Too hot for mantle, veil or glove,
Too hot to dream of making love;
Too hot to laugh, too hot to cry,
Too hot to live, too hot to die;
Too hot to whistle or to sing,
And oh! too hot for anything.

The Guelph Model Farm has cost the Province $585,280 in eleven years.

Six G. T. Ry. conductors have been suspended by the Company's detectives.

Texas boasts of a potato shaped exactly like a human foot, even to the five toes.

Kentucky, Southern Ohio and Indiana are again suffering from severe drought.

Smugglers have been carrying watches into Canada hidden in holes scooped in copies of the Bible.

Heavy crops are the rule throughout the province of Manitoba, wheat, barley and oats giving especially large returns.

Eggs are only 5 cents a dozen in Columbus, [illegible]s., three dozen for a quarter in Texas and a dozen for 50 cents in Nevada.

A terrible plague of locusts has visited central Spain, and the damage to crops about Cindad Real is estimated at ten millions of dollars.

Three deaths have been occasioned at St. Petersburg by blood poisoning, induced by the stings of flies, which had been feeding on cattle infected with rinderpest.

Thirty thousand head of cattle were shipped from Montreal to England in the four months ending the 2nd instant, an increase over last year of nearly a thousand.

Eighteen feet of signatures were recently appended to a requisition to London, a Lord Mayor to call a meeting to form a London Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The building trade in New York is nearly at a standstill on account of the strike of the bricklayers over the the nine-hour movement. Fifteen thousand men are idle owing to the strike.

Over six thousand packages of adulterated tea were rejected at the port of New York during the past month. The Canadian authorities have decided to admit into Canada no tea which has been rejected by United States authorities.

Business on all the lines of the Midland is reported very brisk. Contracts have been made for timber which will require all available rolling stock for two months. This with the grain shipments; which begin in a month, will in sure a busy year.

A cricket match of a novel and interesting kind recently took place in a part of Ireland, between 11 ladies on one side, playing with bats and 11 gentlemen on the other, with broomsticks." After great excitement." so goes the report," the match ended in a victory for the ladies by one wicket."

Mr. Mary E. Douglas, of Newark, N. J., who had been bedridden for yers, with a complication of diseases, has ben cured by faith. A number of her religious friends gathered about her bed on day last week and prayed for her rstoration to health, and for the first the in eight years she got out of bed ad stood on her feet.

On Thursday afternoon at Trenton, John Labelle and a comrade were at work hndling lumber at a pile at Gilmours' yard, when the pile fell, and the of a bord, striking Labelle in the chest, penetrated and tore open the left lung. The falng boards also broke his right leg. Th man who was working with Labelle received injuries in the back, but the are not serious. Labelle is in a precarous condition.

AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month, — Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent: interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

Tea! Tea! Tea!

We as usual are showing

Special Value in Tea,

in all grades.

JOHN DALE & SON.

FOR SALE.

ONE first-class Cooking Stove, large size, with copper reservoir.

D. C. CLARKE.

WANTED--- AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.

As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 388 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 362

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

PEERLESS

MACHINE OIL!

AT

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings.

Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

ICE CREAM
—AT—
LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.
Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

Ready-made CLOTHING.

We are showing

EXTRA VALUE

in all lines.

JOHN DALE & SON.

E. A. SEYMOUR,
General House Painter,
AND GLAZIER.
Madoc, - Ontario.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLO
MADOC.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.
Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	in 1st concession	Madoc,
	29	5th "	"
	29	7th "	"
W ½	30	9th "	"
N E ¼	13	10th "	Marmora,
	27	11th "	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. MCDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., adoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent: Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 241

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1877.

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered ember of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, - Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Mineral Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE--FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 336-tf

W. C. REID,
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.
Dealer in all kinds of
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Flowers, &c.

I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.

369 W. C. REID.

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallet & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO,

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS
AND OTHER
MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers,
Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager.
20 Front St. East, Toronto.

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

CHAPTER I.

"I have something to tell you, Mary."

Mary Ranley let her work fall into her lap, and looked up at the speaker. She was a tall, slim, dark-haired woman of seven or eight and twenty, with a plain, patient face and wistful eyes. She had not a single claim, in feature or coloring, to any of the acknowledged forms of prettiness, and yet something about her would have compelled a second glance from those who had obtained a first.

"Well, Tom, what is it?" Her face softened as her glance fell on Tom Danvers, handsome, blue-eyed, fair-haired Tom, whom people spoke of only to praise. They had been playfellows, these two, who were alike only in years. They were lovers now, and they would be husband and wife one day; at least that hope had beautified existence for both of them during seven years. Seven years! It is a big slice out of the best part of the allotted threescore and ten, although it was only lately that one of this faithful pair had begun to think so. The other had never thought it yet.

"What is it you have to tell me?"

Tom crossed the room, and bent over her to stroke her hair. The movement was a caress, and then it enabled him to avoid her eyes.

"I have been offered an appointment at Rangoon."

"At Rangoon!" She echoed the words without any intonation of surprise. "That is—"

"In Burmah. As if you did not know that and everything else, my little scholar; and Rangoon is a big place with openings for lots of fellows. Stephens has written, saying he needs a partner, and so I think, if you don't mind, that I shall go out there in a month or two."

Mary Ranley did not answer. In the pause that ensued she heard the purring of the cat on the hearth, and smelled the faint odor of the mignonette growing in the window box. She knew quite well that the linnets outside were piping to the roses and that Tom Danvers was waiting for her answer; but she also knew that her pulses were growing fainter and fainter, and that the weight of a long dreaded blow had fallen.

"Are you not getting on here?" she asked after a pause. "I thought you told me that your work was increasing; I thought you expected that we might marry in the Spring."

"It was all a mistake, due to my confounded hopefulness. I got a new case or two when Smithson was away for his holidays, but he holds the patients, and will go on holding them. The fact is, Mary, there is not scope here for two medical men, and I knew that, though I settled in the place when you wished it. But I have not made a hundred pounds in the past twelve months and you know that means failure."

"But I make a good deal by my teaching and I thought that, working together, we might get on."

"That is quite out of the question," he said, fretfully, turning away from the pleading, patient eyes. "I am not going to have my wife drudging all day long that we may not starve. I'll support her myself, or do without her."

The pale hands lying on the piece of needlework pressed each other a little, then the sweet voice spoke softly and firmly.

"I have been thinking often lately, Tom, that you would be wiser to do without me. You see we have known each other for so long that we have really grown to be more friends than lovers, and I am far older than you in reality, though not perhaps in years, and so I cannot help believing at times that our engagement has been a mistake."

"Oh, you do, do you!" wrathfully.

"You see it has lasted seven years now, and in seven years, you know, your science teaches that we change completely, and so I think, Tom, dear, that it would be far better if you planned your future without letting any thought of me hamper you. I am safe enough, you know; the high school pays me a comfortable salary, and I have grown accustomed to the routine of life with Mrs. Gillet, and so, dear, I can quite honestly offer to set you free." She was smiling at him bravely, and her eyes were very clear and bright, but she had an idea that her heart was weeping.

"You are tired of me, I suppose? You imagine that I am likely to be a failure, and you women care only for success," he answered bitterly.

"I suppose the working ones of us know that success comes some time to the steady and patient," she said, the first hard tone sounding in her voice.

"And have I not been either?"

"Dear Tom, don't imagine that I wish to find fault or criticise; I love you far too well for that; there is no one in all the world as dear to me as you are. But do you not think yourself that our engagement has been too protracted to seem hopeful now? You don't feel it as I do; it seems to take all my strength away to see our life together always slipping further and further off."

"If I make things worse for you, of course that alters matters." His face had lost its smiling softness, his brow was stern and angry.

"You are my youth and my happiness, the end of my dreams," she said passionately; "the want of you will leave my whole future barren."

"Then why need you give me up?"

"Because I think you will be freer without me; because you are learning to dread me, and so the love is growing imperfect!"

"It was for your sake I thought of Rangoon," he said sullenly.

"Yes,—dear, and it is for your sake, Heaven knows, that I propose to give you up. I am a drag on you, and what you feel for me is far more friendship than love."

"If you think so I have nothing more to say." He rose to go, stiffly, and then the tender heart in her failed.

"Oh, Tom, if it were not best for you, do you think I would have spoken?"

She wanted him to tell her that it was not best for him; she wanted him to prove to her that all her doubts were needless, but she had hurt him, and at her relenting he hardened himself.

"If it is best for you, that is enough," he said, and took his hat and left her without looking her again.

When the door had closed behind him Mary Ranley sat five minutes motionless. The airy bubble she had spent seven years blowing was shattered by her own touch. She scarcely realised what had happened yet, but there was a numb aching at her heart, far worse than any keen, comprehending pang. Tom was gone, and Tom was the lover of her whole life; but—and in this capacity she would miss him far more—he had always been her pet and protégé. What would her motherly nature do now, without any one to plan for or protect?

Would he write to her, she wondered, or would she be left always without tidings? And when would he go? And would he be relieved that they had parted after the first edge of pain had worn off?

Six days passed without even an indirect word from him, and the morning's work was acquiring a maddening monotony, and the evening silence a despairing loneliness. Maryhad few girl friends and no confidantes, and so her heart-ache missed the common alleviation of talking it over. If he never came or wrote, if she never heard of him again; there was no one in all the world to help or comfort her.

But he would not be cruel enough to treat her with silence forever; he would send her a message one day, and it would be one of peace and friendship. That faith grew in her day by day, battling with the growing despair; and then one day fact ranged itself on faith's side—a letter awaited her as she returned from the walk she had taken to escape from her thoughts.

But the letter was not from Tom; she saw that as she unfolded it. The writing was bigger, bolder, more legible. She read it all through before she reached the signature. When she had seen that she read the letter again. It was from John Hayward, the man she had always thought Mousie Graham's lover, and it contained an offer of marriage for herself.

"I have loved you always, Mary," he wrote, "and I have only refrained from telling you so because I had so little to offer till now. I did not dare ask you to share a worse home than you have been accustomed to, and so I held my peace. But at last I have attained to what I have honestly coveted so long; at last Armstrong & Co. have made me head of my department, and so I dare, after a devotion nearly as protracted as Jacob's, to ask you for my own."

It was a plain manly statement, and it went to Mary Ranley's sore heart. There was no gush, no agony of passion, in it; nothing but the simple tale of a man who had known her to be very patient and faithful. Yet his love for her startled her inexpressibly. She had never dreamed of it. There had never seemed anything but the merest good-comradeship in his attitude toward her—but of course his silence and self-restraint rendered his love all the more flattering, and John would make a good husband. Mary had an idea that the man who lived straightly and earnestly would love steadfastly, and she felt that the woman who became John Hayward's wife would have all chances of happiness in her favor. For an instant she wished this offer had come years before. Now, although Tom was not half so fine a character as John Hayward, she loved him, and that made all the difference.

When she came to think of it, it was odd that John made no mention of Tom. Surely he had known she was engaged to him; surely they had always made that patent to every one? Mary Ranley sat thinking over her offer in all its bearings, till the fire waned and her tea was ice cold.

John Hayward's offer was unexpected, but it was very fair and manly. She almost started to find she was considering it, that opposing counsel seemed to be arguing the pros and cons, with herself for judge and jury. On one side were love and ease and pleasure; on the other side was a barren life, holding only the memory of a disappointment. She was not a heroine, and teaching for her bread during a whole lifetime seemed sad and lonely enough.

But then, would not marriage with another than Tom seem almost sacrilege, after all they had planned together? Why their whole future had been mapped out with each other, and union with John Hayward would be but a dreary deception.

Her letter was written, hurriedly, at last, and when it was finished it was an acceptance. But she told John Hayward the truth. She had loved Tom Danvers honestly for years, but now that they had parted she did not think any memory of him would ever rise up between her and the husband she was prepared to accept and honor. She wrote this all quite calmly, but when it was finished she felt somehow as though she were twenty years older than she had been, and as if life had suddenly become quite humdrum and commonplace. Yet she had no thought of changing her mind. She rang the bell composedly for Bessie, the little maid-of-all-work, and gave her the letter with a hand that never faltered.

"This is your evening out, I think, Bessie. You may post this for me on your way through the village," she said, bethinking herself even of the little servant's affairs in that crisis of her life.

"Yes, Miss, surely," Bessie answered blushing, for she too had a lover, and these evenings out meant the joy of the whole week.

Somehow Miss Ranley felt that she wanted the letter out of her reach, and vacillation out of her power.

CHAPTER II.

"I have come to make things right. I can't do without you, Mary; you are my sheet-anchor; I have felt adrift since I lost you."

So Tom Danvers spoke, hurrying after her as she came home from afternoon school.

There was a drizzling rain falling, and the landscape was blurred, and the heavy clouds hung low, and the woman knew that the face she turned to her lover was pinched and white.

"I thought you had gone, Tom, it is so long since I heard of you."

"It is a week, and perhaps you did not ask about me. I never thought of going in any mad hurry like that. There is nothing decided even yet."

"Is there not? I thought—I had an idea there was," she answered, falteringly.

"Oh, no. Stephens only wrote to offer me the appointment, and I went to consult you about it when you took me up so shortly.

"I did not mean to hurt you," she protested, meekly.

"Well, perhaps some fellows don't mind being thrown over after seven years' waiting and just as there is a prospect of something definite at last."

"The prospect seemed very vague to me," smiling faintly.

"Oh, because you would not listen. Stephens offers me either three hundred as salary or a share in the proceeds, whichever I like, and he says the climate is good and living not very high, and I had almost persuaded myself, Mary, that we might go out together—married. But still, if you prefer me to grub on here, I shall do it, so as you continue to love me."

She had stopped, and they faced each other, and he saw now how pale she was.

"I would go with you to Rangoon if I could; it all seems so easy now, when it is too late," she answered with a break in her voice.

"And why is it too late?"

"Because I have promised to marry another man."

"You have? Well, certainly, you have not lost any time."

"I have not."

She could have laughed with the dreariest, most dismal mirth. She was so contemptible in her own eyes; all she had done looked so strange and uncalled for. Why, that very morning her senses had returned and she knew that a brave, strong-hearted, successful woman—for she was successful in her own way—has no right to throw herself on any man's charity just because he loves her and because her life-story has been mistold. If she had only waited to post her letter next day herself it would never have reached its destination. Now John Hayward had her promise.

There was no escaping from the position in which she had placed herself: there was no possibility of showing herself even excusable; she certainly had hastened with all speed from the old love to the new.

"I had thought you so different from that," Tom said with bewildered incredulity; "I thought you would have been faithful to me even if we had parted—for a while, at least."

"But I was weaker and meaner, you see. I wanted some one to keep me in idleness and buy me fine dresses and treat me well, and, when you could not do it, I closed with the offer of the first man who could." She seemed to take a certain bitter pleasure in her self-accusation now.

"Oh, Mary, I can't believe it. It's not possible! You who were always so high and far removed from the temptations that beset ordinary women!" he burst forth groaning.

"You overrated me; I overrated myself. You see now I am not worth taking to Rangoon, not worth loving or thinking about."

"But is it really true? Are you not torturing me with a cruel jest?"

"It is quite true; I have promised to be another man's wife, and I wrote him that no thought of you would ever stand between us," she answered, arraigning herself.

"Then you are a heartless woman, and I shall never forgive you!" he burst forth, pronouncing judgment on the spot, and then he rushed past her and out of her sight, while she continued her solitary way with laggard steps and a heart that lay in her bosom heavy as lead.

What can she do now? She has sown the wind, and the harvest of the whirlwind has been very swift and bitter. She has dallied with temptation, and her momentary unfaithfulness has cost her self-respect. But she will be true to herself at last; she will recall the promise that should never have been given. It will not matter as far as her happiness is concerned, but it will be the first step in the painful process of self-restoration.

When her recantation was written there was a load off her mind; but she was not in any fevor of impatience to post this letter—it would keep till she was on her way to school. After the hurried emotions of the last twenty-four hours she was physically tired, and so she sat rocking herself backward and forward in her wicker chair with a faint sensation of relief in the motion.

Twilight was fading and timid little stars were trembling into the sky beyond the uncurtained windows, when there came a soft tap to the door, and Mousie Graham's rosy roguish face peeped in.

"Oh, you are not busy—thank goodness for that! I was half afraid I might find you deep in the Differential Calculus, and I did so want a good long chat."

"Come in dear, I am so glad to see you; it is an age since you were here before."

"Grannie has been worse lately; weaker and more fretful, and so I felt I could not leave her without a special errand."

"But she is better to day."

"Oh yes, ever to much better, and then Aunt Lizzie came to pay her a little visit, so I left Grannie with her, and ran over to see you."

"That was very good of you my dear."

"Oh no, it was not; I came on business." Mousie laughed and flushed a little, then she drew a letter from her pocket. "This came addressed to me yesterday, but it is evidently meant for you. It is from that booby, John Hayward; he is always in the clouds, or among the cog-wheels of his looms, and so the result is a blunder." She unfolded the sheet as she spoke, and handed it to Mary, and this is what stood before the latter's astonished eyes:

DEAR MISS RANLEY.—In the pleasant excursion we had together last Summer I remember your mentioning a book on ferns that you desired to have, but could not get as you had forgotten the author's name. I have just come across a volume by Teakerstone, the opening chapter of which is on the Osmunda regalis. If you think this is the work in question I shall be happy to forward it to you. Sincerely yours,

JOHN HAYWARD.

Mary Ranley was sure some complex machinery in her head had got out of order, so loud and persistent was the whirring in her ears.

When she spoke at last her voice sounded faint and far away.

"Is your name Mary?"

"Of course it is, or rather Mary Ann, but everyone calls me Mousie except John Hayward. He thought Mousie no name for a girl, and so he always called me Mary—Miss Mary; it did sound so funny."

"Then, Miss Mary, I have an offer of marriage for you; it came to me, and, naturally enough, I took it to myself."

Mousie was so flurried that she did not notice her friend's perturbation.

"I fancied," she said, holding the letter in her hand, but not looking at it, "that he must have been writing to me and had mixed the covers. That is so like your very clever people! But how lucky the letter came to an engaged girl!"

"Well, I don't see the luck of it, for I wrote yesterday and accepted him."

"Oh, Mary! And Tom?"

"Tom and I had quarreled, and John's letter came at my worst moment, so I accepted him."

Poor Mousie's eyes grew dim.

"In that case, Mary, I suppose you had better keep the letter," she said, faltering a little. "It was really sent to you, and, after all, I don't mind so very much."

"You are a generous little darling, but there is no necessity for your sacrifice even if Mr. Hayward would permit it. I wrote him my recantation this afternoon. There is the letter; you can send it to him with your own. He will be sure of its genuineness that way."

Then the two girls kissed and cried over each other, and after the exchange of divers confidences Mousie went away, carrying John's letter, still unread, in her hand.

After she had gone Mary took out her needlework, with an undefined feeling that chaos had come again, and that in the midst of it it was well to hold on to some commonplace, every-day employment.

By and by Bessie came in with the tea-tray, and as she flitted about the table Mary spoke with the feeling of desperation which makes us always want to lay a finger on our wound.

"You posted my letter last night, Bessie?"

Bessie paused, the picture of consternation.

"Oh, Miss, I'm afraid I forgot all about it"

"You forgot to take it out, I suppose?" speaking in a voice so high and eager that it scarcely sounded like her own.

"Oh, no Miss; I took it and put it in my water-proof pocket, but Peter met me before I reached the office and then I forgot, but I'll run out with it now in a minute."

"Bring it to me instead, please; I don't want it posted now."

Bessie never knew till this hour why Miss Ranley gave her five shillings instead of the scolding she expected, neither does John Hayward understand why letter number one never reached him.

Tom Danvers went to Rangoon, as he had said, in much disgust and despair. Mary's unfaithfulness had turned the sunlight into darkness for him, but through his pain a certain resolution to be and do something grew daily. He would forget her, he would never speak of her, and if men uttered her name he would turn aside, but he would do so well with his own life that one day she would know him the superior of the man she had married. So, in much wrath and scorn, he sailed away to succeed or fail as might be.

As for Mary, her life was all at the dead level of monotony now. There was always the morning's work, always the evening's enforced idleness, and periodically the long empty holidays in which her loneliness grew only more assertive.

She was growing old, she would soon be 30, and already there where white threads in the glossy smoothness of her hair.

But she was a good teacher, she was a success in the high school, and she clung to that poor triumph as her last source of happiness. It was she, the strong one, who would do a small work in a small groove all her life, and Tom who would grow to success and power. But she deserved that for her wrong estimate of both of them. And every one knew that he was doing well and that he had forgotten her. Why, it was only the other day that Mr. Wheelhouse had stopped her to tell her that he had just been asking Tom by letter why he was neglecting Mary Ranley.

"It was very good of you," she had said, going home with another shaft rankling in her sore heart.

It was dusk as she went wearily down the street. It was very still and empty, and she felt thankful for that and for the coming peace of her solitary parlor. But she stood for an instant on the doorstep to watch the trembling stars, before she rang the bell.

Bessie answered it with a beaming face. She was very fond of Miss Ramley, who had always been kind to her.

"There is a visitor for you in the parlor, miss."

"Oh, very well." Mary expected one of the pupil teachers who wanted a certificate; so she went up-stairs and put her out-door things away, and brushed her hair, and then came down to be the school-mistress at home. But it was not Jane Blakeney who rose at her entrance, but a tall, brown-bearded man, who looked into her face, and then held out his hands to her without a word.

"Tom! she said with a little fluttering sigh; "Tom!"

"Yes, it is I. I came back as soon as ever I knew you were free."

"I have not deserved it."

"Perhaps not, but then, you see, I could not do without you. I need some one to scold and keep me right, I—"

"Oh, no, Tom, never again: old things and old habits are all ended."

"And you threw the other follow over!"

"No, not that exactly; it was all a mistake—all my pride and his stupidity; but I have been well punished for everything. I never thought you would come back."

"I did not mean to come back, till I found there was no getting on without you."

And then Mary burst into tears, and stood sobbing against his shoulder:

"Oh, Tom, I have missed you so!" she said.

"Well, I am here now to take care of you; won't that be reversing the old order of things?" smiling at her fondly.

And so it came about that Mary Ranley, despite her dangerous hesitation between two stools, found a comfortable seat on one of them, after all.

A Ride for Life.

A man named McCormick, who arrived from Montana this week, tells this story which, however we cannot vouch for:—On the way to Macleod he passed through the South Peigan Agency, where the Indians are at present in a very disturbed state, owing to the giving out of their rations. From the reserve he was followed by five Indians, who fired upon him. He had a good horse, and put the spurs to him, gradually pulling ahead of them. When he thought he had distanced his pursuers, he stopped and took off his saddle, to rest his horse and get something to eat. He had scarcely settled himself when, on looking up, he saw two Indians taking a bird's eye view of him from a butte. As soon as they saw that they were seen, they began pumping the contents of their rifles in his direction. He says he suddenly came to the conclusion that he was not hungry, and that he had urgent business farther north. He then saddled up and struck out for Macleod, which he reached without further accident.

It is stated in the *Cosmos les Mondes* that in the city of Utrecht, which is supplied with an exceedingly pure water, it has been found necessary to make use of tin service pipes coated externally with lead.

Unrewarded Heroes.

It is rather a strange thing that most of the heroes of history are unrewarded by deeds of bravery in war, in which they have sacrificed many lives, and in some instances their own, in support of principles and parties. They fought tangible foes for results that were almost sure to have direct effect upon temporary affairs.

There is another class of heroes which also includes many brave ones of the gentler sex, who do not flinch to go where duty calls them, no matter what the danger may be. They face invisible foes, and their victories are renowned for lives saved instead of lost. It requires a brave heart to enter into a conflict in which hundreds will fall, to oppose armed force with force; but how much more courage and constancy are needed to go into the house where deadly pestilence prevails and fight it day after day, week after week, to comfort the dying with the consolations of religion, give hope to the sick in body and at heart, to be patient and watchful through all, and yet have the fact every moment brought to mind that the nurse is just as vulnerable to the attacks of the mysterious foe as were its victims who are now writhing in its clutches.

There is said to be something inspiring in battle, something that makes the naturally brave man lose sight entirely of self and heed only the conflict. The roar of guns, the clash of arms and the sight of multitudes rushing to the charge draw the soldier onward, as the sound of bugle and the tramp of many hoofs influence the cavalry horse, that has lost the rider, but nevertheless keeps his place in the ranks. No battle cry cheers these other heroes. All is quiet except when broken by the rumble of a hearse or doctor's buggy over the stones, and the sobs and sighs of the bereaved and suffering—the well have fled; the sick and their faithful attendants alone remain.

To the fact that many such noble characters have existed in all ages, the world itself owes its life. Without them disease would soon ruin life, cities perish and the gardens of the earth become either wildernesses or deserts. During fearful cholera visitations, and wherever and wherever the yellow fever, small pox or plague have broken out with terrible effect, human nature has not proved wanting in pity. Heroes and heroines have sprang up on all sides, ready for the labor of love, whose only earthly rewards may be quiet graves, or in extreme cases in a quick-limed trench beside some of those whom they have been trying to save. The true nobility of character that takes such risks for others can never be described, but their example should be kept in mind and with it the thought that there is something braver than imperilling one's life in sanguinary conflict, and that is putting it at stake that those of others may be saved.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

Lord Randolph Churchill.

Scarcely above the middle height, of slight build, and apparently delicate constitution, Lord Randolph Churchill has smooth dark brown hair, parted down the middle and thin at the crown. The head is small, the eyes large, the nose short, and the cheek bones somewhat high. His lordship's moustache is, however the most conspicuous object of his personal appearance. It is the large blonde moustache of a Zouave of politics. Once, by mistake, Mr. Jacob Bright alluded to the noble lord as "the member for Woolcock," and the House laughed consumedly. And once a newspaper scribe hit upon a happier title, "The Bantam of Debate." From four o'clock in the afternoon, all through dreary question time, he sits impatiently in his place, gently agitating his left knee, nursing above his right, and affectionately caressing the moustache. Dexter and sinister hands go up alternately to the silky darling of his lips. Fresh with rest, or haggard and pale with late hours, Lord Randolph never ceases to fondle the moustache. It lends an added joy to the unfrequent hour of victory, or while Lord Hartington, sixteen years his senior, attempts, but fails, to wither him with an assumption of patriarchal superiority. Undoubtedly this old-young man prefers politics to what is called pleasure, yet does not ignore the claims of society in the world of words. He is of the very few members of Parliament who dress for dinner. So the flowers and songsters of the virgin forest, unseen, unheard of man, are made pleasant to look on; and what nature does for bud and blossom, the barber and the tailor do for the lively leader of the Fourth Party. Lord Randolph's clothes are, however, but the husk of him, the outside part first seen. The kernel within seems sound, and, if carefully preserved, may hereafter become illustrious. His industry is marvellous, his readiness of resource worthy of all praise; and though he speaks frequently, he is on the whole worth listening to. He is not eloquent with the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright. He has, indeed, a slight lisp, an imperfection of vocal delivery which spoils his pronunciation of some of the consonants, particularly of the letter S. It, however, he never rises to lofty heights of declamation, he seldom sinks below the safe level of commonplace. His occasional observations are neatly turned, and his set speeches cleverly constructed. He is scarcely ever at a loss for an idea, never for a word. Reverence—what is called veneration—cannot, however, be described as his strong point. Supposed to be subordinate to Sir Stafford Northcote, when it suits him to do so, he defies his chief; and the approved leaders of the Liberal Party fret under his stinging and unsparing invective. Though not always brilliant, his sallies are often cutting. His daring knows no bounds. Mr. Gladstone once called across the floor that he had utterly smashed, pulverised, and demolished him. That was a mistake. The Prime Minister might as well have attempted to annihilate a Jack-in-the-Box by shutting down the lid.

A Kiss Explained.

A kiss is a paroxysmal contact between the labial appendages attached to the superior and inferior maxillaries respectively of a man and woman or two women. The younger the parties are the more paroxysmal will be the paroxysm, and in case it be observed by the fond father of the paroxyzed young lady, there is also likely to be perigree between the paroxyzer's pedalic junction and the phalanged extremities of the metatarsus, and other bric-a-brac depending from the lower end of the old gentleman's right leg. The kiss itself is not the paroxysm. It is merely the vibrations of the superincumbent atmosphere resultant from the expulsion of sweetness from each of the pairs of lips engaged in creating it.—*Bloomington Mail.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

Education in France—Skobeloff on the Eastern Question—The Spanish Navy—Bottling Tears—The Cholera Germ—&c., &c.

Since the organization of Mr. Spurgeon's Stockwell orphanage 924 fatherless children have been sheltered and cared for. The number of boys in residence last year was 237, and of girls 166. The distinctive feature of this orphanage is a system of cottage homes, each home containing its own family under the direction of its matron.

A portion of the tunnel being excavated in Glasgow for an underground railway recently fell in. The eighteen men who had been working were on the surface at the time having just taken their evening meal. The foreman who was to give orders for their return was late that day, else they would have been in the tunnel at the time of the accident.

From a bedroom in Windsor castle were recently stolen a valuable gold watch and a silver chain and medal. Suspicion fell upon two privates of the Coldstream guards, who had been mounted upon the terrace near the room. Nothing was found upon the men, but near the tower where they were stationed the watch was discovered concealed in the ivy.

At Wrexham, in Wales, a few weeks ago, one of the attendants at a menagerie, while cleaning out the cage of the lions, placed his right arm inside the bars, when one of the animals suddenly tore it off at the elbow. During the panic which ensured a number of persons were more or less seriously injured, a report having been started that the lion had escaped from its cage.

A revolution in the match-making industry may be expected. The Russian department of commerce and manufacturers has recently awarded a patent to the inventor of a means for so impregnating wood with a liquid that, when dried, it lights with slight friction and can be used several times over, thus securing, according to the inventor, an economy of at least 75 per cent.

In the early months of the present session of parliament sixty-five measures were introduced by the government. Thirteen of them have since been withdrawn, and only sixteen have as yet received royal assent. Five others have passed the house, including the franchise bill. Of the remaining thirty-one, twelve are in the committee stage and thirteen still await a second reading.

During the recent heavy rainfall in Poland and Galicia whole districts were completely flooded, hundreds of families losing their homes. At one small trading town the value of the hay washed away was $60,000; at another it was $30,000, and in a third $10,000. No fewer than a hundred villages have been ruined. Old inhabitants say nothing equal to the devastation has occured since 1813.

Gibraltar having been included by Spain in the recent order to enforce quarantine on all English arrivals, the authorities at Gibraltar, by way of reprisals, have expelled from within the lines all Spaniards who did not possess annual licenses. The number thus expelled is variously estimated at from 4,000 to 6,000. They are principally laborers, and nearly all of them are in a destitute condition.

Politics in Roumania are in a state of considerable confusion. The conservatives have secured the support of students, and a part of their programme comprises a scheme for dethroning King Charles and placing in the vacant office the Duke of Edinburgh. A correspondent who disbelieved this story at first has had its truth confirmed to his satisfaction by overtures made by the conspirators to intimate friends of his.

Mr. John Sullivan, editor of the *Jersey Observer*, has received authority from her majesty to translate into the Norman language and to publish her work "More leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands." In his letter signifying the royal pleasure to this effect, the queen's prive secretary says: "I think it will be a source of gratification to her majesty to find an interest shown in the Channel islands in regard to her little work."

The Societe Hippique in Paris, which undertakes to look to the well-being of horses, has adopted among its reforms one to the effect that no carter shall be allowed to water his horse at the cab-stands, and as a substitute it has placed a number of buckets and sponges at the public houses in all the chief thoroughfares. The innkeepers consider this a wise measure, for they find that they can profitably entertain the teamsters while the horses are quenching their thirst.

The porte is preparing to take a bold step. It was announced that on the 4th of August it would place sentinels at the foreign post-offices in the capital to prevent letters from being posted. It has also sent a circular to its representatives at the European courts announcing its intention to get rid of the whole capitulations which only give the right to the European embassies to receive and send letters by special couriers, and to discard every other kind kind of foreign interference.

Commercial enterprise has taken a new direction in Italy. The Milan Society for the Commercial exploration of Africa has organised a circumnavigation of Africa, with a view to affording the pupils of the high school of commerce an opportunity of becoming acquainted with likely markets for Italian products. The steamer will leave Genoa Sept. 1. to be absent four months, and the tourists are to be accompanied by a professor to lecture on the commercial geography of Africa.

In Brunswick the supreme court of the duchy is at present engaged with a case which commenced in 1604 before the then imperial court of Weltzar. It was carried on for half a century, and was then left in abeyance till a comparatively recent period. It involves a claim set up by the counts of Stolberg against the administrators of the ducal private domain for the restriction of the whole of the estates, forests, and mines in the county of Blankenberg (Hartz mountains), which are valued at nearly £1,000,000. The Duke of Brunswick is the real defendant.

The *Secolo*, newspaper of Milan, says that the cholera germ described by Dr. Koch was discovered by an Italian, Dr. Filippo Pacini as far back as thirty years ago. In a treatise by Pacini published in 1854 in the *Italian Medical Gazette*, and translated into French in the "Archives of Military Medicine of Brussels" in 1855, and into English in the "Report on the Cholera Epidemic of 1856, he described the cholera as being due to the action of "a very simple organism which I shall call a cholerale microbe." Dr. Pacini's treatise was published in 1865, 1866, 1871, and 1879.

The old custom of bottling tears is still continued in Persia. It must be very old, as it is alluded to in the Psalms of David. As the mourners are sitting around and weeping the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool, with which he wipes off his tears. This cotton is afterwards squeezed into a bottles, and the tears preserved as a powerful and efficacious remedy for reviving a dying man after every means have failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. The practice was once universal, as is evidenced by the tear-bottles which are found in almost every ancient tomb.

The Spanish navy consisted in 1883 of five iron-clads, an iron-clad monitor, a floating battery, and 117 other vessels. The navy possesses 35 gun-boats for the defense of the islands of Cuba and Port Rico. According to the new proposals, the reorganization of the fleet ought to be completed in ten years, at the end of which time Spain would possess 12 iron-clads, 2 iron-clad cruisers, 7 first-class cruisers, 9 second-class cruisers, 11 third-class cruisers, 32 torpedo boats, and 6 transports. A sum of 230,000,000 pesetas (about $46,000,000), to be spent in ten years, is demanded from the government.

On the recent anniversary of the death of Gen. Skobeloff, a mass was performed in the Kazan cathedral, at St. Petersburg, at which however, very few persons attended. The *Nowoe Vremya*, lamenting his forgetfulness of the illustrious dead, publishes a very remarkable letter of Skobeloff, written in 1881 to a Moscow journalist. In this letter Skobeloff says that it is necessary for Russia to approach the eastern question—namely, the annexation of the Bosphorus—by the help of the central Asian question. Russia's safety and greatness the general believed to be dependent on the developement of her commercial centres. Under the pressure of the Polish question a regular developement would be impossible, and only on the annexation of the Bosphorus would Russia be able repeat Kosciusko's "Finis Poloniæ." To resist the Austrain advance to Salonica Skobeloff advocated the alliance with England, who, as the price of her alliance, should be rewarded with the whole of central Asia, which for Russia, whose end and aim is the possession of the Bosphorus, could only be of temporary importance.

M. Levasseur recently read to the Academie des Sciences an interesting report upon the progress made in primary education throughout France during the last five years. The annual ordinary expenditure has increased during that period by 37 per cent, from £2,988 696 in 1877 to £4,690 402 in 1882, while the extraordinary expenditure provided for by the law in 1880 for equipping and endowing primary schools has been between eight and nine millions during the same period. The number of primary schools has increased during the five years from 71,547, to 75 535, the increase being chiefly in public and lay schools. The number of pupils in the public and free schools has risen from 4 716,935 in 1876 1877 to 5,341,211 in 1881-1882, and of this latter total 4 350 256 were students in the public schools. The progress in public education has been entirely confined to the lay schools, which have gained 584,968 students since 1878, while the public religious schools have lost 208,514. But in the free schools the reverse has happened, the religious ones having increased by 140,337 student, while the lay free schools have lost 44,667. The number of pupils in the infant schools has increased during the same period from 532,077 to 644 334.

In Summer, Remember

1. That infectious diseases generally are due to filth in some form—most of them directly to divers kinds of microscopic plants (bacteria) which gain entrance into the system through the lungs or the stomach. Invading the wonderful laboratories of life,—the infinitesimal cells,—they disorganize these just as the yeast plants, multiplying to countless millions, disorganize every particle of the dough—or would do so, if not themselves killed by the heat of the oven.

2. Remember that the best preservative against them is high health, which either digests them in the stomach, or repels them from gaining a foothold, and eliminates them from the system.

3. Remember that the next best preservative against infectious diseases is a free and strong circulations of pure air through the house from cellar to attic. The danger is when large numbers of bacteria gain admittance. There is slight probability that a foothold will be gained by these invaders when their number is comparatively few.

4. Remember that in our cities and large towns the sewers, constantly receiving the excreta of the sick, are never free from infectious bacteria; that these readily pass up into dwellings through every open connecting pipe; that these pipes should be kept closed when not in use; and that they should in no case, enter a sleeping room, but only into a well-ventilated water-closet.

5. Remember that, in the country, wells are dangerous when they are within one hundred feet of a privy or cesspool.

6. Remember that while boiling may purify infected water, mere filtering never renders it safe.

7. That all water-closets, cesspools, etc., should be frequently disinfected, copperas, (sulphate of iron) being a good and cheap disinfectant for the purpose.

8. That a deodorizer is not necessarily a disinfectant. We may kill a bad smell, and not kill the bacteria.

What She Was Sorry For.

It is related that a confessor once had much difficulty in getting an old Irishwoman, a regular penitent of his, to recollect any sin. She could not remember that she had done anything wrong at all. At last after a severe examination, he asked her if she could remember any sin of her past life. No. Anything she was sorry for? "Sure, father," she answered. "I'm sorry I ever came to this country!"

The man who walks round and round without an object is not lost, but more fatigued than the one who walks with firm step the same distance to reach a given point. Thought is always busy, and when it moves only in a circle it is more wearisome, because more uninteresting, than when it marches with steady and elastic tread to the goal of knowledge.

A THIEF IN A COFFIN.

Novel Plot to Rob a Cathedral.

The city of Mexico, the scene of many peculiar crimes, is just now agog over the performance of a thief, which is generally admitted to surpass anything on record. A few days ago several men went to the priest in charge of the Santa Cruz church in that city and asked permission to hold funeral services over the remains of a deceased friend at 4 o'clock the next morning. There was nothing unusual in the request, for many people in that country bury their dead early in the morning before mass, and the priest gave his permission, agreeing to be present. The men then said they would like to leave the corpse over night, and to this the clergyman also consented. Some time after dark the men appeared bearing a coffin, which they carried up the main aisle and deposited in front of the altar. They then withdrew, promising to be there early the next morning.

About midnight the sacristan was awakened by the barking of his dogs, and feeling that something was wrong he dressed hastily and stepped from his room into the chancel. A dim light was

BURNING NEAR THE ALTAR,

by means of which he could see a figure moving slowly on the other side of the chancel. Making up his mind that robbers were in the church he ran quickly to his room for a pistol, and then made a search of the church. No one was to be seen. On the altar he found everything safe, but when he came to examine the images of the saints he soon saw that the costly jewels with which they had been ornamented were gone. He then redoubled his efforts to find the thief, but after half an hour passed in searching every nook of the great edifice he was more mystified than ever, for he not only could not find the offender, but he could discover no place where he could have come in or gone out. Just before he determined to give the alarm he thought of the corpse lying down below the chancel rail in the shadow, and the idea came to him that perhaps there might be something wrong about it. Lighting a candle he stepped softly to the bier and peered into the face of

THE SUPPOSED DEAD MAN.

As he looked he noticed that the eyelids of the "corpse" twitched nervously under the light, and at the same time his own eyes fell on some of the glittering jewels which lay beside the man in the coffin.

Overjoyed at finding the thief, the sacristan thrust his revolver into the face of the "corpse" and ordered him to get out. The cold steel on the man's forehead convinced him that the order must be obeyed, and a most extraordinary resurrection took place then and there. When the man had gained his feet, the sacristan, still covering him with his pistol, gathered up the jewels and then marched the culprit to the priest's house where he was turned over to the police. Several soldiers were then stationed in the church, and when the thief's confederates arrived in the morning they were taken into custody. At first they denied all knowledge of the conspiracy, but after a little one of them confessed and told the whole story. He said they intended to go through the form of a funeral ceremony and then carry their friend out to the cemetery, and after letting him out of the coffin, bury it and leave the country as speedily as possible. They will be severely punished.

The Art of Tattooing.

Englishmen only tattoo flags, leaves or flowers. The French don't do much. A flag, laid on flat, or a liberty-cap, is about their best. It is in the Sandwich Islands that the best artists are found. The Kanakas use indigo and cinnibar, all vegetable matter. A shark's tooth or a fish-bone is used. They accomplish excellent results. The bone is set in a stick, and then the tension is put on the flesh with their feet, as they beat the picture in bit by bit. Snakes, fish, and alligators are their strong points. The Japanese and Chinese are experts after a fashion. They draw only Chinese or Japanese pictures, and generally put the name of the object under what they portray. Turks and Russians know absolutely nothing about it, though I've seen sailors of both nationalities who were tattooed.

The sailors are the nomads of the profession. They go from port to port, and some of them are so well known that they have customers awaiting their arrival in nearly every harbor they enter, Spanish or Italian cities for instance. There is always a floating population in those seaports, and "Jack" gathers in a good many pesetas and silver scudi. In the East Indian ports, especially Bombay, he is in great demand among the Lascars and light-colored Hindoos. The latter are very partial to vermillion—which is red oxide of mercury, and therefore makes the flesh very sore. Often the "subject" gets quite ill from its effects on the system. There are only two colors that can be worked into flesh—black and red. The black Indian ink turns blue! There is no blue ink. It is a mystery which science has never solved. The change in color is due to some action of the blood doubtless.

An Ingenous Convict.

An ingenious contrivance, to be used in effecting the escape of a convict named Theodore Schelf from Sing Sing prison, was captured by Principal Keeper Connaughton, recently. This convict was a skilled machinist, and worked in the machine shop. The contrivance was made of tin, and designed to be strapped securely over the nose and mouth, in front of both of which were openings leading to a tube about an inch in diameter and three inches long, to which was to be attached a longer tube. The design of the man was to jump off the dock when unobserved, having previously strapped this contrivance to his face, and walk off on the bottom of the river with the air tube extending above the water. In this manner he could have walked or floated around the prison walls before going ashore. The keeper found the apparatus among Schelf's tools at his bench in the workshop. The man was all ready to go, and when searched it was found that he had a picture of his wife attached to some strings down his back. He said that he did this so that if he should get drowned or shot in his attempt to escape this picture would lead to his wife's identification. He has been taken from the machine shop, where he has proved himself too handy, and placed in the shoe shop, where his facilities for constructing such machines will not be be so ample. He is a German, 26 years old, and was sentenced by Judge Gildersleeve Jan. 15 for four years for grand larceny.

DANCING DERVISHES.

A Singular Sect in the Moorish Quarters of Algiers.

One evening during our stay in Algiers, we were informed that the dancing dervishes, or aissaoui, as they are called, were to give a performance. Accordingly that evening, having procured a guide, we proceeded to the place where the performance was to be given, driving through the narrow streets connecting the French with the Moorish quarter of the town, until they became so narrow and winding that it was impossible to go farther. Here we left the carriages in a small square, where four flat stones imbedded in the ground marked the spot where prisoners were formerly beheaded, and walked on through the narrow, dimly-lighted street, and on arriving at our destination were ushered into a large old Moorish house with its central open court, galleries, and communicating rooms. On two sides of this court, which was lighted by flickering candles, are benches for spectators, while before them about fifty Arabs in their picturesque costumes were sitting cross legged, smoking and drinking coffee. In the centre of the court was a large square carpet, upon which was a brazier of burning charcoal, and behind it was a lighted candle about three feet in height. Behind these candles six musicians were seated, in the centre of whom was the master of ceremonies or high priest of the order, an intelligent appearing Arab of perhaps 40 years of age. In the gallery immediately above us, partially concealed by screens of rugs or shawls were many Moorish women, and when the exercises became exciting one could occasionally catch a glimpse of a pretty face. At a given signal the music commenced. The instruments were immense tambourines, perhaps two and a half feet in diameter, which they tuned to the right musical pitch by occasionally heating them over the charcoal fire. The noise produced by these instruments was deafening and monotonous. They continued pounding steadily for perhaps twenty minutes with no result, when all at once a young man rushed into the centre of the circle with a scream and commenced to

DANCE AND GESTICULATE WILDLY.

He was immediately seized by the attendants, who divested him of his outer garments and ornaments. He then, with a vacant, staring expression, began to dance wildly before the tall candle. It could hardly be called a dance, as his feet were stationary.

He simply threw his head and body backward and forward, all his muscles being completely relaxed, his head almost touching the flame of the candle as it swung forward. His face soon became red and he began to froth at the mouth. He was soon joined by two others. An attendant kept them in line, not allowing them to get too near the candle, and occasionally joining their hands. Soon a wild looking, emaciated old man sprang into the centre of the circle with a scream. After he had been divested of his outer garments he did not dance, but commenced pointing with wild screams, at different persons in the room. He then placed his heel in the centre of the burning charcoal until the smoke and odor of burning flesh filled the room. The performance was rendered more effective by his continual screams and by the unearthly noise of the tambourines. He then withdrew his foot, and a redhot shovel having been handed to him, he rapidly struck it with his open hand and then drew his finger slowly across it, producing, probably, a slight blister. A heavy sharp pointed instrument was then handed to him, which the old man placed against his abdomen and proceeded to pound against the other end with a heavy brick, which he broke into several fragments. He then, with apparently great effort, pretended to withdraw it, but as its withdrawal was not followed by blood, and as he immediately covered up the spot with his clothing, we concluded that the instrument did not penetrate the flesh at all. He then kissed the priest and ran into an adjoining apartment, where he placed his foot in water and afterward resumed his seat with the others.

Meanwhile the three dancers, who had continued bobbling wildly up and down, had fallen to the floor in an exhausted condition and had been assisted out of the room by the attendants. The performers, though some were wild and emaciated in appearance, did not show scars, and though those whose heads were not shaved showed irregular losses of hair, as though it might have been pulled out, still they all appeared to be in fair physical condition. At this time there was a temporary lull in the proceedings. The tambourines continued to beat monotonously, and the habitues of the place were evidently awaiting some new development.

An Arab who sat near me spoke to me in French, saying: "Watch that old man; he is the best performer of the party." The man in question was a fine looking old Arab richly dressed, wearing spectacles, who was

STROKING HIS LONG GRAY BEARD

and smiling serenely. Near him was another old man, watching the proceedings. The chief evidently did every thing in his power to excite him. At stated intervals the musicians would beat the tambourines fast and furiously. At such times the old man would sway backward and forward, and look wildly about, muttering to himself. He even, at one time, unbuttoned his outer garments, evidently preparing for his approaching fit. He would then subside again, and finally buttoned up his coat, and did not perform during the evening.

Soon, however, the other old man, without warning suddenly fell forward into the circle. He was raised by the attendants, who, as in the previous cases, took off his watch and outer garments.

He then commenced to repeat in a loud voice certain Arabic sentences. A tambourine was then passed about the audience, containing perhaps ten stones, varying in size from one-fourth to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and a rusty nail. One of these stones was then passed to the old man, who, holding it between his thumb and fore finger, placed it in his mouth and swallowed it. He then swallowed all the stones, finishing with the rusty nail. There was no opportunity for deception, as his arms were bare, and he invariably opened his mouth to show that it was empty. It is said that a member of the order has recently died from the effect of swallowing nails. After he had finished his performance he resumed his seat, adjusting his garments, receiving many congratulations from his friends. The music then became more furious and deafening, the uproar was increased by shrill screams of encouragement from the women above, and shortly three new men rushed into the circle—dancing and screaming. Three redhot shovels were handed them, which they struck as the first performer had done, while one of the number took the red hot shovel between his teeth, and held it there until there was

A DISTINCT ODOR OF BURNING FLESH.

They then took the red coals from the brazier, chewed and swallowed them, while the black froth ran from their mouths. Two large portions of prickly cactus, covered with long, sharp needles, were then handed to them. These they seized furiously struggling for the largest portions, which they chewed and swallowed—meanwhile frothing and foaming from the mouth. Eight scorpions were then placed in a tambourine and passed about for the inspection of the audience, ugly crawling reptiles resembling small crabs. These were then given to the performers, who held them in their hands, not allowing them to fasten upon their fingers, however. Then at a given signal they ate the struggling reptiles, the disgusting crunching sound being very distinct—fighting as before for the largest, flavoring the morsel with charcoal and prickly cactus, meantime screaming and dancing. Our curiosity having been satisfied, we left, although the performance was supposed to continue throughout the night. We paid our fee to the Arab who had conducted us to the place, though our regular guide a pious old Arab, whose religious scruples would not allow him to visit such a place, to drink wine, to have but one wife, and who felt himself obliged to pray at least five times daily, sometimes to our inconvenience, said that the performers would get but a very small portion of the money which we had paid him.

The conclusion we arrived at concerning the performance: That the performers took care that they did not seriously injure themselves; that they were willing to dance, to swallow stones and disgusting objects, and endure a certain amount of pain, for the money which they received and the distinction which they enjoyed; that they really became very much excited by the furious music, and that some among them were doubtless insane, while others were simply actors.

This sect was founded about 200 years ago in Morrocco by a Sidi Mohammed Ben Aissa, who is said to have proved himself a saint by casting himself down from a high tower without injury. He and his followers, after having been banished from Morocco, went into the desert and there found themselves able to nourish themselves, upon sticks, stones, scorpions, etc., a talent which has been handed down to their descendants. The headquarters of the sect are in Morocco. There, during the religous festival of last winter, the disciples of this creed rushed wildly through the streets, seizing living sheep, tearing them limb from limb and eating the raw flesh. At that time Europeans were cautioned not to approach them. Their performances are said to be discountenanced by the more intelligent Arabs.—*Boston Transcript.*

Bob Burdette's Ideal Old Man.

Man never attains his ideal. He comes nearest it the day he leaves school; all that year he hovers around it in pleasant proximity. Sometimes I think he quite attains it on commencement day. But a year away from school, he and his ideal part company. He sees it drifting farther away from his eager hands. I have, in my own brilliant and aggressive career, pursued several fleeting and more or less perfect ideals. From where I now stand, at the distance pole, I can see the majority of them scooting under the wire, and I feel that I am shut out. One, I can see, is yet in nearer sight, and I am very loth to see it get entirely away from me.

I have my ideal of physical perfection in the aged. This is the manner of old man I want to be. I am not a tall man now. I do not really have to stand up to look over the back of a car seat. I stand merely because I see farther. But as I grow old I want to fat up. I want to develop a capacious bay window, so that when my summer vest is hanging on the line it will look like a schooner coming down "wing and wing." Then I can wear my watch in my fob, with a great big seal dangling from it like a bell clapper. I want to be short in the breath and wheeze when I climb up stairs, and puff and pant when I walk up hill, and have to take two steps to cross the gutter. And I would wear a clawhammer coat, with wide lapels, all the time, and carry my handkerchief in my hat. I would like my hair to turn snow white or else fall off, I am not very particular which. I would like my moustache to bleach out until it looked like a streak of flour across my lip. I believe this is all. I think that is a pootograph of the kind of an old man I would like to be. This my ideal old man. Cane and wheezy laugh, of course.

And I am just as confident as I am that I will die rich that, as I grow old, I will arrivel up and dry out until I look like a mosstring with clothes on.

"Good Morning."

It is astonishing, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, how old this salutation is, and how it differs, says a contemporary, among various races. The Greeks wished a man to be of "a good cheer." The Romans trusted that their friends might that day find themselves in a state of health and safety. The reason explains itself. The Greek was "a gay dog" and happiness at any cost his ideal. Hence be of "good cheer"—make the most of the moment. The Roman, however, surrounded by the cares of a vast empire threatened now by one foe and again by another, used a more solemn greeting. "Health" was his first wish, because his idolized Rome was surrounded by fogs. "Safety" was his second wish for at any moment the fateful end of all things might come. In China "good morning" almost grows comic. It means there, "have you eaten your rice, and is your stomach working well?" Fancy putting these phrases to an Englishman! Yet, after all, there is a good deal of wisdom in his salutation. A good appetite for breakfast, be it a bread-and butter meal or be it a repast on rice, means, as a rule, a good day, and, following a good day, a good night, and with a good night, pleasant sleep and renewed strength, for the morning again. A man whose stomach, too, is working well is a man whose temper is equable, and who will therefore, generally speaking, be happy and sunny minded. Upon these considerations therefore, it would almost seem that pig-tailed John's "good morning" is the wisest of those named.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, AUGUST 21, 1884.

Notice to Subscribers!

As a general response to enquiries received almost every week at this office we will, in our issue of the 4th of September next, send to every subscriber of the REVIEW a statement of his account with the paper, as shown by our Books at the present time. We are induced to do this by the repeated requests received by mail from many of our subscribers, who wish to keep posted as to their standing.

As our financial ability to keep on paying for the paper, ink, wages, etc., necessarily expended for the REVIEWS we have been sending to many for the past six and seven years, without their paying us a single cent, is now completely exhausted, we will after the above date strike all such off our books without further notice, place their names on our "Black List," and invoke the aid of the law in getting our money.

——THE WRIT for a new election for the Legislature, in Lennox, caused by the late death of A. H. Roe, has been issued. The nomination takes place at Napanee to-day, 21st, and the election on Thursday next the 28th.

——GENERAL GORDON, it appears, is not so badly off after all, as the authorities have just received a letter from him dated Khartoum, July 20th. in which he says that he is not only safe, but that he is making it interesting for the rebels and also that he intends continuing in this line all summer until the British expedition arrives. We believe Gordon will come out of this Soudan business with greater laurels than ever, personally, but his safe deliverance will bring no credit to the British authorities who sent him there and then abandoned him.

——THE beautiful consistency of Canadian politics is again being made apparent. Elections are now pending in Lennox for the Legislature, and in West Ontario for the Commons. In the former constituency the Tories have nominated Mr. Blackstock, a Toronto lawyer, and in the latter the Grits are running Mr. J. D. Edgar, also a Toronto man. In both constituencies the opposing parties of the above candidates are howling themselves hoarse about the evils of importing outsiders to represent them, while their friends uphold in one case what they are so loud-mouthed in crying down in the other. Verily, political opinions are very changeable.

——A GOOD DEAL OF SQUABBLING is going on between the party journals over the qustion of whose is the victory in the Boundary Award case. The Liberals say that it is theirs, inasmuch as they have received all they contended for. The Conservatives claim it because the Privy Council decided it, all they say that they ever asked. It has been a disgraceful dispute all through, and entirely unworthy of the two political parties, who vaunt their loyalty so prominent before the people about election times, but who, nevertheless, are willing at all times to make political capital even at their country's disgrace. We hope the Boundary case is settled forever; let us hear no more of it.

The Kaladar sink-hole on the Ontario and Quebec railway line is solid at last. It has gone down some ten or twelve times since grading commenced.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Indigestion and Liver Complaints.—The digestion cannot be imperfect or seriously disordered without the effects of such derangement becoming visible on the countenance. These Pills at once remove the disorder and its unpleasant consequences. They stimulate the digestive and assimilative functions, and consequently promote that great blessing—a good appetite. Holloway's Pills most satisfactorily remove all deranged or diseased action of the many organs engaged in extracting nourishment for our bodies from our various diets—as the liver, stomach and bowels, over all of which they exercise the most salutary control. By resorting at an early stage of the malady to these purifying and laxative Pills, the melancholy and jaundiced dyspeptic is speedily restored to health and strength, and his sallowness gradually vanishes.

DISTRICT DOINGS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges

The Apple Crop throughout the District promises to be abundant.

A case of malignant scarlet fever has been discovered at Campbellford.

The Campbellford *Herald* man has received a potato which weighs two pounds.

The nomination in West Ontario takes place on the 22nd, and the polling on the 29th.

A large number of storekeepers in Kingston have been summoned for conducting business on Sunday.

An excursion party numbering about 1,400 went from Toronto to Peterborough on Monday, over the O. & Q. Railway.

An old resident of the Limestone City is busily engaged in the endeavour to invent a machine for securing perpetual motion.

A new bell, weighing 1,600 pounds, is being placed in the R. C. Church at Napanee. Bishop Cleary will bless the bell in two weeks

Amherst Island has a lady jig dancer that for endurance cannot be beaten. She tired three Kingston young men out on the boat in one evening.

A Kingston bicyclist is to have a trial of speed with a fast horse in a few days. The cyclist has already worsted the horse and thinks he can do so again.

A number of fast young boys belonging to some of the most respectable families in Gananoque, have lately been detected pilfering from different stores.

One of Kingston's oldest and most esteemed blacksmiths has lately taken unto himself a third wife. The latter is but twenty-five years of age and he is seventy-five.

Mr. Crossen, of Cobourg, says he never, since he began to manufacture, had so many men in the iron department as he has at the present time. He forges ten tons of bar iron daily.

Great excitement was occasioned at Port Hope last week by the disappearance of a young girl. It was feared she had been eaten by bears, but she safely returned after a few days' absence.

The Government have offered a reward of $250 for such evidence as will lead to arrest and conviction of the party who, on the night of the 18th ult., entered and robbed the post office at Peterborough.

An Arnprior German lady, who acquired some local reputation as a physician, was arrested for practising medicine without being registered, as the law directs. She was fined $25 and costs.

Warrants have been issued for the arrest of Box and Clemo, the two who started the row at Calabogie, which resulted in the accidental shooting of young Crane; and three constables went up on Thursday to make arrests and serve subpœnas on witnesses. The injured young man is still alive, and there are hopes of his ultimate recovery.

An exchange suggests that if farmers would go to their barns on a wet day and spend their time in making eave-troughs for the barn or stable and thereby carry away the drip which would otherwise fall on the manure pile, causing the waste of the elements of plant food contained therein, they would make more money that day than they could any fine day in the field.

Kingston is moving in the direction of a centennial celebration this fall, the town plot of that city having been surveyed one hundred years ago by a government surveyor. This leads the Picton *Gazette* to suggest that, inasmuch as centennial celebrations are all the rage, Prince Edward should move it the same direction, for the first settler came to the county 100 years ago, and settled at Smith's Bay.

Two lads in Kingston, having purchased some whiskey, stole a revolver, had a good time, and one was seriously wounded by the accidental discharge of the stolen weapon. He was sentenced to five years in the Reformatory, but we see nothing whatever about the punishment meted out to the wretch who sold the whiskey to the lad who was only twelve years of age. We presume the authorities found it convenient to wink at that violation of the law.

The Napanee *Standard* says:—A young fellow went into a prominent bar-room in town on Tuesday evening and had drinks for himself and two companions. He laid down $1 to pay for them, and the bartender gave him back $4.85 in change. The young fellow then went out and walked up and down in front of the hotel a few times. Presently the bartender, having discovered his error, rushed up to him to get it rectified, and the young fellow handed back the change received, $4.85 and he has since been trying to figure out how much he paid for the three drinks.

The Port Hope *Times* says:—On Sunday last a number of lads were camping out by the lake at Oshawa, and two of them, named Southcombe and Kennedy, were fooling with a revolver. The weapon by some means was discharged, and the bullet struck Southcombe in the forehead just over the inside corner of the right eye. He was stunned, but was soon able to walk up to Dr. G. M. Farewell's office, where the bullet was probed for and extracted from the skull where it was imbedded. The bullet was quite flat. The doctor says he never saw a similar case, as the boy is only about ten years old, and was only a few feet away when the shot was fired.

On Monday night last a gang of thieves made lively times in the Hinman neighbourhood, township of Cramahe. On Tuesday morning Mr. Peter Inglis discovered he was a buggy short, and Mr. George Farrow found that the place where a new single harness was wont to hang, was vacant, and Mr. Robert Brintinally waked up to the fact that a horse worth about $200 had gone to draw away the aforesaid buggy. Although energetic efforts have been made to discover the thieves, no clue has yet been obtained. It was a bold, daring robbery, and must have been planned with a good deal of care, and executed with great skill and cunning.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors, Madoc.

—IN THE—

High Court of Justice,

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

RE CONNORS.

PURSUANT to an order of this Honorable Court made in the above matter, the creditors of Thomas Connors, late of Madoc, farmer, who died in or about the month of May, A. D. 1876, are on or about the 15th day of September, A. D. 1884, to send by post prepaid to Samuel Barton Burdett, of Belleville, the Solicitor for petitioner herein, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of their securities (if any) held by them, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said order.

Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my Chambers in Shire Hall, Belleville, on the 18th day of September, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for the adjudication on the claims.

Dated August 16th, 1884.

S. S. LAZIER,
Local Master.

S. B. BURDETT,
Solicitor for Petitioner. 381-4

VOTERS' LIST, 1884.

Municipality of the

VILLAGE OF MADOC,

County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal elections, and that the said list was first posted up at my office, in Madoc, on the 19th day of Aug., 1884, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

CHAS. GREAM,
Clerk of said municipality.

Dated this 21st day of August, 1884.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of Dungannon and Faraday will pass a By-law at its next meeting, to be held at the Town Hall, Bancroft, August 30th, 1884, for the purpose of establishing a piece of road, commencing at the north-west corner of Lot 18, on the 15th Concession, Dungannon, and running thence to the line between the 15th and 16th Concessions, past Lots 18, 19, 20, and part of 21, running thence north-west till it strikes the present travelled road, 30 rods north of said line, on Lot 21, 16th Concession, Dungannon.

A. C. BARKER,
Clerk of the said Municipality.

Faraday, Aug. 2nd, 1884. 379-4t

MADOC BAKERY

THOS. REYNOLDS,

Having purchased the business lately carried on by W. Hudgins in the Victoria Block, Madoc, and having secured a first-class Baker from Belleville, is now prepared to supply the public with the best Bread, Cakes and Confectionery in the place.

Fresh baked Cakes & Buns every day.

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT IN SEASON.

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

LUNCHES, ICE CREAM AND COOL SUMMER DRINKS.

Give me a call.

T. REYNOLDS.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. McLEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES

Manufactured by the

Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

Also Agent for

Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,

MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Specialties

Patent Harpoon Hay Forks.

HAY FORK PULLEYS.

FARM BELLS AT $3.50.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

Diston Saws.

Pocket - Knives,

TRADE MARK.

A of any

WARRANTED.

From 25 Cents, up.

HARVEST TOOLS

in abundance, at bottom prices.

R. R. CASEMENT, & Co.
MADOC, ONT.

Latest Local News.

New Store.

Mr. D. C. Clarke, of the "Right House," will remove to his new premises in the Wilson Block next week. He expects to be able to open on Wednesday, 27th inst.

Quick Travelling.

Last week Mr. D. C. McDonell, travelled from Ottawa by the Ontario & Quebec to Tweed, where he hired a team and drove to Madoc reaching this village in a little over eight hours from the time he started.

Court Day.

Yesterday Division Court was held in this village. There was a number of interesting cases, and the largest turn out of contestants for some time. Besides our local lawyers, Messrs. Burdett, Dickson and Ostram took part.

New Stage.

On Tuesday Mr. M. Bristol turned out of his carriage works in this village a new stage for Mr Robt. Simmons' line between Madoc and Thanet. It is a strong and well-finished vehicle, and a credit to both builder and owner.

The Event of the Season.

Father Fleming intends holding a monster pic-nic at Tweed, 4th Sepremher next—in aid of the erection of a Presbytery at Tweed. Arrangements for reduced rates on the railways will be made, and the affair is to be a real treat to all. For particulars see posters.

The Schools.

The public schools re-opened on Monday last. In the Model School in this village the old staff of teachers resume work with the exception of the fourth department, in which Miss Jones is succeeded by Miss Pomeroy, of Oakwood. The teachers are: Mr. Clark, Principal; Second department, Miss McDermid; third, Miss Belliss; fourth, Miss Pomeroy.

Loosing a Citizen.

On Tuesday Mr. J. F. Davis and family, left Madoc to take up their residence at Campbellford. Mr. Davis has been a resident of this village for three or four years, in the restaurant and fruit business, and leaves we believe, for the purpose of bettering his prospects. He will engage in the same business in his new home, and we trust will succeed as well as he could wish.

Taking His Holidays.

The Quarterly Board of the Madoc Circuit, having kindly granted the Rev. F. B. Stratton a vacation of two weeks, the Rev. gentleman and his family intends leaving tomorrow by excursion to St. Lawrence Campground, to spend his time in attendance at S. S. Parliament amid the pleasures of nature's leafy temple. We wish him a plessant stay and safe return.

Fancy Knocked Out by Fact.

"How glorious it is to be engaged to a purely intelligent occupation," murmured a Boston maiden, gazing rapturously into the admiring eyes of a country editor; "your own mental faculties for tools, and the whole universe for a workshop. Now tell me," she added, "what do you find the most difficult thing connected with your noble profession?" "Paying the hands," said the editor.

Brutal Assault.

On Monday five roughs, from Kingston, entered Mr. Geo. Hoggard's Anglo-American Hotel, Belleville, and after drinking refused to pay the bill. When remonstrated with the five at once began a furious attack upon Mr. Hoggard, at whom they threw a number of bottles, which inflicted serious wounds on his head that rendered him insensible. They then attempted to escape but three were captured and safely lodged in the cells. It was atfirst supposed that Mr. Hoggard's wounds might prove fatal. but he has since slightly improved.

A Legal Point.

The Toronto *Mail* says:—Judge Fraleck, of Hastings, has decided that a patient cannot be held responsible for the fee of a consulting physician, unless he has personally required that a second physician be sent for. It is only right that a patient should have the privilege of saying whether he thinks his life of sufficient value to warrant the calling in of additional medical help to save it; but in many very dangerous cases the patient is unconscious, and is therefore, unable to decide the question, In such cases the friend or relative summoning a second physician should accept the responsibility for his payment.

Building Notes.

With the exception of fitting out two of the stores, Wilson's block is now completed.

The outside of Mrs. Moon's new hotel is about finished, and the plasterers are expected to commence shortly. The house will be on the same plan as the one destroyed by fire.

Messrs. O'Flynn & O'Hara, last week had the stair-case in the centre of their store removed, and put up at the rear end instead. The improvement in the appearance and convenience of the store is wonderful.

The improvements which have been going on at Messrs. Dale & Son's dry goods store for some time past are now about completed, and its interior appearance is so much improved that visitors will hardly recognize it as the same establishment. The addition at the rear makes the capacity of the store about double, while the counters, cornice, shelving, etc., have also been over-hauled, improved, and beautified.

Mr. Sydner Ross' new residence is progressing steadily, and will soon be ready for the plasterers. The slaters have been at work for a couple of weeks, and have the roof about completed. The building is a new design for these parts, will be one of the finest in the place, it will also be a credit to the builder, Mr. Houston, as well as to the owner.

Judging from the above, and from other improvements mentioned in former issues of the REVIEW, it is evident neither "N. P." or hard times can sit very heavily on the above residents.

Local Chit-Chat.

—Dog days.

—Duck shooting is now legal.

—Apples are getting plentiful in the village

—Township Council meets on first Monday in September.

—Remember the excursion to St. Lawrence Camp-ground on Saturday.

—Large quantities of black berries are coming in by stage from Tudor and Limerick.

—Business is dull in all departments in this village. Reason—the farmers are busy.

—Mr. Charles Donaldson, Clerk of Tudor, Limerick and Cashel, gave us a call yesterday.

—Madoc has now no watering cart, and as a consequence it is sometimes impossible to see across the street for dust.

—Rev. A. F. Echlin, late of Madoc, has just been appointed by the Bishop of Ontario from Hillier to Arnprior.

—Messrs. R. R. Casement and Fred Rollins returned this week from a holiday trip around the lakes north of Peterborough.

—Mr. Harry Johnson, of this village, had his hands poisoned last week, while prospecting in the woods back north,

—One hundred dollars of County money will be expended on the streets of this village shortly; under direction of Reeve O'Flynn.

—Mr. Headly Aylsworth has imported a new bicycle, called the "Pilot," English make. It is 50 inch, and full plated—the finest one now in this village.

—The editor of the Stirling *News-Argus* was presented with an eleven-inch cucumber last week. We cannot see why the people of Stirling want to kill their editor.

—Mr. W. Mackintosh, I. P. S., North Hastings returned on Tuesday after a month's stay in Toronto where he had been on duty as Provincial examiner, and delegate to the Provincial Teachers' Association.

—E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., of this village, is a member of the Committee of Management of the sixth annual session of the Sunday School Parliament, which opens at the St. Lawrence Central Camp-ground to-day.

—Mr. Jno. Mouncey and bride returned on Friday last from a two weeks' bridal tour between Montreal and Toronto, and have now settled down to the cares of domestic life. May the aforesaid cares fall lightly on them.

THROUGH A DOORWAY TO DEATH.

A YOUNG GIRL FALLS FORTY FEET AND IS KILLED.

BELLEVILLE, Aug. 18.—On Saturday night a terrible accident occurred at the Salvation army darracs, which are situated in the third story of the Metropolian block, and formerly known as Metropolitan hall. A young woman named Mary Elizabeth Glen, aged 23, who resides in Ameliasburg, being seriously affected by the heat, walked out of an opean door at the rear of the hall, which was formerly used for dringing in baggage from the hoist and which opeans into a passage between this and the adjoining building. A young man tried to warn her of her danger but she paid no attention to his cry. Falling from a height of about forty-feet, she struck on her breast, instant death being the result. Corner Dr. Willson summoned a jury and the inquest was adjourned until to-morrow night.

TEMPERANCE.

(For the Review).

PORT COLBORNE, Aug. 13th 1884:—There was a Temperance Demonstration held at the Erin Park, of this place today by the Royal Templars of Temperance, of Buffalo, assisted by members of the same organization, and also by members of the Independent Order of Good Templars of Port Colborne, and the surrounding country, in the interests of the Temperance Cause on both this and the other side of the line. After preliminary greetings the meeting was called to order, and addresses of a practical nature, bearing upon the work already accomplished, and the furtherance of so worthy a cause, and upon that which yet remains to be prosecuted in the bringing about of the grand and glorious end for which all true men and women are striving, were discoursed by the Rev. Mr. Kay, who is at the head of the Royal Templars of Temperance, in Canada; Dr. Grosvener, also at the head of the institution in the United States, and Governor Porter, of Buffalo, the founder of the Order. The meeting was a very successful one, giving an impetus to Temperance workers that shall result in untold good. The Temperance cause has never been awakened to such an interest as is manifested in both the United States and Canada at the present time. Prohibition is the mark aimed at, and the time will soon come, we trust, when its banners shall be unfurled to wave triumphantly and supremely throughout this land. Western Ontario has become alive to her duty in this direction, and Eastern Ontario is fast following in the wake. Innumerable barriers are yet to be broken down, but the united, earnest efforts of the friends of humanity put forth in this one direction must meet with success.

F. S. W.

COUNTY NEWS.

Gleaned from a variety of Sources.

Belleville had its civic holiday on Monday.

A Band of Hope has been organized at Stirling,

A roller skating rink was opened in Belleville last week.

The old M. E. Church at Stirling is being turned into a cider house.

Belleville is to have a uniformed encampment of Odd Fellows.

A new steamer, the Ida, was launched at Deseronto, on Saturday last.

The Grand Trunk railway station at Trenton is being re-modelled and modernized.

The Rathbun Company have brought 125,000 logs down the Moira river this season

Joseph Sova had his leg injured on Tuesday by a blow from a stick in the Big Mill, at Deseronto.

The North Hastings Agricultural Fair will be held this year at West Huntingdon, on the 1st of October.

New retorts have been put in and other improvements made to the Deseronto sawdust gas works, and the town will again be lighted with gas.

The *Whig* states that the Rathbun Company of Deseronto, through their Kingston agency, recently sold 15,000 ties to the Grand Trunk.

Stirling had a burglar scare last week. The burglars did not break in any place, but the people was scared at the presence of two mysterious strangers, all the same.

Belleville customs show imports for July have been $13,318, a decrease of $9,286 from proceeding year; exports $106,240, a decrease of $15,864 as compared with 1883.

The Trenton Council has petitioned the Government to appoint a police magistrate for that place. Trenton claims a population of 4,500. The fines collected last year amounted to about $250.

Two children, aged 7 and 5, belonging to Mr. Funnell, coal dealer, of Trenton, were poisoned by some irritant poison on Sunday last. The children are supposed to have eaten poison ivy, not knowing it to have been such. The elder died within 24 hours, and the younger in a day or so afterwards.

The Trenton *Advocate* says:—About two weeks ago a young man named Michael Walker, living on the Hastings Road had a silver watch stolen from him by a man who worked at McMullen's camp. He put the matter in the hands of the chief here, and this morning Mr. Walker was made happy by again getting possesion of his time-piece.

The *Intelligencer* says:—Elizabeth Whitelaw and Mary Smith, who have frequently had dealing with the police here, are noted characters in their line. During the past twenty-one years they have spent 4,745 and 4090 days respectively it jail on the two charges of vagrancy and drunkenness. They are the champion vagrants of this section.

The first threshing machine accident of the season occured on the 11th inst., on the farm of Mr. Dale, of Tyendinaga. While the machine was in motion John Vanmeer was caught in the tumbling rod, and narrowly escaped with his life. By his strength he drew himself away, but not before his shoulder was discolated and the clothing torn from the upper past of his body.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

Born.

GEARY.—In Madoc, on the 5th inst., the wife of Joseph Geary, of a son.

GEARY.—In Madoc, on the 12th of May, 1882, the wife of Joseph Geary of a daughter.

Died.

REDCLIFFE.—At Madoc, on Wednesday, August 13th, Alice, only child of Robert and Matilda Redcliffe, aged 4 months 7 days.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

TEACHER WANTED.

FOR School Section No. 13, township of Madoc. Second or Third Class preferable.

J. P. MULLETT,
T. H. TUMELTY,
JOHN GILLEN.

BUTLER'S

Celebrated Waterproof Blacking,

BROWN'S BOSTON DRESSING,

Saratoga and Bon Ton Dressing,

For Ladies' and Children's Shoes, also

Jaquot's, Lamb's, and Mason's Blacking,

—AT—

T. ROBERTS'

Madoc Boot & Shoe Store

Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $5 00	to $5 20
Fall Wheat, $1 00	to $1 00
Spring Wheat, $1 00	to $1 05
Oats, 42 cents	to 45 cents
Rye, 56 "	to 56 "
Barley, 45 cents	to 45 cents
Peas, 70 cents	to 70 cents
Potatoes per bag, 60 cents	to 90 cents
Butter per pound, 14 cents	
Eggs per dozen, 12 to 13 cents.	
Tallow, 6 cents	
Lard, 12 "	
Calfskins, 35 cents	to 45 cents
Sheepskins, 20 cents	to 40 cents
Wool, 15 to 17cents	
Hay, per ton, $9 00	to $12 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00	to $6 00
Cheese, 10c	to 12c

G. A. ROLLINS,

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,

Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,

CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned wishes to sell all his property east of the old C. M. Church, on St. Lawrence street, consisting of one residence, barn included, and two tenant houses.

W. BRISTOL.

Madoc, July 30th, 1884. 378-4

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

1862. WHITE'S 1884.

AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

FARMERS

Look to your interests, and

BUY PLOUGHS NEAR HOME,

and avoid oll trouble about points, etc.

Steel Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Iron Ploughs, etc.

We manufacture and keep in stock ali kinds of COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at manufacturers prices.

J. & J. WHITE.

CITY

Art Gallery,

FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past, and of soliciting your custom in the future.
I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio, and increased my facilities, and have now a

FIRST-CLASS GALLERY!

I HAVE IN IT

TOILET ROOMS for DRESSING, &c.,

and with an efficient Staff of Artists I am prepared to make

Photos superior to any heretofore made in the City

And further, it is encouraging for us to know that we are not only doing the

Most Extensive Photographic Trade in the City,

but have the patronage of most of the Leading Citizens of Belleville.

☞ Customers who intend to sit for Photos are requested, if possible, to make an appointment a day or so ahead.

J. H. FORD,

DEALER IN

Picture Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Mirrors, &c.,

NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE.

AGRICULTURAL.

Getting Ready to Sow Winter Wheat

If winter wheat is to be sown after early oats, peas, beans, early potatoes, or corn-fodder, the moment the crop is off the ground, stick in the plow, or gang, or cultivator. Do not wait for rain. The weeds and stubble will pump up more water from the soil than any ordinary rainfall at this season will be likely to furnish. If you plow, or in anywise work the land, it will not only destroy the weeds and check the rapid evaporation of water, but should we have a shower, the rain will penetrate deeper into the worked soil, and render it soft and mellow. We have everything to gain and nothing to lose by promptness in plowing immediately after the previous crop has been harvested.

In four years out of five, the principal difficulty in sowing winter wheat in proper season is to get the soil moist enough to cause the wheat to germinate vigorously and evenly. We must recollect that the soil, even during a severe drouth, contains in the first two or three a great many thousand gallons of water per acre, and still more at a greater depth. This water is constantly rising towards the surface. Any growing plant pumps it up out of the soil, and evaporates it into the atmosphere. The amount of water thus evaporated is enormous. The bare soil evaporates water from the surface as long as there is any to evaporate, but the loss of water from a bare soil is nothing in comparison with the loss on land upon which plants are growing.

In the winter wheat section of Western New York we sow our wheat from the 1st to the 20th of September. It is ready to cut from the first week in July to the first of August, varying greatly in this respect according to the season. As we go South wheat is sown latter in the autumn, and is ready to harvest earlier in the summer.

Where the Hessian fly is troublesome, we have to avoid early sowing in the autumn. The fly lays its eggs in the young wheat plants in autumn, and late sowing is one of the remedies. On the other hand, when wheat is liable to injury from the Midge, we have to avoid late sowing. The Midge flies lay their eggs in the ears of wheat when it is in blossom, and an early crop of wheat is far more liable to injure than a late crop.

Fortunately neither the Hessian fly nor the Midge has done much damage of late years, and the tendency among our best wheat-growers is towards earlier sowing. After the first of September it is thought desirable to sow as soon as the soil can be got sufficiently moist and mellow. It is just here where promptness, good judgment and science are all requisite. Rain will help us, but it will help us still more if we go to work as though no rain were expected. As we said before, there is water enough in the soil, but it is not near enough to the surface to cause the seed to germinate. What we have to do is to bury all the weeds, stubble, and growing plants, and keep the surface soil fine by the frequent use of the cultivator, harrow, and the roller. We know this is easier said than done—but on our strong wheat land it is the general experience that much of our success will depend on our ability to get the wheat well started in the early autumn.

Methods of Preserving Eggs.

At a recent poultry show in Birmingham England, prizes were awarded for the best dozen of preserved eggs. They were sent in two months before the date of the show, a short time to test any preserving process thoroughly. The eggs were tested by being boiled both soft and hard (that is, for a minute and a half, and for ten minutes,) and then tasted by the judges. Those that gained the first prize had been simply packed in common salt. They had not lost sensibly by evaporation, had good consistent albumen, and were of the best flavor when boiled. Those that received the second prize were but slightly inferior to the best; and the process of preserving is thus described: Melt one part of white wax to two parts of spermaceti, boil and mix thoroughly; or two parts clarified suet to one of wax, and two of spermaceti. Take new laid eggs, rub with antiseptic salt or fine rice starch. Wrap each egg in fine tissue paper, putting the broad end downward; screw the paper tightly at the top, leaving an inch to hold it by. Dip each egg rapidly into the fat heated to 100 degrees. Withdraw, and leave to cool. Pack, broad end down ward, in dry, white sand or sawdust. The London Agricultural Gazette adds: The eggs so preserved were admirable, and probably, had the contest been for a longer time, would have stood first. But it is exceedingly useful to know that eggs may be preserved admirably for two months with no more trouble than putting them in common salt. The other plan was superior in one respect; on stripping off the waxed paper, the shell was as pure and clean as when first laid; in fact the eggs might have sold as being fresh, if not as new-laid.

About Good Eating.

When I say "good eating," I don't mean all those fancy dishes, with fub-dubs and French names, and greases and oil and richness and heaviness, but nice, wholesome, toothsome food, which goes straight to the right place and makes glad the pathway leading thereto. There are a great many people who never know what good eating is. They may have plenty of money with which to buy the raw material, but the women of the household don't know a good thing when they see it, and the result is a great deal of style and fine silver and table ware, and a mixture of stiff that would incite a rebellion in the stomach and palate of a wooden Indian. I have dined at the table of the rich and of the poor, (comfortable poor, I mean,) and I have learned that money cannot furnish taste. There must be exquisite delicacy in the preparation of even the coarsest food, for a little old grease, or a little too close contiguity to the cooking vessel, will ruin a dish of cabbage quite as readily as it will a diamond-back terrapin and the housewife who doesn't know these fine points does incalculable damage. She destroys the gastronomical sensibility of her immediate family, destroys the pleasure of her guest, and, worse than all, bequeaths her ignorance to her children to inflict generations yet unborn. There is a wonderful degree of comfort in good eating, and there is economy in it, too, for it doesn't cost any more to prepare a dollar's worth of meat and vegetables properly than it does improperly, and when the food is good, they lick the platter clean," and the *bete noir* of "warmed over victuals" is driven from the house. The woman is the boss of the good eating department of a house, and many a man who was brought up right, has became a heretic, because the boss didn't know how to make his heart and his gizzard harmonize.

Farm and Garden Work for August

Act.
Think.
Consult.
Experiment.
Make repairs.
Carry a note book.
Watch the markets.
Favor the seed-corn hills.
Manure the back fields!
Keep up the flow of milk.
Make repairs in spare hours.
Superior work pays us the best.
Above all things avoid foul seed.
Gas lime should not be used fresh.
Idle land is the weeds' opportunity.
Fowls profit by a run in the stubble.
Wheat after oats is a faulty practice.
Whitewash will cleanse and sweeten.
August pigs make holiday small pork.
Do not let your insurance policy expire.
The damages by rats exceed those by fire.
Sow white turnip seed for fine white fodder.
Wash the horses feet and legs every night.
Success is largely a matter of small details.
Roll the ground before and not after seeding.
Good seed and good soil are a good beginning.
Farm animals well summered are half wintered.
Help out the dried up pastures with green fodder.
Thinning the root crops means more tons to the acre.
Clean, oil, and store all the implements no longer in use.
Get out the year's supply of muck while the beds are dry.
Build temporary pasture shelter in airy parts of the fields.
Weeds when they go to seed curse the land that grew them.
The general purpose animal is superior only in its versatility.
Let the bumble bee live and thus increase the yield of clover seed.
A drain to be a profitable investment must be a permanent improvement.
Fall fallowing cleans the land and brings it into fine condition for spring crops.
Neglected fence rows are like a leaden weight upon the neck of clean field culture.
A farmer's bank account may grow at the expense of his manure heap and grain crops.
A clean, cool, ventilated stable free from flies, is a suitable lodging for the tired work horse.
The possibilities of a farm are measured by the quantity and quality of brains which run it.
Amid all the toil of midsummer, do not forget to do a little careful work for the coming county fair.
Superior pork made from freshly fallen wormy apples is very cleansing to an insect infested orchard.
A root crop is very humble, but as a foundation for a judicious rotation it will support the symmetrical superstructure of profitable mixed farming.—*American Agriculturist.*

Big Doses.

The Southern negro does not take kindly to the pellets of the homeopathist. He believes in the largest doses of the old-school practice, and will toss off a tumblerful of castor oil with a smack of the lips. Even a glass of salts and senna will be swallowed with gusto, while a bolus is taken without a moment's hesitation. An Englishman, who hunted in the Soudan says that nothing gives an African savage greater pleasure than a good dose of medicine. He found his medicine-chest more useful in making the negroes friendly than his revolver and breech-loading rifle.

But the medicine must be strong and rapid in its effects. For the savage is too impatient to wait several hours for the medicine to operate, and if too much influenced by his sight and taste to be satisfied with a small dose. He is never so happy as when he has taken a good dose of croton-oil and colocynth, or four or five grains of tartar emetic.

Holloway's pills were as popular in the Soudan as in London; and the sportsman found that the more liberal he was with these powerful cathartics, the more willing were the negroes to serve him. Whenever he opened his medicine chest, the natives respected him as a great "medicine man." the more he physicked them, the better they liked it. But willingly as they were to be doctored internally, not one of them would submit to an operation with the knife.

Kissing Good-Bye at a Railway Station

The familiar and kiss emphasized "Good-bye; now write as soon as you get there!" rang out on the morning air at a small station, when a gentleman remarked, "Do you know, I never see any one kissing good-bye at a railway station, but I think of how I first met my wife!" "Now, don't tell that ugly thing again," interrupted his life companion, as she blushed a little and suddenly became interested in the scenery. But the unheeding husband continued:—"It was at Indianapolis. In the Union depot there, one night, she was bidding her brother good-bye just as he was starting on a long trip to the West. He stood on the car steps and she on the depot platform for their last kiss; but just as he turned and went into the car, I stepped down to the platform. Immediately I felt a pair of arms around my neck, and a pair of soft lips raised kisses on my face and mouth before I had time to protest. You see, she had mistaken me for her brother, but the result was that I fell in love with her kisses, and——" "I think," interrupted the lady, "that you and your friend had better go into the smoking car if you want to talk such nonsence." And so another little romance of the rail ended in smoke.

A SHOTGUN MESSENGER.

The Exciting Adventures of a Wells, Fargo and Co. Messenger.

Eugene Blair, the "shotgun messenger" in the service of Wells, Fargo & Co., has just died of consumption in San Francisco. He was not yet 40 years of age, but he was one of the most experienced and daring messengers ever in the employ of the company. Blair's life was full of adventure and excitement, and it is probable that the strain upon him hastened the disease which terminated in his death. His duties called him rapidly from one point to another, all the way from California to Nebraska. "A shotgun messenger" is a trusted employe of the express company, who is sent to accompany a stage bearing big treasure boxes, or heavy remittances of currency. In the Territories it is all but impossible for the stage officials to prevent public information as to the approximate value of treasure and mail shipments. A large sum of money, or a well-filled treasure box, is reasonably certain to tempt somebody. The average driver is tempted when held up to make peace at any price. Blair never surrendered, and the result was that robbers who happened to run across him soon left the earth for good, or went limping away to a hospital or prison. He was a hair-trigger sort of a fellow. The word 'Halt!' or a volley from an ambush had no terrors for him. His gun was discharged instantly. He invariably rode outside with the driver, and carried a short double barrelled shotgun, loaded heavily with buckshot. Besides this weapon, which experience proved was very formidable, he wore in his belt two large revolvers. He depended upon his shotgun, however, in almost every emergency. If the robbers were numerous and he could locate them he would give them both barrels at once, which was usually about all they wanted.

A few years ago Wells, Fargo & Co. received notification that a large sum of money at Eureka, Nev., awaited transportation to Tybo, where it was wanted to pay off miners with. The stage road was lonely, and it had long been infested with robbers. Appreciating the risk of the undertaking, the company ordered Blair to Eureka, and sent another messenger, named James Brown, to accompany him. At the time the trip was to have been made there were in Eureka half a dozen ex-convicts who had just served out long sentences in the penitentiary for stage robbery, and they were particularly bitter against Blair for the part he had taken in securing their conviction. They learned of the intended shipment, and all but one of them proceeded down the road to the Willows station, intending to await the arrival of the stage at that point. The one who was left behind was to learn how many messengers accompanied the stage and let his companions know. The vehicle started from Eureka late in the afternoon, and arrived at the Willows station at about 9 p. m. The robber who had remained behind found that Blair had a companion, and, in accordance with this agreement, he rode rapidly to a mountain about ten miles out and built two good-sized fires to warn his associates of the coming of the two shotguns. When the robbers down the road saw the fires they immediately seized the station, binding and gagging the two men employed there, and then drew themselves up in a line and awaited the arrival of the coach. In about an hour it halted in front of the barn door, when a voice from the side of the road sang out:

"Eugene Blair, surrender!"

It was pitch dark, and, as no one was in sight, Blair jumped from the stage with his gun in his hand. Just then two shots were fired, and he answered one of them with one barrel of his gun, shooting where he had seen the flash. A moment later three men were upon him. He found it was impossible to use his gun, and, dropping it, he whirled one of the robbers around in front of the stage, where one of the side lights shone upon his back. The mark was a good one, and at that instant Jimmy Brown, from his seat on the stage, discharged one barrel, hitting the rober between the hips. This man being out of the way, Brown and Blair assisted by the driver, soon had the others in custody, though not until most of them had been hit by one or more buckshot.

Another time, when Blair was guarding a treasure box in the western part of the State, he had some fun with the agents. It was evident that they were not expecting him, or else they were green hands at the business. They had made the most elaborate preparations, however, and apparently had no idea of failing in their enterprise. "They had selected a mighty mean place," said Blair, "and if they had had the nerve they might have made us trouble. They had formed a sort of barricade on the edge of the road, which at that point ran along the side of the mountain. Back of them there was a slope of half a mile, rough with rocks and fallen timber. We were jogging along at a comfortable gait when I spied a movement back of the shrubbery on the side of the road, and seized my gun. 'Halt! Throw up your hands, there!' yelled two or three in chorus. I answered instantly with a volley from both barrels. We heard nothing more. The crash of the gun was terrific. When the smoke cleared away a little we saw those fellows going end down the mountain side. I never knew what became of them or how badly they were hurt. We found their guns, and took them away with us. That was about the quickest work I ever did."—*New York Sun.*

Balance in Character.

Few persons are possessed of a perfectly balanced nature. Amiability is apt to be allied with weakness; a vigorous, pushing character is often impulsive, harsh and unjust. A reflective mind is slow to act; a prompt mind is often wrong. So through all the elements of character. All the qualities that go to make up a perfect moral nature rarely appear in one person. The physical and intellectual do not precisely conform; the mental and moral are not evenly balanced. There are those possessed of stronger moral than mental natures. They constitute the spasmodic, impulsive element in society. There are others whose intellects so absolutely control their moral natures, that nothing is admitted that cannot be reasoned out satisfactorily. There are persons whose strong animal natures dominate all else, and both mind and spirit are subservient.

To regulate all these parts so as to attain a fair degree of equality is the right step toward securing what may be called balance in character.

Sporting Sword Fish.

One of the chief attractions at Block Island, R. I., is the fishing, which is simply fair for mackerel and bluefish, but almost or quite the best for sword fish. One steamer carried away sixty of these huge creatures Monday, and forty more the next morning. They weighed from 100 to 400 pounds each. Unless one can witness the capture of a whale, no fishing is more exciting than the pursuit of this formidable monster, and there is withal a spice of danger in the game which gives an added zest and throws into stronger relief the skill of the fishermen who battles with such uniform success against an adversary who is conquered by strategem rather than by strength. The method of capture is, in brief, as follows: On the end of the bowsprit of the vessel stands a strong, heavy iron rod, supporting another strong piece of iron in the form of a semi-circle, with the end of the bow or curve drawn toward the boat. From these ends, by a strong rope is suspended a common swing-board, on which sits the man with the harpoon, his feet resting on a small platform or "pulpit" nailed to the bowsprit. If he chooses to stand on this platform, he leans forward, and is rendered secure from falling by resting against the semi-circular iron, which curves backward just under his arms. A lookout stands at the masthead above, and when a fish is seen, the boat is sailed directly toward him until within reach of the harpooner, who throw his iron with all his strength. The throw, as a rule, is successful if made by a trained fisherman. The barb, when driven into the fish, in automatically detached from the handle of the harpoon, but is still held by a long rope. The wounded fish darts forward, and the line is "paid out" as fast as he requires it by one man, while the captain hastens to get his vessel away in another direction as rapidly as possible, for this is a case in which distance lends enchantment to the view especially those who know the strength of the sword with which the maddened fish is armed. When he has been given rope enough, the end of the line is attached to a small empty cask, which is thrown overboard to amuse the fish which is now becoming frantic with the pain, but slightly felt at first; while the fishermen increase their distance from him as rapidly as possible. Now the fish begins to struggle in earnest, in the hope of getting free from the barb and rope. He skims along the surface and a line of foam marks the course of the cask, which does not stop him but does soon greatly increase his pain, for he is harnessed to it by a sharp point of steel which is all the while tearing his flesh. He changes his direction again and again, but all in vain. Next he seeks the depths of the ocean, and all goes well until the end of the rope is reached and the remorseless cask is drawn under water. The buoyancy of the air now gives great resistance to the cask, and if, for a moment, the fish yields, he is drawn to the surface. The struggle continues, and he swallows water, and inhales, too; and in time, paradoxical as it may seem, he is drowned, really drowned, by the element to which he has been accustomed since his birth but in which he can live only by breathing air alone. When his struggles are over the cask becomes motionless, when he is hoisted on board. Woe to the boat that crosses his path during the death agony. He will sometimes dart against it with terrible force, driving his sword through heavy planks.

DEATH SOLVES A MYSTERY.

A Romantic Story.

In 1870 there came to Taunton, Mass., a man who described himself as Frank Charteris Brown, and who has since lived here. He had great intellectual ability, but ill-fortune seemed to follow him, and when he died recently the people were not surprised. The mystery which always seemed to surround him has been penetrated, through the papers which were left intrusted to Deputy Sheriff Thomas O. Falvey, from which the following particulars were gathered:

Brown was the youngest child of the late George Robertson, Esq. of Edinburgh, keeper of the records of Scotland, and nephew of the late Gen. Sir George Brown, G. C. B., K. H. He was educated at Rugby. Though intended for the ministry, he entered the army as a commissioned officer in the Thirteenth Light Dragoons in 1848. After serving two and one-half years he was transferred to the Life Guards, where he remained until 1855. In 1854 he was married privately to an English actress, for which his allowance was taken from him, but it was afterwards returned to him on condition of his selling out and coming to America. Since that time, September, 1855, he never saw any of his family. In 1864 his wife and daughter died in Paris, after having travelled nearly all over the world. Then he drifted back to England. He was sent by the Liberal party to Taunton, Eng., to run a small newspaper during the general election, and he says: "I was the direct means of Henry James, Q. C. (now the famous Sir Henry James, Gladstone's Attorney General), getting into Parliament, a service which he has more than once substantially acknowledged." He came again to this country in August, 1869, worked a while for J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, afterward accompanied Jay Cooke's party at the opening of the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad as the representative of the New York *Times*, and finally drifted to Boston destitute. He walked from there to this city, because it bore the same name as the place in England where he did so well, and here he married again. The story of his wanderings closes thus:

"If it was a disgrace that I married a good and virtuous lady when I might have done otherwise, then I am guilty. If poverty is a disgrace then I am doubly disgraced; and if loving and cherishing my second wife—poor, innocent, kind-hearted, loving girl as she is—is another disgrace, once more I plead guilty."

Mr. Falvey has explicit instructions to open negotiations with the trustees of the property in England, that justice may be done the widow, it being well known to Falvey that there is property forthcoming. Indeed through his endeavors Brown or Robertson has been allowed £5 a week for some time past.

A Dakota clergyman, after a long period of intense inebriety, preached a sermon of corresponding deep contrition. Several passages of the remarkable discourse were devoted to vivid descriptions of delirium tremens.

TRYING ANIMALS FOR MURDER.

Scenes of the Childhood of Mediæval Justice.

On the 10 of January, 1457, a sow was convicted of murder, committed on the person of an infant named Johan Martin, of Savigny, and sentenced to be hanged. Her six sucklings were also included in the indictment as accomplices; but "in default of any positive proof that they had assisted in mangling the deceased, they were restored to their owner, on condition that he should give bail for their appearance should further evidence be forthcoming to prove their complicity in their mother's crime." About a month later, "on the Friday after the feast of the Purification of the Virgin," the sucklings were again brought before the court; and as their owner, Johan Bully, declined to be answerable for their good conduct, they were declared forfeited to the noble damsel, Katherine de Barnault, Lady of Savigny. Sometimes a fine was imposed upon the owner of the offending beast, as was the case with Jehan Delalande and his wife, condemned on the 18th of April, 1499, by the Abbey of Josaphat, near Chartres, to pay eighteen francs "on account of the murder of a child named Gillon, aged five years and a half, or thereabouts, committed by a porker, aged three months or thereabouts." The porker was "hanged and executed by justice."

But although pigs appear to have been the principal culprits, other quadrupeds were frequently called to answer for their crimes. The judiciary of the Cistercian abbey of Beaupre, in 1499, sent a bull to the gallows for having "killed with furiosity a lad of 14 or 15 years of age," and in 1389 the Carthusians of Dijon caused a horse to be condemned to death, for homicide. The magistrate of Bale in 1479 sentenced a cock to be burned at the stake for the heinous and unnatural crime of laying an egg. The cockatrice, or coquatri was supposed to be the product of a very old cock and to furnish the most active and effective ingredient of witch ointment. When hatched by a serpent or by the sun, it brought forth a cockatrice, which would hide in the roof of a house, and, with its baneful breath and "death-darting eye," destroy all the inmates. Naturalists believed in this fable as late as the eighteenth century; and in 1710 the French savant Lapeyronie read a paper before the Academie des Sciences to prove that the eggs attributed to cocks owe their peculiar form to a disease of the hen.

Animals, also, bore their full part of persecution during the witchcraft delusion. Pigs suffered most in this respect, and were assumed to be peculiarly attractive to devils and therefore particularly liable to diabolical possession, as is evident from the legion that went out of the tomb-haunting man and were permitted, at their own request, to enter into the Gadarene herd of swine. Indeed the greatest theological authority of the middle ages, Thomas Aquinas, maintained that beasts are but embodiments of evil spirits. Chassenee quotes this opinion, and adds that in excommunicating animals the anathema "is aimed inferentially at the devil, who uses irrational creatures to our detriment." Still more recently, a French Jesuit, Pere Bongeant, set forth the same view in a philosophical treatise.

ANNIVERSARIES OF AGONY.

Victims of Snake Poisoning Tortured by Its Recurring Symptoms.

The strange case of the daughter of the Hon. A. C. Ramage of Bellaire, O., who having been bitten on Aug. 19, 1875, by a copper headed snake, and, her life having been saved, has had a return of the symptoms of the poisoning on the nineteenth of August of every year since, has attracted wide attention in the medical profession, the statement being made that the case is unprecedental in toxicological phenomena. The case of Miss Ramage, however, recalls a similar one which occurred in this county, and which finally resulted as it is feared the Ohio lady's will. A young girl, who afterward became the wife of Col. George Smith, the first representative of Livingston county in the Assembly, was bitten in the ankle by a rattlesnake in 1803. Her life was saved, but on the recurrence, year after year, of the day on which she was bitten, her ankle and leg would become swollen as they had when the poison was first injected, and she would suffer all the tortures that followed the passing of the virus into her blood. This would last several hours and then gradually pass away, to return with unvarying regularity the next year. The violence of the paroxysms attending these recurring symptoms of the snake poisoning increased annually, but Mrs. Smith bore up under them for thirty-two years. On the next return, however, she was unable to bear through the period of the paroxysms, and died in great agony. The case of Miss Ramage is exactly the same, and it is feared that she will not be able to survive the dreaded ordeal now approaching.

Calling a Spade a Spade.

Calling things by their right names! I don't believe in it. A lie may be a lie; undoubtedly it is a lie, but if we go about telling everybody so we would not only get our heads knocked in, but would be thoroughly disliked. Good people would be as strongly opposed to such business as bad people, for their interests would be affected, though it might not touch them directly and in theory they would like the plan. You see, about all morality is based on personal interest, or personal feeling anyway, and when the devil can get a man through that door he is pretty sure of getting solid with him for all time. The old serpent was well aware of this when he took Christ to the top of the mountain and made him a square offer of all the personal and real property in sight for his support. A merchant may sell sand in his sugar, and call it sugar, and though there is stealing and lying in it, he would, no doubt, resent it vigorously if he were told so, and on Sunday his minister is kind enough to deplore such evils, but he doesn't give them the names the Bible designates. Nor would it be wise to do so, since usage, and usage is law, does not sanction it. Moralists may find weakness and increase of immorality in it, but all the same, if the people of to-day recognize it as lawful and proper, and political and moral economy teaches that the thing to do is what the most want done. That is to say, its precepts are so translated. Again, it is a duty we owe to our fellowman to be charitable, and charity covereth a multitude of sins. It covers them with a name as well as with something of a more substantial texture, and I believe that charity is right, although at times it would appear just, before it is generous.

AMONG THE HOUSES.

The Centre of Many Sacred and Historical Associations.

While my two days' experiences at the Neby Shaib were in the highest degree novel and picturesque, and enabled me to obtain an unusual insight into the manners and customs and religious observances of the Druse nation, my stay at this shrine of their pilgrimage was by no means destitute of archæological interest. The village of Hattin, which is in the immediate neighborhood of the tomb of the prophet, forms the centre of many sacred and historical associations, while it is in itself a place of unusual beauty of situation.

In the overhanging rocks on the other side of the gorge, immediately opposite my tent, were several sepulchral chambers, all traditional burying-places of people more or less historical. Some of these I examined. The largest was one entered by a doorway, which had recently been inhabited, for the framework of a wooden door to it still remained, it was supposed to be the burial-place of one of Jethro's daughters. We are told by Josephus that his family followed the Israelities, out of Midian. It's last occupant was an Indian hermit, who had lived here in solitude for three years, when, getting tired of his seclusion, he had gone to Tiberias about a year ago, married there, and immediately disappeared with his wife no one knew whither.

About a hundred yards from the Neby there issues from the mouth of the gorge a copious spring, which in fact forms the course of a brook that ultimately finds its way into the Sea of Galilee. It commences its beneficent course, however, by fertilizing a large area immediately surrounding the village, where flourishing gardens of oranges, lemons, figs, apricots, pomegranates, and other fruit trees impart an air of luxuriant fertility to the landscape not common in these parts. Among these gardens is one which was purchased a few years ago by Sir Moses Montefiore and presented by him to the Jews of Tiberias. Here I went at the invitation of the overseer, and, seated on mats under the spreading arms of a fig tree, I listened, while I sipped my coffee, to his tale; and then I went in search of ruins.

I found some immediately adjoining the garden. What had evidently once formed part of an old Byzantine church was here turned into a mosque; and upon one of the stones was a curious Cufic inscription. In some of the other gardens were traces of foundations, indicating that in old times Hattin must have been the site of a considerable town. It is about two miles from the ruins of Irbid (which is no doubt the Arbela of Josephus) and is probably the Caphar Hittis of the Talmud, but I find no mention of the Hattin ruins in the memoirs of the Palestine exploration fund, nor of the Cufic inscription which I found. The way to Irbid lies across the plain, on which, a collection of seven basalt stones in a ring are called the "Hajarat en Nasara," or "stones of the Christians," because tradition has it that it was here that Christ performed the miracle of the seven loaves and two fishes.

The plain was now waiving with grain, nor would it be possible to imagine a more fertile or luxuriant upland. On its margin, where it breaks off abruptly into the marvelous gorge of El Hamam, with its precipitous sides rising 1,200 feet sheer up from the little stream which which trickles at their base, are the ruins of Irbid, interesting as containing the remains of the oldest Jewish synagogue probably to be found in Palestine.

The steep hillside which slopes down to the edge of the cliff is very rocky, and numerous sarcophagi are carved on the surfaces of the natural slabs. The largest measures from six feet to six feet five inches long and one foot two inches deep, being round at the head and square at the foot, which is slightly deeper. There was a ledge cut round to receive the stone cover, and a channel made to keep the surface water from running in. They were of all sizes, some, evidently, for small children and babies. But the most remarkable tomb was one which opened out of

A DEEP ROCK-CUT CHAMBER,

which appeared to have been in connection with a wine press. The ante-chamber formed a sunk court, about twenty-feet by ten, and contained a sarcophagus. It opened into a tomb containing six loculi. My guide was the Jew who had entertained me in the garden, and who was well versed in local traditions.

He informed me that here were supposed to be buried four of the sons of Jacob, he did not know which, and Jochabed and Dinah. He also pointed out to me the tomb of the Rabbi Nitai, who was supposed to have built the synagogue I had been examining, and who was a native of the place, and lived about 200 years B.C.; also a mound of stones covering apparently a rock tomb, which he declared was the burial place of Seth, the son of Adam; but, although from much habit I am accustomed to swallow a fair amount of traditional information, I was unable to push my credulity thus far. It is described, however, by the Abbe Gerson. A. D. 1561, as being in a cave with a spring to which a flight of steps led down. The tombs of Zerah and Zephaniah were also pointed out. Indeed there are few places in Palestine where in the same limited area such a number of distinguished personages of sacred history are buried as in the neighborhood of Arbela or Irbid. I do not now include the tombs of the numerous rabbis whom the Jews hold sacred. If it has a character for sanctity, it must at one time have had a reputation for strength. From its position it must always have been a military stronghold. Josephus tells us, in his Life, that when he was governor of Galilee he fortified it, and laid up stores of grain here; and it is without doubt the Cassie Ardelle of the Teutonic knights (1250 A. D.), the D. being an error for B, as it is mentioned in connection with Tiberias and Beisan, both places not very distant.

The only biblical reference to this place is that made by Hosea, when he says: "Therefore shall a tumult arise among thy people; all thy fortresses shall be spoiled as Shalman spoiled Beth-Arbel in the day of battle." As we stand here we can almost look into the caverns with which the face of the opposite cliff is perforated, while the one on the edge of which we stand is

LITERALLY HONEYCOMBED

with these subterranean abodes. They are of immense extent, and are placed over each other in different stories; some are walled up, leaving doors and windows. Some idea of the extent of this singular natural fastness may be formed from the fact that it is capable of containing six thousand men. The caves communicate with each other by subterranean galleries. These are the fortified caverns mentioned by Josephus in connection with Arbela. Rachides, the general of Demetrius, the third king of Syria, when he invaded Palestine, encamped at Arbeal and subdued those who had taken refuge in the caves. This event is narrated in Maccabees, where the caves are called "stories." It was here, also, that Herod the Great had his famous fight with the robbers who had made their dens in the caves, letting down his soldiers in baskets, and fighting them in midair.

I was determined to push my explorations to the summits of the rocky crests which frowned above, and are called the Horns of Hattin. Scrambling up the steep, rocky hillsides, we found ourselves at last obliged to leave our horses and make our way on foot over the huge blocks of basalt which are thickly strewn around these singular peaks. On reaching the top we found that they had been artificially superimposed one on the top of another, so as to form a rocky rampart of immense solidity. Both crests had, at some period of remote antiquity, been thus fortified. Beneath one of them were the foundation and ruins of an ancient town which the inhabitants call "Medinet el Inweileb," or "the ruins of the long tower." At the southeast of the hill is an oblong cavern cut in the rock and cased with cement, which may formerly have been a cistern; and not far from it are the foundations of a building which the natives say was a Christian church before the conquest of the country by the Mohammedans, who subsequently converted it into a mosque. Nothing could be more striking than the view from the summit of the highest horn. Immediately beneath us, some six or seven hundred feet below, I looked down into the gloomy gorge, with the white walls of the Neby Shaib contrasting with the black basalt rocks, its terraces covered with groups of brightly costumed Druses, their songs as they danced in circles reaching us on the still air of evening, and beyond the modern village of Hattin, surrounded by orange groves and fruit gardens of the most brilliant green. Stretching away on all other sides were uplands of waiving grain, till they either sunk away into valleys or terminated at the base of hills which rose abruptly above them. To the northeast the precipitous sides of the Wady Hamam, honeycombed with caves, formed a vista through which appeared in the distance a green strip of the plain of Gennesareth; beyond it the waters of the sea of Galilee, seventeen hundred feet below us, gleamed in the setting sun. From its eastern margin rose the steep cliffs above which is the vast plateau of Jaulan, once the grazing lands of the flocks and herds of Job, while a line of conical volcanic peaks, backed by snow-clad Hermon, closed the prospect.—*Cor. New York Sun.*

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN STORM.

A Peculiar Experience.

Blissfully unconscious of impending adventure, a gay party of Chicago pleasure-seekers started out from Manitou Springs recently. It consisted of five equestrians—viz., Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hall, Miss Sadie Bates, Miss Grace and Master Hall, accompanied by Mrs. F. T. Sherman, Mrs. H. L. Thayer, and little Goodwin Thayer in a buggy, Mrs. Thayer holding the lines. The destination chosen was a tableland beyond "Glen Eyrie," called "the Mesa," a Spanish word for plateau. A glorious canter was enjoyed through the "Garden of the Gods," and the beautiful valley beyond, reaching as far as "Glen Eyrie," the charming property of Gen. Palmer. A murky, threatening sky excited some remarks, but as similar cloud effects had clustered around the distant hilltops for several days without bringing the much-needed rain no particular apprehension was felt. At "Glen Eyrie" the road turned abruptly, making an ascent up the side of what to our Chicago residents was quite a steep hill, the road being cut shelving out of the hillside. Away to the south, where the mysterious beauty of the gateway to the "Garden of the Gods" loomed up in its silent majesty, a cloud of whirling dust was observed and commented on, but no suspicion of what it portended entered the minds of our uninitiated novices. With many an exclamation of delight at the extreme loveliness of the valley view, backed by the gardens of the "Rockies," and with many a jest and a laugh, the party rode gayly up the ascent, when just on the summit of the hill, on the brow of the precipice, a terrific wind struck them. With the natural instinct of facing a foe, the equestrians turned and headed their horses to the hurricane; but the ladies in the buggy being in the rear and the buggy-top affording the greatest resistance to the wind, they realized at once their danger and sprang at once from the vehicle just in time to bid adieu to hats, handkerchiefs, dusters, wraps, etc., which soon sought a more sheltered locality in the valley below. Mr. Hall, bareheaded and almost blinded by the fury of the gale, sprang from his horse, and just succeeded in catching the frightened animal in time to prevent his precipitating himself and the buggy after the other portable property. Grasping him with one hand and his own—an excitable, nervous horse—with the other, he succeeded in forcing them away from the brow of the hill.

Little Goodwin Thayer, aged 7 years, a slight child, was held down to the ground by his mother, or the wind would certainly have carried him over, while Mrs. Sherman clung with great presence of mind to the slender bushes. The little mountain pony Gracie Hall rode seemed to take it all as a matter of course, and halted stubbornly in the most dangerous spot of all, browsing contentedly, while the child was apparently in the greatest danger. The violence of the storm increased steadily for about ten minutes, during which the little party pushed forward to a safe spot, all having dismounted. Fortunately the horses behaved well, standing firmly, though evidently frightened, or we might have had something more serious to chronicle than a severe fright. Soon a brisk shower of hail added to their discomfort, as by this time all heads were bare, the remaining hats having gayly caverted over into the valley. The rain and hail fall brought a slight abatement of the wind, and Mr. Hall led the procession, by this time a very dragglied and woe-begone looking company, down the hill to "Glen Eyrie," where a kind welcome and refreshments were received.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It regulates the Liver, Purifies the Blood, Cures and Cures and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents

The Courtship of Napoleon III.

There are some curious anecdotes about Napoleon III. in the "Souvenirs of Compiegne" recently published by "Sylvanecte," who appears to have been one of the Legitimist neighbours of the Emperor in that vicinity of Compiegne forest. One says that Napoleon's fascination for Mademoiselle de Montijo, who afterwards became the Empress Eugenie, dated from the time when that sprightly beauty gave him a sharp horse-whipping. The Emperor had invited Mademoiselle de Montijo and her mother to Compiegne, and showed them much attention at hunting parties. One evening, when the hunt came home late, Napoleon so enraged the beauty that she caught up her riding-whip and gave it to him over the head and ears. This soon brought about an explanation, and in course of time came the famous letter in which Napoleon expressed his desire to have Mademoiselle Eugenie to wife—a letter which the mother lost no time in making public, and which is now religiously preserved in the archives of the family at Madrid. According to "Sylvanecte," the future Empress was much persecuted by Napoleon before he made her his proposal of marriage, and it is related that on one occasion he was so enraged because she would not grant him a rendezvous—asked for while they were out riding—that he put spurs to his horse and galloped away, leaving her to find her way home through the forest as best she could. The poor girl lost her way, and did not reach the palace until nine o'clock in the evening, when all the guests and the domestics were thoroughly alarmed for her safety.

What Makes a Home?

It is an excellent thing to have a well-kept house, finely appointed table; but after all, the best cheer of every home must come from the heart and manner of the home mother. If that be cold, and this ungracious, all the wealth of India cannot make the home pleasant and inviting. Intelligence, too, must lend its charm it we would have home an Eden. The severe style of house-order neatness seldom leaves much margin for intellectual culture; a simpler style of living and house-furnishing would set many a bonded slave at liberty, and add vastly to the comforts of all the household. There are cabin homes that have been and are remembered with pleasure, because of the beautiful, loving presence there; and stately homes without it are but dull and cheerless habitations.

Fighting Peccaries.

A peccary is in all respects a hog. He looks, smells, tastes like a hog, and is a hog, but for a thing of indomitable courage of the lower type, for a hater of quenchless fury, and for a fighter to the last throb of his heart he has no parallel in the animal kingdom. They never begin a war, but when one is awailed the entire drove rush to the attack as men rush when martial vigor urges them. Each head-like eye is a fire spark; tusks are protruding, the echinated spine straightened, and woe to the wretch who falls into their path. Gored, bitten, torn, tramped upon, and eaten up, to the very last shread of his clothing—such is the fate of the man caught by a drove of angry peccaries. With the same fury they assault a wolf or attack a bull, and neither the wolf nor the bull can stand up against a charge of half a dozen peccaries. Both know this and flee in terror from the field.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*

Cremation is making great strides in France where the Prefect of the Seine mean to establish Siemens furnaces in several of the cemeteries in Paris, and proposes to cremate all persons whose remains are not claimed by their friends. If this experiment proves successful, the Government will probably introduce a general bill on cremation in the Chamber, and the Council of Health is now considering the different ways of detecting traces of poison.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and set up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

A child in Leominister, Mass., placed in the garden a small piece of looking glass in an upright position, and for a week a sparrow has spent three hours each day capering in front of it. It will stand and peck away at its reflected self until it gets thoroughly excited, then run back and forth along the fence, then return to its attack, and continue it until it falls exhausted and apparently dead. On recovering it flies away, only to return at the same hour the next day and renew the contest.

Childhood's Memories

Come back to me when the joys and pleasures of that dream time of life when sweet anticipation garnished with brightest hues the future as it stretched out before us. Only the pleasures hoped for us entered the heart then. But as we grow older, to one and other comes the awakening. If you should be troubled, not in heart, but in feet, with corns, and they make life miserable, go to the nearest drug store and buy a bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor, the "sure, safe, and painless corn cure," and you will be quickly relieved, and happiness will ever after brighten your path. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, prop's.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage and Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot, 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The Mighty Dollar

Is long distance if by a 10 cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the newest and best pain remedy. It cures colds, cramps, colic, pain in the head, sciatica, pain in the chest; in fact it is equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of the great pain remedy, Nerviline. Sold by druggists. Large bottles only 25 cents. Try a sample bottle of Nerviline, only 10 cents. Take no substitute.

Chemistry begins to play havoc with the mother tongue. The latest compound announced from the laboratories is monochlorodibromoparadisitrobenzol. The discoverer's name is not given.

YOUNG MEN—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Difference between the House of Lords and the House of Commons—all the difference between ability and nobility.

There are lots of people going around grambling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier At Druggists 50 cents

A.P 190.

PHRENOLOGY. EXAMINATIONS GIVEN BY WALLACE MASON, 12 Queen St. W., Toronto.

WHEAT Valley $4, Scott $1.35, Delhi 1.35, Amber 1.35, (bus) Rye,85c. Jas. Rennie, Toronto.

THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont

FOR SALE.

Roughcast Blacksmith Shop, Woodshop, and Dwelling House, 1½ land, good garden, stable and woodshed Failing health the cause for selling. Apply Box 79, Hepworth, Ont.

MEN WANTED.

Active, pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salaries from $900 to $2,000 per year Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE shops 24 x 118 feet; double stoop, with office 24 x 60 in Jackson Hb's shop, 32 x 42; lumber, barn, and shed, horse barn, two acres of land with dwelling house suitable for two small families; two cisterns, cellar, and well; situated at Ross' Corners, four miles from Belleville, on main travelled road; good locality, where a business from $8,000 to $10,000 per annum is done. The premises are now in full blast, and will be sold to good live man at a bargain. HARFORD ASHLEY Belleville.

Steam Flour Mill.

Capacity 300 barrels daily. New roller process; cooperage with large supply of dry staves; also 500 cords of wood on property; Saw mill adjoining flour mill; G.T.R. switch within ten feet of mill; situated in fine wheat country. Address Lock Box 13, Listowel.

SEND And get a sample copy of TRUTH, free, the best 32 page Weekly Magazine published. See the big list of rewards for answering Bible Problems. S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Canada.

THE MODEL

Wsher

AND

BLEACHER

Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days.

$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it.—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered, to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $3.00. Send for circulars.

AGENTS WANTED.

C. W. DENNIS,

TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,

213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

CONBOY'S

CARRIAGE TOPS

ARE THE

Latest, Neatest, Lightest, Strongest, Cheapest and most Stylish Top in the market.

☞ Buy no other until you see them. ☜

For sale by all the leading Carriage Builders.

Manufactured in great variety at 407, 409 and 411 King St., W., Toronto.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meals for farmers in their busy season. These sweets are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342 Montreal.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co.

160 Grey Nun Street, Montreal.

Importers of

Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings. Water Lime, Fire Covers, Whiting. Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay, Manufacturers of

Bessemer Steel Sofa, Chair & Bed Springs

DEATH TO POTATO BUGS.

ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR

RAMSAY'S PURE PARIS GREEN.

Nothing has been found more effective for destroying Potato Bugs. The purest is the cheapest.

A. Ramsay & Son,

Paint and Color Manufacturers, Montreal.

WHAT SHALL I DRINK!

THE MONTSERRAT

Lime Fruit Juice.

Cordial, most wholesome, delicious and refreshing beverage. Strictly pure and entirely free from Alcohol. Gold Medal Colonial Exhibition, 1886. Sold by all druggists and grocers. Sole proprietors H. SUGDEN EVANS & CO., Montreal. Agents, JAS. H. PEARCE & CO., Toronto.

MACHINERY. 1 Forteaf Westinghouse 8 to 9 power Engine; 1 Able Triumph de. 1 G. G. Morrison do. 15 h p Portable Engine and Boiler one Bride. 12 h p. Horizontal by Worthy. 1 do. by Waterous with cut off valve, and 10 Engines and Boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 2 24-inch Planers and Matchers. 1 20-inch Pony Planer. 1 Iron frame Tenoning machine. 1 Blind Slat Tenoner. 1 Buggy Planer or jointer. 2 band re-saws. 10 Saw Tables. 1 Fire-Proof Safe. 1 Jeweler's Rouge Steel. 1 Book-Binder's Screw Press. 1 42-inch French Burr Portable Grist Mill. 1 42-inch inserted Tooth Saw, &c., &c. Send for new list, No. 9, containing full description of machinery in stock. Address,

H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS'N, Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $125 to $5,000, payable on marriage, at following rates. For $500, or half certificates, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75. For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00. For $2,000 Certificate, $10; quarterly dues in advance, $1.50. For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance, $2.25. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages $1.60 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessments only promptly paid on present membership. At end of year Endowment reserve account will amount to $10,000, providing for a large number of endowments, which places this Association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar Institution. A good saving society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL

Brooklyn,	Aug. 18	Oregon	Sept. 6
Vancouver,	Aug. 25	Montreal,	Sept. 13
Toronto,	Aug. 29	Sarnia,	Sept. 20

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $60, $70, $80. Return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $36.75. Steerage, as lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Portland to Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow and Quebec and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B. Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS

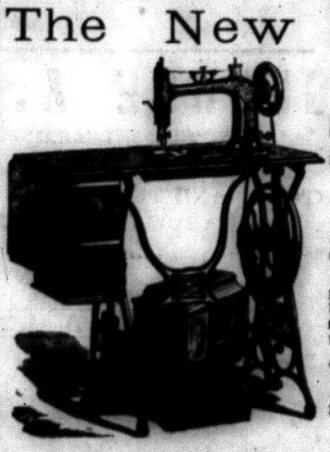
Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

☞ SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE,

HAMILTON, ONT

The New Williams



High Arm Machine is now recognized as the

Sewing Machine of the Period.

Light and Easy to run!

Silent and Rapid movement.

Plain and Simple to learn

It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

1738 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 88 King St., West, Toronto.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

PAID FOR

Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

363 **B. A. S. WILSON.**

HARVEST TOOLS!

Our Stock of Harvest Tools is complete in all lines

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Special value in CRADLES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots

FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL

Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED— 185.

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

JANE WRIGHT.

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,

SPINNING,

FULLING,

WEAVING, AND

MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,

FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVE AND TINWARE.

HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,

LAMPS AND LANTERNS,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

Great Bargains

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

$10,00 WORTH OF GOODS thrown on the Market!

Having re-opened in building ONE DOOR east of Post Office, formerly occupied as carriage shop by M. Bristol, we shall for the

NEXT 30 DAYS MARK GOODS DOWN TO COST.

Goods damaged by removal from fire sell at LESS than manufacturers' prices.

All lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, cut **away down.**

Boots and Shoes *MUST BE RUN OFF* inside 30 days, to make room.

Don't forget the place—one door east of the Post Office, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, Feb. 21st, 1884.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Weiss' Block, Madoc.

E. B. Casement & Co. Nails Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

E. B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all Kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 382. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, August 28, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

THE SEPTEMBER CENTURY.

In its contents the September Century aims to rival the August "Midsummer Holiday number" in entertaining summer reading, as well as in articles of useful importance Pictorially, it is also of a popular character. In the frontispiece Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has given a refined interpretation of "Pancha the heroine of a romantic story of Monterey. The other short story of the number is a humorous dialect story of southern life, called "The Brief Embarrassment of Mr. Iverson Blount." Charles G. Leland's "Legends of the Passamaquoddy" Indians (with illustrations drawn on birch bark by a Quadi Indian), has the interest of fiction as well as a value to students of folk-lore. A New England Winter," is concluded, and A Problematic Character," is continued. Mr. Cable's novel, "Dr. Sevier," approaches the conclusion, which will be printed in the October number. Professor S. P. Langley, the well-known astronomer of the Allegheny Observatory, begins in this number a series of popular illustrated papers on "The New Astronomy." In this first article, the character and significance of "The Spots on the Sun" are explained with the aid of numerous pictures. In "Tropics of the Time" will be found editorials on "The Political Education of the People"; politicians as Sheep and Goats": "Art and Congressmen": and "The New Astronomy." An interesting feature of "Open Letters" is General R. E. Colston's account of his experience in Soudan, when, as a member of the general staff of the Egyptian army, he was the leader of exploring caravans. The object of the article is to point out the difficulty of "The Rescue of Chinese Gordon" by caravan up the Nile. The poetry of the number is contributed by John Vance Cheney, Miss Agnes Maule Machar, E. J. McPhelim, Miss Susan Coolidge, Mrs. Dorr, Andrew B. Saxton; and in "Bric-a-Brac," by Samuel Minturn Peck, Margaret Veley, Stanley Wood, W. W. Fink, Robertson Trowbridge, and others. "So Wags the World" is a short prose satire on marriage beneath one's station, and half a page is devoted to "Uncle Esek.s Wisdom."

Seven thousand troops will leave England this week for Soudan.

The number of Master Masons in New York State is 75,841.

Alvinston and Brockville wee r both swept by big fires last week.

The eldest son of the Prince of Wales next year begins to draw a grant from the English Government.

It required 12 men to handle the coffin and body of a Washington giant lately deceased. He weighed 480 lbs.

Soldiers from Berber report that 636 Egyptian officers and soldiers are in the hands of the rebels, who treat them as slaves.

A fire has been raging for three days in Rawa, Austrian Galicia. Three hundred houses were destroyed, and three thousand persons left homeless.

A million dollars in gold coin weighs 3,685.8 pounds; in silver coin 58,929.9 pounds; a ton of gold is worth $602,79 9.21, and one of silver $37,704,84.

There are three Sundays every week in Jerusalem. Friday is observed by the Mohammedans, Saturday by the Jews and Sunday by the Christians.

Serious forest fires are raging near East Tawas, Mich. Always during a hot spell we may expect to hear of forest fires in Michigan. It is so every year.

Germany, France and England are all trying to grab as much African territory as possible. Most of their future wars will probably arise from African disputes.

Everything has favored the crops in Manitoba this year, but Dakota has been troubled with cyclones, tornadoes and hail storms. One of Wednesday's dispatches reports a terrific rainstorm and great damage to crops.

During the past month no less than fifteen thousand Italians have left the United States for their native country by steamships sailing from New York. The exodus is attributed to scarcety of work and ill-treatment.

TEACHER WANTED.

FOR School Section No. 13, township of Madoc. Second or Third Class preferable.

J. P. MULLETT,
T. H. TUMELTY,
JOHN GILLEN.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors, Madoc.

AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc," Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month, Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

Tea! Tea! Tea!

We as usual are showing

Special Value in Tea,

in all grades.

JOHN DALE & SON.

FOR SALE.

ONE first-class Cooking Stove, large size, with copper reservoir.

D. C. CLARKE.

WANTED--- AGENTS to sell TUNISON'S **New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts.**

As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free, address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publisher, 388 Richmond Street, LONDON, ONTARIO. 363

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

PEERLESS

MACHINE OIL!

AT

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

ICE CREAM

—AT—

LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.
Madoc, February 15, 1884. 362

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

Ready-made CLOTHING.

We are showing

EXTRA VALUE

in all lines.

JOHN DALE & SON.

E. A. SEYMOUR,

General House Painter,
AND GLAZIER.
Madoc, - Ontario.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLO
MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.
Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	1st concession	Madoc,
	29	5th "	"
	29	7th "	"
W ½	30	9th "	"
N E ¼	13	10th "	Marmora,
	27	11th "	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., adoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 24

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—O'Flynn Block.

A. F. WOOD,
Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 18[illegible]

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining Lands effected. Minera Properties and Ores reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883. 311

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE--FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

W. C. REID,

CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.

Dealer in all kinds of

Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Flowers, &c.

I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.

369 W. C. REID.

$66 a week at home, $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallet & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO,

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS

AND OTHER

MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers,
Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,
20 Front St. East, Toronto.

IN ARCTIC SEAS.

A Talk With an Old Whaler.

"Yes, I have read some of the news about the finding of the Greely party," said an old salt, who had been in the Arctic regions in his earlier days.

He had all the marks of "a life on the ocean wave and a home on the rolling deep." A weather-beaten and browned skin, India ink tattoos, and several scars, the result of blows from capstan bars, boat oars and harpoon hooks.

"No, I never went on an exploring expedition, but came very near doing it once. I am told that Dr. Hall makes mention in one of his books of his meeting with Capt. Parker, of the old "Truelove," in Coddling Bay, in the fall of,'61. I was one of the two men he mentioned as volunteering to join his party and winter with him in Davis Strait. Hall had lost two of his crew and one of his small boats, and he wanted to make up his deficiency from the whaling fleet when they were ready to leave for home. I was a young fellow then, and me and my chum were ready to face any climate and any hardship, but Capt. Parker said he felt himself responsible for our safe return to our friends in England, and he wouldn't let us go with Hall. But we let him have one of the "Truelove's" small boats. That was the nearest I ever come to being an Arctic explorer."

"But you have seen a good deal of life in the Arctic regions, nevertheless?" said the reporter, by way of drawing him out on a subject which the finding of the Greely party has been made interesting. "Where is Coddling Bay?"

"I don't suppose you'll find it on the maps. We whalers had names of our own for Arctic ports and didn't bother our heads much about what the explorers called 'em. We could talk among ourselves about the east and west shore all the way up to parallel 71 just as familiar as we could about the English Channel and the Mersey, but after you got above Lancaster Sound we were off. We left that for the scientific chaps to navigate and give all our attention to whale oil. The was more money in it and

LESS SHIPS AND MEN LOST.

Of course we kept a weather eye open for any relics of the Franklin crew that might be drifting about in hope of the reward offered, but we didn't go out of our way to hunt for 'em."

"Can you give me a general idea of what the surface of the country is like up there?" as the reporter. "The general idea, I think, we have is of a surface entirely and always covered with ice."

"Well, that is pretty near it. About the only bare spots are the perpendicular faces of the rocky shores, with here and there a bit of stunted vegetation during the Arctic summer. The west shore of Davis Straits is very mountainous, only broken here and there by a 'fewer' (fiord) as we call Arctic rivers. I don't know as anybody has ever been on those mountain tops to see what they bear, but I don't think they're up to much. Wouldn't care to own a farm there, anyway."

"Do you know how icebergs are formed?" he asked, by way of turning the subject to something he had more definite knowledge about. "You know an iceberg is made of fresh water while the water they float in is salt. Some people think that the saltiness is taken out by the freezing. That's a mistake. It is the spring water falling down the mountain sides that make icebergs. It runs from the springs in the mountains and freezes as it falls until its accumulated weight breaks it off and it goes drifting down the channel, if it falls into plenty of water. I have seen icebergs grounded in 400 feet.

"Talk about your Niagara Falls! I have seen nothing prettier than some of them mountain cataracts in the Arctics. There's variety about 'em, too. They are always breaking away and forming in new shapes, so

THEY NEVER LOOK TWICE THE SAME.

Fine place for a landscape painter that, but I suppose they prefer to draw on their imagination. Them pictures of the finding of the Greely survivors in the illustrated papers show all they know about it.

"No, we never had a vessel ground up in the ice in our voyages; always had the good luck to get out of the way. The way we did it was to make artificial harbors in the shore ice. When we saw a big ice-floe coming, and the wind was crowding it to our side of the channel, it was 'hurrah boys!' I tell ye. We carried long ice saws with pulley attachments and trestles to support them overhead. When put in position for sawing a part of the crew manned the pulley ropes while others held the teeth of the saw against the ice. The rope and pulley made the raising of the saw easy, and its own weight carried it down. We would start three saws at the outer edge of the ice and cut three seams, starting a hundred feet apart and verging toward each other. When the two shorter seems met, and a small triangular piece of ice had been shoved out into the current it was easy to loosen the larger piece and send it adrift. Then we unshipped our rudder and hauled our vessel into the harbor we had made just in time, sometimes, to see a cake of ice ten to twenty miles in area go grinding past our little harbor of refuge. The ice we sawed through would be ten feet thick, and the sawing took us five hours sometimes.

"But we got the most excitement out of our fishing. Talk about your fresh water regattas. If you could take a crowd up there to witness a whaler's crew get away after a fish it would be something worth seeing," said the old sailor, as his storm-dimmed optics seemed trying to flash youthful fire again in the mental contemplation of a spirited picture he had once been a figure in.

"A big thing on ice," suggested the reporter, just to show he was listening.

"I have seen a crew all asleep in their berths when the cry of 'a fish' was given and in one minute and a half the boats were pulling away from the ship. Their clothes hang in a bag beside their berths, and they grab it and

DRESS AS THEY GO.

The boat that get the first harpoon in gets an English pound for their harpoon thrower, and when several ships sight the same fish and each ship sends off several boats you can believe there is some good pulling done. The harpooner in the first boat generally encourages his crew with the promise of a pound of tobacco out of his prize money if they get him to the fish first.

"But the best long pulling is done when the first boat get a harpoon in and the fish has to tow it while the crew rest on their oars and watch the other six boats pull to catch up and get a line on. Then they bend to their oars, and keep it up ten or fifteen miles. This generally happened when we struck a fish that had her young with her. At other times they dive immediately they are struck. But a young fish must blow oftener than the mother, and a fish with young skims along the surface, carrying the young one on her back if too youthful to keep up with her. We once had a pull of twenty miles of that sort, and it was the prettiest regatta you ever seen. Don't know now much further we would have gone if the young devil hadn't slipped off its mother's flipper, and she turned around to find it. Then the man in the second boat struck her again, square between the eyes. If the harpoon thrower had missed his aim there would have been trouble on that boat. Nobody cares to get in front of a maddened fish, I can tell you, but that one turning back came on 'em unexpected like.

"Did I enjoy that kind of life? Well, I did. If I had my time to come over again that's just where I'd go—on an Arctic expedition. Healthiest climate in the world. Never heard of any of us being sick. They either freeze or starve to death up there. Only those two ways of going to Davy Jones' locker in the Arctics. No yellow fever and cholera as we get in the tropics. Don't wonder at the Greely survivors being ready to go again. Would do the same thing myself if I hadn't got my anchor down in fresh water in the shape of a wife and seven children to look after. There's no money in Arctic expeditions, but it's the independentest kind of a life."

The Newspapers of the World.

London, as might be expected, with its population of 4,000,000, takes precedence of all other great cities in its list of publications, which very nearly approaches 2,000. These have an annual circulation of about 1,017,000,000 copies.

But while London shows a longer catalogue than any other city, Paris, with a population of less than 2,000,000, issues 1553 periodicals, and these have an annual circulation of about 1,000,000,000 copies; so that, in point of fact, the citizens of Paris are far more liberally supplied with daily or weekly literary provender than their British neighbors. In fact it is estimated that the journalistic products of Paris amount annually to almost one-tenth of the issue of the entire press of the globe.

New York and Brooklyn (which bear to one another somewhat the same relation as Birkenhead to Liverpool) have a combined population nearly equal to that of Paris. They produce 587 publications, with an annual circulation of about 516,000,000; Berlin produces 536; Vienna, 483; Madrid, 253; Rome, 211, showing a gradual diminution till we reach St. Petersburgh, with a population of 601,969 and only 57 periodicals. The latter, however, are exceedingly varied, and offer something for all tastes—literary classes, medical students, horse-breeders, stock-rearers, musical societies, law, mathematics, horticulture, agriculture, the drama, commerce, satire, history, ecclesiastical questions, science, and a very limited allowance of politics.

I must not omit to notice one point of interest, suggested by the languages which chiefly predominate in this vast newspaper literature. Though there are comparatively few tongues which are not in some measure represented, we find that an enormous majority are published in four languages. As a matter of course English heads the list, inasmuch as English speaking races have peopled North America and Australasia. The German races rank second, the French third, and Spanish fourth; but, inasmuch as the latter tongue is the lingua franca of Mexico and South America, it is probable that it will find a more extensive circulation in print as these nations advance. Meanwhile, the proportion is as follows:—English, 16 500 publications; German, 7,350; French, 3,850; Spanish, 1 600.

Taking the nationality of the 34,000 papers of the world we find that close upon 32,000 are published in Europe and North America, leaving little over 2,000 for all the rest of the world! South America only issues a sufficient number to allow each of its inhabitants three newspapers a year—exhibiting the curious contrast in this, as in all else, between the great Northern and Southern Continents.

The combined annual product of Asia and Africa amounts to 227,000,000, which, in proportion to the population, would allow one copy in ten years for each person. Of course the newspaper circulation of Africa is confined to the extreme north and south, with a very feeble commencement on the west coast. In like manner Asia has neither supply nor demand except in parts of Turkey, Persia, China and Japan. Not a newspaper of any sorts is to be found in Arabia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, or Turkestan.

Strange, to say, China, that nation which of all others holds literature (that is to say, its own dry-as-dust classics concerning a remote past) in highest honor, has so small a thirst for news of the present day, that it produces fewer papers than any other nation with the smallest claim to civilization. The proportion of newspapers to population is in the ratio of about one publication to 2,000,000 inhabitants. The Chinese Empire produces only 22 periodicals, of which 12 are in Chinese, 9 in English, and 1 in French. Even of this small number, the circulation is extraordinary small, and, as a rule, a newspaper may be said to be a thing unknown to the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Celestial Empire.

A Curious Custom.

About 100 yards from Kilmainham Prison, Dublin, Ireland, is the ancient well of St. John, with which an old tradition is attached that water taken therefrom on the eve of the 24th of June possesses curative properties. This is firmly believed by many people, and quite 5,000 persons assembled at the well on that day recently, having made a pilgrimage there for that special purpose. It is regarded as essential that the water should be drawn before daylight on St. John's eve, and the pilgrims come provided with every class of vessel to bring away the precious fluid. The well is in a recess under a wall, and candles had to be used to light the people down the steps, the scene thus presented being of a weird character. The people dispersed about three in the morning.

A good editor must always be in his write mind.—[Merchant Traveller. And have a pen-chant for work.—[South and West. And be ink-quisitive about affairs that concern the public.—[Gorham Mountaineer.

THE SEA SERPENT.

In Canadian Waters—Passed off the Gaspe Coast on the Way to Montreal.

The much vexed sea serpent question is at last brought home to Canadians by the appearance of one of these monsters off the Gaspe coast. The creature was seen from the steamship "Silksworth," of Sunderland, which arrived at Montreal recently from Pictou, N. S., with a cargo of coal consigned to Wm. Muir & Sons. A reported visited the vessel at her berth in the new canal basin, and the chief officer, a gentleman of wide experience, very readily gave the particulars of the appearance of the monster. He stated that the point where the creature had been sighted was about midway between West Point, in Prince Edward Island, and Cape Gaspe, in the Province of Quebec. It was seen on Saturday morning between three and four o'clock. He was in charge of the deck for the middle watch and was pacing up and down the bridge when the lookout on the forecastle called out "There's a

QUEER LOOKING THING

on the starboard beam." He immediately looked in the direction indicated, and saw something about a quarter of a mile off. It was a remarkably clear moonlight night, and the sea was calm, and he could easily see what, in the momentary glance he took, looked like a sail. Without giving any particular attention to it, he thought it must be a vessel, but jokingly replied to the hail of the lookout that it was probably the sea serpent. He assured the reporter that previous to this, he looked upon sea serpent yarns as the sheerest nonsense. A second glance at the object, however, showed him that there was something remarkable about it, and this prompted him to take up the night glasses, and he brought them to bear upon it. The result was a perfect surprise to him, for there undeniably was the much doubted sea serpent. It rose

BETWEEN TWENTY AND THIRTY FEET

from the water at the least. It appeared to rise perpendicularly from the sea by a movement which resembled more the opening of a telescope than anything else he could name. As it appeared above the water its body seemed to expand as if inflated with the air, and the body tapered off from the surface of the water towards the head. At the water, as near as he could judge, the diameter of the body must have been between three and four feet. The whole appearance of the creature was that of a huge conger eel, the head, which was an enormous size, resembling that of this species of fish in every particular. The head was the most prominent part of the creature and principally attracted his attention. The body of the beast appeared to be

STRIPED LIKE A MACKEREL

with black and light colored bars running round the body mingling in black at the back and a silver gray at the belly. After looking at the creature through the glass sufficiently long to comprehend what it was, he ran aft to notify the captain and a couple of passengers they had aboard. By the time they had hurried into their clothes and got on deck, however, the serpent had disappeared. It appeared suddenly to sight the ship and sank beneath the water with the same steady telescopic movement with which it had elevated itself, although quicker. The part of the brute which appears particularly to have impressed itself upon his memory was the mouth, which much resembled that of a shark. About two feet below the head

TWO TREMENDOUS FINS,

stuck out from the body, extending for several feet on either side. Fortunately the creature rose to the surface again and was seen by Captain Read and the passengers, or the serpent might have been set down as the fruit of the imaginations of himself, the lookout and the wheelman. As a matter of fact he remarked that even with so many reliable witnesses as to the genuiness of the serpent he would not have believed in it, had he not seen it with his own eyes. He had, he said, given the matter serious consideration since seeing the serpent, and he is now unable to account for his previous scepticism on the subject of sea serpents, as it is easy to suppose that sea eels are capable of attaining a gigantic size. The serpent on the second occasion of rising was about half a mile distant from the ship and well within the range of the night glass. It rose in the same quiet manner as before and was exposed to view altogether about three minutes. Before sinking below the surface it opened its mouth to its fullest extent, as if gulping in a supply of air, and closing its jaws gave vent to

A LOUD BELLOW

resembling both a dog's bark and the lowing of a cow. The noise was one of the most horrifying things imaginable, and involuntarily all on the deck of the "Silksworth" trembled when they heard it.

The lookout and the other members of the steamship's crew who saw the creature corroborate the chief officer's statement in every particular, and the affair is regularly entered in the log. The lookout states that he first saw it when its head had risen above the surface, and his attention was directed to it as the only object in sight.

SANCTUM-ONIOUS LEVITY.

The key to wealth—Ino-key.

Many are comfortable only when others are not.

The argument of ignorance is often based on the force of bigotry.

Clothes don't always make the man—unless he sells them at a good profit.

No tombstones mark the graves in the cemetery where lost hopes are interred.

The world is a great barber shop and every man waits his turn to be shaved.

Men and horses differ. The latter is worthless unless he is broke, and the former is worthless if he is ditto.

The bee that is loudly proclaiming that the world owes it a living goes honeyless to bed.

More money can be made by one day's strict attention to one's own business than by ten day's minding the affairs of one's neighbor.

Lover of the Antique—"What's the price of that antique Louis XIV. cabinet?" Bric-a-Brac dealer—"Five hundred dollars." "Mercy! Why, a friend of mine got one just like that for $150." "Where?" "At Milburgville, Conn." "O, of course: you can't expect us to compete with Milburgville." "And why not?' "That's where they make 'em."

THE TURKS AND EGYPT.

Envious of England's Supremacy—Baron Hirsch and the New Railway.

The Turks have now very little to say about the conference. They were hoping for much wider issues than merely financial agreement in respect to Egypt's indebtedness; but seeing that neither France nor Germany would support the demand for the withdrawal of the British troops they care little as to what may be said or done, provided there be no further encroachments upon the sultan's rights. The hint thrown out as to the future neutralization of Egypt is not at all relished at Constantinople. The advisers of the sultan do not understand that if an arrangement of that nature could be really effected it would be the surest possible guarantee for the preservation of such rights as the sultan has been left by the course of British action in Egypt. To them it wears the aspect only of an independent Mussulman state, created at the expense of the Ottoman empire, which might eventually seek to become its rival. Turkey was quite prepared to send troops, if called upon to do so by the conference, both for the maintenance of order in Egypt proper and the subjugation of the Soudan. Mouktar Pasha was to have been intrusted with the command of ten thousand men, with a certain Hadji Achmet Pasha, who speaks Arabic well and has had much experience in dealing with Arabs, as his second in command.

The Turco-Servian railway junction may be looked upon as a settled thing, although it will doubtless be some time yet before a final iradeh on the subject is issued. What all Baron Calice's insistence at the porte and Prince Radolph's recent visit to Constantinople failed to effect has been brought about, apparently, by a timely present of horseflesh to the sultan. His imperial majesty has a real passion for horses. He understands their management well, and is both a good hand at the reins and a bold rider. The delicate flattery conveyed in such a tribute to his favorite pursuit as the six superb horses sent by the Emperor Franz Josef could not be withstood by one whose generosity is likely to pass into a proverb, and as the most pleasing acknowledgement of the same in his power to make, the sultan decided to allow serious negotiations to commence with Baron Hirsch for the construction of the required length of railway. The Turkish railway king is expected here shortly to conduct the affair in person. He is sure to succeed, as no one knows so well how, when, and where to use the arguments that alone carry weight in Turkey as the wily baron, who has managed to have a huge railway system constructed in the name of the porte with other people's money, apparently for his sole benefit.

Not satisfied with what he has already made out of the affair, to the prejudice of the Ottoman treasury, the lessee of the Roumelian lines now comes forward with an offer which is no compliment to the acuteness of the Turks. The baron is ready to undertake the construction of the line at his own expense, and to work it, giving the Ottoman government, as his dratt contract declares, a large share of the gross receipts. This sounds well, but a very cursory examination will show that the proposed bargain is all in favor of Baron Hirsch. The new line is to form a link in the general system, and as such is leased with the other sections to the constructor until such time as the share of the receipts carried to the credit of the porte shall have reached the amount expended upon it by Baron Hirsch. The Ottoman government is to receive 47½ per cent of the gross receipts upon the whole lines—so runs the proposed arrangement. It would seem, however, that before any division at all is made 7,000 francs per kilometer have to be handed over to the working company as cost of administration and working, etc. It may be safely predicted that for many years to come the books of the company will show little in the way of earnings beyond the 7,000 francs above referred to, and thus the new contract with Hirsch, if concluded, will tend to secure the possession of these railways to him for an indefinite period.

There is joy among the Armenian saraffs. His imperial majesty has ordered the grand vizier to make some arrangement for the payment of the havalleha. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be explained that a havalleh is a bill upon a provincial treasury. These bills are given when the treasure-chests of the department are dry, either in payment for goods purchased or as salaries to the army and navy. Usually they were discounted for cash at rates varying from 40 to 50 per cent. discount. Eventually they were paid in full, so that the traffic in havalleha was very profitable. Recently the grand vizier obtained a iradeh, putting a stop to all further encashment of these bills, and so they became a drug in the market. The holders, however, have been vigorously attacking the generosity of the sultan by petitions, and at last made a formidable demonstration at the palace, which in the time of Mahmoud would have sent their heads rolling in the dust. A deputation of some sixty per cent drove in carriages to Yildiz, asking permission to lay a petition at the feet of their sovereign. After some parleying, three of their number were admitted to the presence of the chief chamberlain, and they placed in his hand a statement of their grievances for transmission to his majesty. The reader should understand that it is not the intention of the government to repudiate these papers, but merely to put a stop to the traffic which has benefited a few officials while enriching a lot of usurers at the expense of the army and navy. The idea is to obtain a proper account of this portion of the floating debt by compelling registration before settlement. —*Constantinople Cor. New York Herald.*

Pleasant People.

We are sometimes surprised to find how many pleasant people there are sojourning upon this planet, and how ready they are to do and say pleasant things, and fill the world with "sweetness and light" for others. Sometimes when we least expect it, when it has seemed to us as if almost everybody was made upon the bias, so to speak, we suddenly happen upon one of these pleasant people, and the cobwebs are all swept out of our heaven and the whole complexion of things is changed. They make a dull day cheerful; they have something of the same effect in a room as an open fire or bouquet of flowers; or they are like the trill of a brook hidden in a still wood, or the unexpected whistle of a bird in early spring.

A rolling stone gathers no moss. Neither does a paving stone for the matter of that.

THE BASTINADO.

A Terrible Punishment Inflicted on Two Robbers—Graphic Description by An Eye-Witness.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 15.—The villages surrounding Constantinople are infested by robbers who have for some time carried on their trade almost with impunity. The police have recently made an effort and half a dozen of the thieves were captured. They were given a summary trial and the bastinado was inflicted upon two of them. The others were acquitted for want of evidence.

THE BASTINADO.

Mr. Hilaire Gay, a Genevan gentleman, has published a *brochure* in which he relates his experiences of torture in Egypt:—"The second time that I presented myself at the Prefecture," he writes, "I was compelled to witness, much against my will, the punishment of the bastinado inflicted on three unfortunate Arabs, and on several subsequent occasions I had to undergo a similar ordeal. I hesitate to describe these horrors, which to us Europeans recall the darkest days of mediæval times; but it being my duty as a faithful chronicler to set forth the most striking facts that come under my observation I must ask my readers to overcome their repugnance and accompany me to the place of torture. His Excellency, Osman Bey, is seated on the divan of a large room of cold and sinister aspect, the floor covered with large slabs and lighted by high windows looking on the street. He wears the *strambouline*, or official costume, a black frock-coat with a straight collar, white waistcoat, black trousers and *tarbouche*. His face, of a light olive tint, is adorned with a scanty black beard and whiskers; the nose is strong, the lips are thick, the eyes dark and deep. Though rather stout, he is well formed and above middle height. When Osman Bey smiles his countenance becomes pleasing and amiable, but when the smile is absent his regard is cold and stern. Near him, before a little table covered with green baize, sits his secretary.

THE PREFECT.

"As I walk up the room a clock strikes the hour of two. The Prefect offers me his hand, and at his invitation I take a seat by his side. Then a negro, clad in a long white robe and wearing on his head an enormous yellow turban, brings me a little cup of coffee and a bundle of cigarettes. As I hand back my cup to this imposing servitor, three Arabs, escorted by two guards, are led before the Prefect. These unfortunates seem to belong to the poorest of the people; their feet are bare, their clothing is worn and ragged, their hands tremble convulsively, their eyes are haggard, and their faces twitch in apprehension as they listen in mournful silence to the words addressed to them by the Prefect. But they answer his questions with feverish vivacity, and after the exchange of a few words two of the prisoners are led from the room. Then five men enter. These are the torturers, and nothing more fell or hang-dog than their looks can be imagined. Four of them seize the Arab who is still standing before the Prefect, and the poor wretch, as he is cast on the ground, throws at him a glance eloquent with agony and fear, but the great man's countenance remains fixed and impassive, and he makes no sign of grace.

THE VICTIM.

"The victim was then placed on one of the slabs with his chest resting on the stone, in which position he was held by two of the executioners. Two others next raised his legs until his feet were in a horizontal position, a position in which they were retained by means of a cord fastened to either end of a stick. Each man held the stick with one hand while with the other he kept fast hold of one of the Arab's legs. In the grip of these four powerful and expert men it was impossible for him to move and almost impossible for him to writhe. On this the fifth torturer, who had taken no part in the preliminary proceedings, came forward, holding in his hand a sort of lash consisting of five strands of twisted gut or hide. The face of this man was singularly hideous and repulsive—the yellow and tawny skin, the low forehead, the round eyes, dull and fixed, the thick black eyebrows, the unbearded chin retreating from coarse, thick lips, the creased and furrowed cheeks, imparted to the countenance of the chief executioner an air of ferocious and bestial stupidity.

THE TORMENTOR.

"The tormentor raised his arm and struck with the regularity of a pendulum the upturned feet of his helpless victim. At the fourth stroke the Arab uttered a cry of pain, and at every fresh stroke the cry was repeated. But soon the cry became a scream, the flagellated flesh visibly shuddered, and the soles were seamed with red and livid streaks. Sitting silently on my cushion, chewing mechanically the tobacco of my extinguished cigarette, I could not help shivering with horror at the sight of so much suffering. I felt as if I were under the influence of some terrible nightmare. Osman Bey, his secretary, the five executioners, with their stern and sinister features, looking unmoved at so cruel a sight, seemed for a moment rather the creations of a disordered imagination than beings of flesh and blood; but the heavy thud of the strokes and the screams of the victim recalled me to the sad reality which I was so reluctantly witnessing. Then the punishment ceased, and the Arab, with ghastly face, and body shaken with a feverish trembling, had to incline himself respectfully before the man by whose order he had been so cruelly tormented. Helped by a guard, for his maimed and bleeding feet refused to support him, he was then led, still moaning with agony, from the torture chamber. The two other Arabs were afterwards punished in like manner. It was now past three o'clock, and his Excellency, putting on his usual pleasant smile, gave me his orders concerning the service of the police. I then saluted him and hurried away from the place where I had seen the practical application of a barbarous jurisprudence."

In Vino "Vulgaritas."—The earl of Borromonger, stiffly: "Yes, Mr. Bullicrop, that is a good glass of wine, as you say. It is, in fact, sir, some of my '20 port—a comet wine, as it is called." Mr. Bullicrop, member of parliament: "Lor, bless me, my lord! You don't say so? Thutty-nine port? Why that's only three and three a bottle! Wherever d'ye you get it, my lord, eh? I 'aven't a drop in my cellars as stands me in less than five an' six, and that's the truth."

A German scientist says that every cubic foot of air contains fifteen million insects, and a traveling man says that the country hotel beds he has been sleeping in must be built entirely of air.

UP A POLE.

A Line Repairer's Story.

"One of my companions had a queer experience once," continued Dick, "and he was the laughing stock of the whole party for a year. We were running a line of wire through Elmira, and were on one of the principal streets. Jim, as we called the fellow, shied up a high pole and began fastening a wire to an insulator. The cross-bar was just in front of a fourth story window, and Jim was not more than forty-eight inches from the building. A boy on the street yelled: 'The pole is fallin,' and Jim plunged through the open window. When he alighted inside he found he was in a nice, cosy little bedroom with little boxes of rouge, and numerous bottles of perfumery round about on the stands and shelves. Jim hadn't the slightest idea what to do. He dare not attempt to climb back on the pole, and he could hear voices in the next room. We waited below for him, thinking he was coming down the inside stairway while he was trembling inside for fear the regular occupant of the room might enter. Finally, he tied a paper to a thread and let it down. It read: What the d—l shall I do? I'm cooped up here in some infernal old maid's bedroom.' We let him stay up there half an hour longer, and then went up and made matters right with the tenants."

Persian Imitations of Antiques.

The art of manufacturing "Brumagem" goods appears to be rapidly extending all over the globe. Japan and China, not to speak of France and America, have long since taken up the trade, but among the most recent to enter the field are the subject of the King of Kings, as he likes to be styled, the Shah of Persia. An American Consul in that country gives an interesting account of how the modern Persians profit by the present craze or mania for antiques among the British and American. He says:—

What has been lost by Persia in the pearl fishery she seems likely to make up in part by the new industry of manufacturing imitations of ancient Persian armor and coins to meet the extensive demands of European collectors. But the museums of Europe long since absorbed most of the best specimens of the most interesting of the industrial arts of the East. Specimens still exist but are not easily obtained and only at a high price, and by those able to ferret out the old families. If there are no armies now to be clad with carved and inlaid helmets, breast plates, and buckles, there is an army of collectors, artists, and virtuosi, studios or banqueting halls, and the artists of Persia have taken up the business of manufacturing old arms which may be purchased for reasonable prices. Sometimes these pseudo-antiques are sold with little attempt to conceal the fact that they are new, while in many cases much cunning has been exercised in giving them the appearance of antiquity. Only an expert could detect the difference between some of these imitations and the genuine antique. The Jews of Hamadan also carry on an extensive manufacture of spurious antique coins. That city, the ancient Ecbatana, abounds above any other city in Persia, probably, in antiquities, and the soil seems to be full of gold and silver ornaments, coins, and the like. Although pretty well dug over of late years, yet the supply does not appear to be exhausted. Fine examples of the coins of Alexander the Great and the Sassanide are common, but the greed with which they have been snatched up by travellers has led the Jews of that city to consider it easier to counterfeit them than to dig for them. A steady supply of spurious coins is therefore constantly furnished the market from this source. Even gold antiques are thus imitated, having a coating of real gold, and cleverly simulating all the appearance of age."

Living on Human Flesh.

A Winnipeg special to the Chicago *Tribune* says: W.B. McBride, of Chicago, who has arrived here from a trip to the Rocky Mountains, brings word that a man named William Owens, a California miner, was found by some railway navvies near Kicking Hourse river a few days ago in a famished and partially demented condition. Owens said he started June 13, with Joseph Williamson, from Kamloops on a prospecting trip, expecting to strike the Columbus River, but their supply of provisions gave out before reaching there. They travelled for six days and a half without food, when Williamson laid down and died. Owens then cut strips of flesh from his dead companion's legs, which he ate sparingly, and proceeded on his tramp. He had been living six days on human flesh when found and still had a quantity of the dried flesh in an old handkerchief. He was very weak and emaciated, and told his story with difficulty. He repeated the horrible details on several occasions and all who heard him are convinced that the story is true. He had a large roll of bills with him. The police have taken the matter in hand and will investigate it.

The Cherubs.

A friend sends the following: "Last Christmas eve Mrs. J——went up stairs to see if the children had hung up their stockings for Santa Claus, and found that little Fred had pinned up his in a prominent place, with a slip of paper attached, containing this suggestive sentence, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.'"

"Pa, why do you not need torchlight processions during the campaign when we have drum corps?" asked the 5 year old. "Give it up my son." Because the drums are tortures enough." Whack! Whack! Whack! fell the clipper.

An eminent astronomer says "It would take ten years to photograph the heavens. My! Pretty near as long as it would to photograph the baby.

"Well, my young gentlemen and how would you like to get your hair cut? "Oh, like papa's, pleare—with a little round hole at the top."

"Sweep it, mamma," said a bright little dot of a girl as she brought a piece of bread and butter to her mother which she had dropped on the floor butter side down.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "suppose a party of men should break into the house some night when you were away, and abduct me, what would you do?"

"That is not a supposeable case," he replied.

"I know it is not likely to occur, but just imagine it."

"Impossible."

"Well, you certainly can *imagine* it."

"No I can't, my dear."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Wounds given to honor never heal.

Never accuse others to excuse yourself.

He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.

Every great passion is but a prolonged hope.

He who lives but for himself lives but for a little thing.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

Human government is imperfect because human nature is.

Fiction pleases the more in proportion as it resembles truth.

Innocence is like polished armour, it adorns and defends.

Who so keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble.

To succeed one must sometimes be very bold, and sometimes very prudent.

Sincerity is the way to heaven. To think how to be sincere is the way of man.

There is no knife that cuts so sharply and with such poisoned blade as treachery.

As to trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns?

Vanity keeps persons in favor with themselves who are out of favor with all others.

Religion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent self-sacrifice and quiet growth.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity will end in shame.

If you had the abilities of all the great men past and present, you could do nothing well, with out sincerely meaning it, and setting about it.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that they should become wise, as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

Verily, verily, travellers have seen many idols in many countries; but no human eyes have ever seen more daring, gross, and shocking images of the Divine nature than we creatures of the dust make in our own likenesses of our own bad passions.

Christianity means to the merchant that he should be honest; to the judge it means that he should be just: to the servant, that he should be faithful; to the schoolboy that he should be diligent; to the street-sweeper, that he should sweep clean; to every worker that his work shall be well done:

There is a "divine discontent" which lies at the root of all improvement, and without which we should stagnate. The indolence which craves nothing but quiet, the stupidity which sees nothing to hope or work for, and the vanity which is self-satisfied through its ignorance of better things are all foes to happiness and clogs upon progress.

An Old Enemy.

Macpheaton, an eminent cholera historian, says that the cholera is one of the most ancient diseases of which distinct descriptions exist, and there are few diseases respecting which such an interrupted chain of evidence has been preserved.

Sporadic, or spasmodic, cholera prevailed in the time of Hippocrates (B. C. 460), of which he gives a description, showing all the characteristics of the disease at the same time.

Ayurveda, of Sgoruta, in Sanscrit, describes a fatal disease called visuchika, embracing all of the striking symptoms of the cholera of the present day.

In A. D 7, Celsus gives a full account of the disease at that time, as, also, Galen in A. D, 381; Alexander, of Trallas, 460; Paulus Ægureta, 760; Rhazes, of Bagdad, 900, Arisenna, in 1000, and we find a history of its prevalence down to the present date.

The birthplace of cholera is admitted by all cholera historians to be in the delta of the Ganges, spreading thence over the globe through the medium of the religious and commercial gatherings.

An Indian Fable.

An owl, puffed up with pride and vanity, was repeating his doleful cries at midnight, from the hollow of an old oak. "How is it," he said, "that silence prevails in these woods, unless it be to allow my melodious voice to be heard with effect? Surely the groves are charmed with my voice, and when I sing all nature listens." An echo repeated the words, "All nature listens." "The nightingale has usurped my rights," continued the owl; "his note is sweet, it is true, but mine is much more melodious." "Much more melodious," repeated the echo. Excited by the approval, the owl, at the rising of the sun, instead of going to sleep as usual, continued to join his horrible hooting with the matin songs of other birds. But they were disgusted by the sounds, and with one consent attacked the owl and drove him from their society, harassing him wherever he appeared, so that to escape from them he was glad to avoid the light and return to obscurity. Vain people fancy that their imaginary perfections are the cause of admiration in others, and mistake their self-flattery for the voice of fame.

Directions for Intelligent Lying.

1. Never tell an unnecessary lie.
2. Never tell a lie at all unless require l by honor or the exigencies of society.
3. When you tell one, remember it and stick to it.
4. Tell it with perfect politeness and an air of conviction.
5. If your statement is questioned, say, as to those parts of it which are true, that you may be mistaken (you can prove them); pledge your word to the rest if it is a question of honor.

She Needed Rest.

Fair Patient—"Have you any idea what is the matter with me, doctor?"

"Doctor—"Why, I can diagnose your case, miss, with my eyes shut. There is nothing the matter with you except that you need rest.

Fair Patient—"Why, I have just come back from a whole month at the most popular health resorts."

Doctor—"Yes, as I said, you need rest."

Pullman cars are a great comfort to travellers in Mexico. The wise bandits never bother the passengers. They go for the porters.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

Treatment of Criminals.

A somewhat remarkable account appears in the Paris *Temps* on the way in which persons convicted of murder are treated in some of the European states where capital punishment is either abolished or never enforced. In Belgium it appears that many murderers who are confined under life sentences, may be seen "going about unshackled or working at some easy occupation, like toy making, in cells that have been made to look homelike with pictures and other little things which the convict has bought out of his earnings. This is one way of punishing murderers, because the king is too tender-hearted to allow a capital sentence to take effect. The other side of the picture is shown in Italy, where conscientious scruples also prevent the executioner from doing his duty." Passamante, who tried to murder King Humbert in 1878, is confined to the Island of Elba. He is secured to the wall of an almost dark cell by a chain five feet in length, which is riveted to an iron ring around his ankle, and which does not allow him to take more than one step in any direction. His keepers are forbidden to speak to him or answer his questions. He has become imbecile. The most sensational French novelist never invented anything worse than this of the Bastile in its palmiest days.

A Good Meal.

Charles Dickens used to say that he judged the quality of house-keeping by the condition of the castors on the table. If the mustard was freshly made, the vinegar cruet stainless, the silver brilliant, and the pepper-boxes perpendicular, he expected a good, clean, well-served meal, "with behaviour to match," If, on the contrary, the castors were unclean, and out of order, he knew what he had to expect, and was seldom disappointed. It is, in truth, simple things that denote quality. The test of a good cook is not the cake she can make, nor the mysterous sausage she can concoct, nor the rich pudding she can produce. A good cook is known by her boiled potatoes, her mutton chop, her roasted joint. Such plain things require personal care and judgment, and are the basis of "a good meal."

Universal Testimony

Cannot be disputed, and the case is yet to be heard from in which Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has failed to perform a perfect cure. This with painless and rapid action and freedom from annoyance during use. The great corn and bunion cure stands unrivalled. Sure, safe, painless. Beware of frauds offered as substitutes for the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors. Use no other.

Russia on several occasions sent expeditions to the Poles and got around them very successfully.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure; the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond, with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

Enos says he will reside in Canada permanently. Enos where he is well off.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring housecleaning: Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

There is nothing so tiresome as the dude except the talk about him.

A Single Trial

Is all that is needed to prove that Polson's Nervilene is the most rapid and certain remedy in the world for pain. It only costs 10 cents for a trial bottle. A single trial bottle will prove Nervilene to be equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy, and for pain of every description it has no equal. Try a 10-cent sample bottle. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents. Avoid substitutes.

To count but few things necessary is the foundation of many virtues.

Young Men! Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Happiness is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot 900 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

MEN WANTED.

Active pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salary from $600 to $2000 per year and stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE shops 24 x 118 feet; double storey, with office 24 x 30; blacksmith's shop, 30 x 42; lumber, barn, and shed, horse barn, two acres of land with dwelling-house suitable for two small families; two cisterns, cellar, and well; situated at Ross' Corners, four miles from Belleville, on main gravelled road; good locality, where a business from $6,000 to $10,000 per annum is done. The premises are now in full blast, and will be sold to good live man at a bargain. HARFORD ASHLEY, Belleville.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE

GUELPH, ONT.,

Offers the best facilities for obtaining a thorough preparation for a successful business career. The latest and most approved methods of instruction are adopted. Six Teachers and Lecturers, including two first class Penmen, are permanently employed. The Annual College Circular will be mailed free to any address.

MacCormick, Bogle & Timmins.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier All Druggists 50 cents.

A. P. 191

PHRENOLOGY. EXAMINATIONS GIVEN WALLACE MASON, 12 Queen St. W., Toronto.

WHEAT Valley $4, Scott $1.36, Delhi $1.35, Amber $1.35, (bus) Rye 85c. Jas. Rennie, Toronto.

THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont

1883-St. John Exhibition-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

W. & F. P. CURRIE & Co.

100 Grey Nun Street, Montreal,

Importers of

Drain Pipes, Portland Cement,

Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings,

Water Lime, Flue Covers, Whiting,

Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay,

Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay

Manufacturers of

Bessemer Steel nofs. Chair & Bed Springs

MACHINERY. For sale 1 Westinghouse Traction Farm Engine. 1 Able Triumph do. 1 G. C. Morrison do. 15 h. p. Portable Engine and Boiler on Skids. 1 35 h. p. Horozontal by Northy. 1 do. by Waterous with cut off valve, and 20 engines an boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 2 24-inch Planers and Matchers. 1 20-inch Pony Planer. 1 Iron Frame Tenoning machine. 1 Blind Slat Tenoner. 1 Buggy Plainer or jointer. 2 band saws. 10 Saw Tables. 1 Fire-Proof Safe. 1 Jeweler's Rools Steel. 1 Book-Binder's Screw Press. 1 42-inch French Burr Portable Grist Mill. 1 42-inch inserted Tooth Saw &c., &c. Send for new list, No. 9, containing full description of machinery in stock. Address,

H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

HOUSE CLEANING TIME.

If you want your houses to be attractive, use

Ramsay's Improved Calsomine Colors

for tinting Walls.—Can be used without the aid of a Painter and do not rub off. Made in fifteen different tints. Apply to your local dealers for them.

MANUFACTURED BY

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box

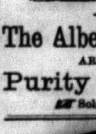
F. E. DIXON & CO.,

Manufacturers of Star Rivet

Leather Belting!

70 King Street, East, Toronto

Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.



The White Glycerine—The Sharon Bouquet — Palm Oil Bath Soap—Oatmeal Skin Soap, and The Baby's Own Soap.

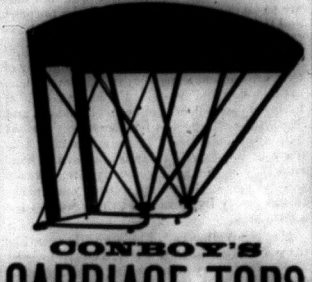
—MADE BY—

The Albert Toilet Soap Co.'y

ARE UNSURPASSED FOR

Purity and Excellence.

Sold by all leading druggists.



CONBOY'S

CARRIAGE TOPS

ARE THE

Latest, Neatest, Lightest, Strongest, Cheapest and most Styliah Top in the market.

Buy no other until you see them.

For sale by all the leading Carriage Builders.

Manufactured in great variety at 407, 409, and 411 King St., W., Toronto.

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS'N Incorporated. Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $100 to $2,000, payable on marriage, at following rates. For $500, or half certificate, 6c; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75. For $1,000 Certificate, $1; quarterly dues in advance, $1.50. For $2,000 Certificate, $2; quarterly dues in advance, $3.00. For $3,000 Certificate, $3; quarterly dues in advance, $4.50. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages $1.65 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid, on present membership. At end of year Endowment reserve account will amount to $16,000, providing for a large number of endowments, which makes this association in a sound financial position. Write for circular with any similar institution. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

Brooklyn,	Aug. 25	Montreal,	Sept. 15
Toronto,	Aug. 30	*Vancouver,	Sept. 20
*Oregon	Sept. 6		

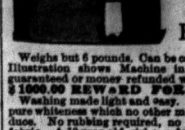
Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $80, $90 $95, $100. Return, $90, $107. Steerage, to steamer and berth. Intermediate $36.75. Steerage at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and in summer call at Londonderry alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B. Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Beurlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal



THE MODEL

Washer

AND

BLEACHER

Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 10 days' trial.

$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $2.00. Send for circulars.

AGENTS WANTED.

C. W. DENNIS,

TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE.

213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE,

HAMILTON, ONT

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Finest Electro Gold and Silver Plate,

New York, Meriden (Ct.), Chicago, San Francisco, London, (Eng.).

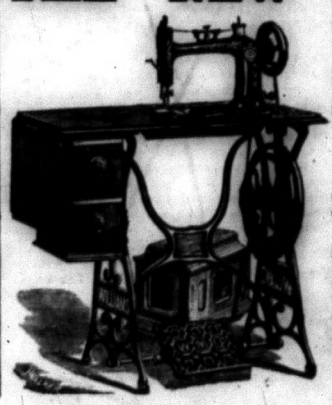
BRANCH FACTORY—Cor. Cannon and Wellington Streets, Hamilton, Ont.

TRADE MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY MARK.

Many purchasers having through a similarity of names purchased other wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to ask special attention to the above TRADE MARKS. The fact that our name and Trade Marks are being so closely imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD.

TRADE 1847 Rogers Bros. A1. MARK.

THE NEW WILLIAMS



High Arm Machine is now recognized as the

Sewing Machine of the Period.

It is Light and Easy to run.

Silent and Rapid in movement

Plain and Simple to Learn.

It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

1783 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 58 King St., West, Toronto.

THE LAST NOTICE !

As a general response to enquiries received almost every week at this office we will, in our issue of the 4th of September next, send to every subscriber of the REVIEW a statement of his account with the paper, as shown by our Books at the present time. We are induced to do this by the repeated requests received by mail from many of our subscribers, who wish to keep posted as to their standing.

As our financial ability to keep on paying for the paper, ink, wages, etc., necessarily expended for the REVIEWS we have been sending to many for the past six and seven years, without their paying us a single cent, is now completely exhausted, we will after the above date strike all such off our books without further notice, place their names on our "Black List," and invoke the aid of the law in getting our money.

——HANLAN, the Canadian Champion oarsman met his Waterloo at Parametta, near Melbourne, Australia, last week, where in his race with Beach, the Australian champion oarsman, he was defeated by six boat lengths. The race was for $2,500 a side.

——SOME American papers display as much ignorance of Canadian affairs as the most ignorant (in this respect) English Journals. The most recent case noticeable is the statement that Sir John Macdonald's chief opponent in Canadian politics is the member for St. Johns, Mr. Blake, "a young man of great promise." The same paper goes on to say that "while passing through Ottawa" recently, Sir John "received a perfect ovation from the inhabitants." We wonder the same writer did not add by way of postscript, that Sir John was a half-breed, and "when passing through Ottawa" was simply on his way to his home in Muskoka, or North Hastings.

——THE coming Presidental contest in the United States promises to be a lively one. Four candidates are already in the field. The Republicans nominated James Blaine, and the Democrats Governor Cleveland. Then the Temperance people, who could not trust either of the above, wanted a candidate, and they unanimously placed the Hon. John P. St. John, the brilliant temperance orator, of Kansas, in the field. Then somehow or other, the great Ben Butler has got into the contest, and all four are of course, confident of being the next President. It will be the first time in many years in which more than the two party candidates have been in the field at one time.

——"Great oaks from little acorns grow,
Great men hard rows in childhood hoe."

After quoting the above, the Detroit (U.S) *Commercial Advertiser* goes on to say that, hence, it is not surprising to learn that Sir John Macdonald, Premier of the Dominion of Canada, was in youth a bootblack in Glasgow. Imagine a frowsy-headed Scotch laddie, with a bootblack's kit over his shoulder, chasing an unsophisticated Highlander through Glasgow streets yelling, "Will ye hae yon briggans burnished now? Twa-an-h'a'penny! Only twa-an-h'a'penny for a Highland shine!" And then after polishing one shoe, looking up into his victim's face with a ferocious grin and demanding five-pence to shine the other shoe. But, perhaps, the juvenile Sir John was not like some of the Detroit shoe-blacks.

——IN ENGLAND there is a great agitation arising against the House of Lords, and it is becoming a popular opinion that that august body of hereditary legislators, to use a Canadian politicial phrase, "must go." They have brought down the popular wrath upon themselves by obstructing some recent important legislation by the Commons. We do not know much about the venerable House of British Peers, but what we do know is to the effect that allowing them to be the least bit ornamental, they are of no more use than our own decidedly useless Canadian Senate. They cannot possibly do any good to the country, while they may do much mischief, besides squandering a heap of money. Let both Lords and Senate be abolished, say we.

Campbellford is troubled with rowdyism.

It will cost $200,000 to dredge the harbor at Presque Isle.

Several robberies have been committed in Cramahe township lately.

Almonte is troubled with people who milk cows which do not belong to them.

Burglars went through some safes and dwellings in Peterborough last week.

The apple crop in some parts of Prince Edward County is being injured by scab.

The hop crop of Prince Edward County is expected better this year than for many seasons.

A horse and buggy which had been stolen was found in the woods near Colborne, recently.

Kingston barbers tobacconists and confectioners have been summoned for Sabbath breaking.

The house of Joseph Cooper, of Port Hope, was burned last week, his infant son, aged eight mos. also perished in the flames.

A fisherman captured a sturgeon off Amherst Island one day last week, that weighed over 170 lbs. It was caught in a gill net.

The usual quietness of a Sabbath day in Campbellford, was varied last Sunday by the passing through the village of a G. J. Ry, timber train.

Four men employed on the farm of Mr. Matthew Elliott, near Kingston, on last Friday bound 4,300 sheaves of wheat. This was considered very good work.

On Saturday, a cow of Wm. Betton, Newboro, died suddenly, and before noon on Sunday seven more were fatally effected. It was discovered that they had been poisoned.

On Saturday afternoon while John Heaton, of the Bath road, near Kingston, was working in the field, some person entered his house and stole $140 out of a drawer. The thief is not suspected.

An Italian drew a knife on a resident of Peterborough one day last week, in a dispute. He was backed by several more of his countrymen and the crowd which had gathered dispersed in short order.

A number of anglers from Cobourg visited Rice lake recently, and went down to the narrows by the steamer Beaver. They returned on Friday with a string of 156 black bass, weighing about 309 pounds.

Mrs. Duncan Gunn, Lanark township who was said to have died from the effects of blood poisoning, is still alive and getting well. The poisoning, received while picking berries, did not extend further than the hands.

The Campbellford *Herald* says:—Mr. John F. Meiklejohn, lot 22, 8th concession Rawdon, has some long pea-vines. He measured four of them. Two were 11 feet 7 inches and 11 feet 6 inches long, respectively, and the other two were 11 feet each.

The British Government has decided to employ Canadian boatmen to navigate the vessels carrying the Gordon relief expedition through the Nile rapids. Six hundred men are to be engaged in Ottawa for the purpose, and they are expected to be ready to leave Qubec by the 13th prox.

The Campbellford *Herald* says a grocer of that village had some very troublesome visitors one day last week. He had a couple of hundred pounds of honey in his shop, and during the afternoon a few bees were noticed helping themselves. It is supposed those few sent word to all their friends of the bonanza they had found, for shortly after a whole swarm made their appearance, and made things pretty lively around the premises for a few hours.

Mr. H. Welbanks, of Picton, has on his place a well of mineral water, 106 feet deep. The water is very strongly impregnated with various mineral ingredients, and possesses valuable medicinal properties. It cured a woman of sore eyes after several M. D.'s had failed to be of any service, and is acquiring quite a local reputation as a heal-all. It possesses cleansing properties superior to ordinary water, and, as the supply is apparently inexhaustable, Mr. Welbanks thinks he has struck a bonanza.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOMESTIC WANTED.

Wanted at once, a good Servant girl, must be a good Cook, and experienced in general Housework. Wages $2.00 a month, and if suitable will engage for the year at $8.00 a month.

Mrs E. D. O'FLYNN,
Madoc.

NOTICE.

The Council of the Municipality of Mayo and Carlow, at their next meeting, to be held at the Town Hall, on Saturday, the 27th day of September, 1884, intend passing a by-law establishing a Public Highway, starting at the post at the north east corner of Lot 7 in the 14th concession of Carlow, and running 57 degrees west of south 3 chains and 50 links thence 16 degrees west of south 4 chains 50 links, 54 degrees west of south 5 chains, 74 degrees west of south 3 chains, 32 degrees west of south 4 chains, 2 degrees east of south 9 chains, 21 degrees east of south 10 chains, thence 6 degrees west of south 19 chains, to the Carlow and Montcalm road on Lot 6 in the 13th concession of Carlow. All parties concerned please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

JOHN BREMNER,
Clerk.

Conroy's Farm, Aug. 25th 1884. 382-4

The County Model School

AT MADOC,

Will open on

Tuesday, 9th September

at 9 o'clock a. m.

All who desire to enter as Students-in-training for Third Class, or District Third Class Certificates, must apply, without delay, sending their non-professional Certificates to

V. MACKINTOSH,
Inspector of Public Schools.

Madoc, August 25th, 1884.

VOTERS' LIST, 1884.

Municipality of the Townships of

BANGOR, WICKLOW & McCLURE,

County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of the Voters' List Act the copies required by said sections to be transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised assessment roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up in my office at Wicklow, on the 13th day of August, 1884, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

DARIUS CARD,
Clerk of said Municipality.

Wicklow, August 25th, 1884.

on easy terms of payment. Titles perfect:—

HUNGERFORD.—n ½ 30 in 10th concession.

HUNTINGDON.—w ½ 3 in 11th concession, s ½ 18 in 13th.

MADOC.—w ½ 1 in 1st, e ½ 8 in 1st, e ½ 13 in 1st, w ½ 16 in 1st, w ½ in 1st, w ½ 15 in 4th, e ½ 8 in 6th, e ½ 30 in 9th.

MARMORA.—29 in Cnu w ½ 29 in 3rd, w ½ 29 in 4th.

For particulars apply to

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
Vendor's Solicitors, Belleville.

VOTERS' LIST, 1884.

Municipality of the United Townships of

MARMORA AND LAKE.

County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal elections, and that the said list was first posted up at my office, on Wednesday, the 13th day of Aug., 1884, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

HENRY M. JONES M.D.
Clerk of said municipality.

Dated this 28th day of August, 1884.

D. C. CLARKE.

has removed into

Old Stand,

in Wilson's Block.

New advertisement next week.

MADOC BAKERY

THOS. REYNOLDS,

Having purchased the business lately carried on by W. Hudgins in the Victoria Block, Madoc, and having secured a first-class Baker from Belleville, is now prepared to supply the public with the best Bread, Cakes and Confectionery in the place.

Fresh baked Cakes & Buns every day.

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT IN SEASON.

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

LUNCHES, ICE CREAM AND COOL SUMMER DRINKS.

Give me a call.

T. REYNOLDS.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Specialties

Patent Harpoon Hay Forks.

HAY FORK PULLEYS.

FARM BELLS AT $3.50.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

Diston Saws.

Pocket - Knives,

TRADE MARK.

A of any

WARRANTED.

From 25 Cents, up.

HARVEST TOOLS

in abundance, at bottom prices.

R. R. CASEMENT, & Co.
MADOC, ONT.

23
19
207

Latest Local News.

Madoc Free Fair.

The next free fair in this village will be held on Tuesday, September 9th, under the management of Mr. R. T. Ferguson. We hope it will be a success.

Township Council.

The next meeting of the Council of the township of Madoc will be held in the Town Hall in this village on Monday next, 1st of September, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Cattle Fair at L'Amable.

A free cattle and general sale and exchange fair will be held at L'Amable on the second Wednesday in October next, under the management of J. C. Jarman. These fairs are of considerable importance to the farming community, and every effort ought to be made to ensure their permenancy and success.

Teachers' Examinations.

The following persons from North Hastings were successful at the recent Departmental Examinations:—

FIRST CLASS.—(Grade C), John Wall's.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.—Eliza A. Hules, (Grade A), Thomas A. Gardner, (Grade A), W. J. Whittington, (Grade B).

THIRD CLASS.—Martha Waller.

INTERMEDIATE.—Emily Parker, Frank Conlev, George A. Kingston, Albert Love, Maggie Breakell, Alice M. Robertson.

Not so, we hope.

We clip the following paragraphs from the Trenton *Courier* of last week, but we hope the writer is mistaken. We cannot afford to lose any of our citizens:—

"Mr. H. Bull, of Madoc, late of Trenton, was in town last week. Rumor has it that he intends returning to Trenton to engage in business."

"Mr. G. D. Rawe of Madoc has leased a site from Mr. Burns next to Kinsella's where he intends putting up a store and starting a jewelery shop."

Something Extra.

What will undoubtedly be the richest musical treat of the season may be enjoyed by our citizens on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week, at the Masonic Hall, for a trifling expense. The Milanese Concert Company, of Milano, Italy, now on a tour through Canada, will give two entertainments under the auspices of White's Agricultural Band, through whose exertions the company were induced to visit Madoc. The new Spanish instruments the Mandolines, will be introduced for the first time in this country by this company. Sig. Giuseppe Cavallo will introduce the celebrated mocking-bird on the violin, with bird imitations, which is very attractive and perfect. The Concerts are to be great musical treats, and as the band boys are interested, we hope there will be a large attendance. Admission, 25 cents, Reserved Seats, 35 cents, Children, 15 cents.

Monster Picnic.

On Thursday next, September 4th, the grandest demonstration in the shape of a picnic ever seen in this section will be held at Hickory Point, near the village of Tweed, under the auspices of Father Fleming, late of this village. A large amount of money will be offered in prizes for a variety of sports and games, and a contest will take place during the day for a silver cup between the Toronto and Peterborough Rowing Clubs. First class brass and string music will be in attendance, and dancing will commence at 9 a.m. Special trains will run over the Ontario & Quebec railway both east and west to accommodate the crowds that are expected to be present. The picnic will undoubtedly be "the event of the season." Admission to grounds, 25 cents; dinner 25 cents. A grand Concert in the Town Hall in the evening will bring the day's enjoyment to a close. The best local and foreign talent obtainable will compete. For further particulars as to both picnic and concert see large posters.

Legislative aid to Schools.

At the twenty-fourth annual convention of the Ontario Teachers' Association, held in Toronto last week, some timely remarks on the above subject by Wm. Mackintosh, Esq., I. P. S. for North Hastings, are reported by the *Mail* as follows:—

"Mr. Mackintosh addressed the meeting on "Increased legislative aid to schools." He contended that the support given by the State to the Common schools was not commensurate with the control it exercised over them. In regard to books, buildings, teachers' qualifications, and vacations, the State controlled the schools. The State gave in return about $250,000 or 50 cents per pupil. Surely this grant was not commensurate with the work done or the control exercised. In most of the States of the Union the grant was much higher. The State aid given to High schools was $84,000, a much higher precentage to the total receipts than in the case of the Common schools. In order to secure the best results from the Common school teachers, increased remuneration was necessary. In many sections the people could contribute more to the schools, but in many cases they could not be asked for more than they were giving. Increased legislative grants were therefore indispensible, but the system of apportionment required to be different. The result of the attendance basis of division was that rich districts often got a large share, while poorer sections got next to nothing. The grants should be apportioned in proportion to the efforts made by the people to help themselves. They would then be paying according to results."

One of the regulations issued by the O.&Q. R. along the line is, that any employee in the habit of using intoxicating liquors will be followed by the instant dismissal from the company's service. This if strictly carried out will increase the efficiency of the men and lessen the danger and annoyance to the travelling public.

A TERRIBLE double tragedy occurred yesterday morning in the public school at Markdale South Grey. During the eleven o'clock recess Mr. Norris, the head master, made a proposal of marriage to Miss Ford, the second teacher, and on receiving a refusal shot her three times, inflicting wounds from which she now lies in a critical condition. He then shot himself, dying within an hour.

Local Chit-Chat.

—Frost last week.

—The streets are very dusty.

—Wilson's block is again occupied.

—When are we to have our civic holiday?

—The days are growing noticeably shorter.

—Village Council meets on Monday evening next.

—The ore business is again booming at the hematite mine.

—A new fence is being placed around the R. C. Church property.

—Visiting Cards—both ladies' and gentlemen's sizes—at the REVIEW Office.

—The Italians have again "struck" the village. The crowd is as tough looking as usual.

—The "cold snap" of last week was a surprise to many, after the previous scorching weather.

—Black-berrying parties to the Elziver and Grimsthorpe rocks have been numerous during the past week. The berries are plentiful.

—Do not allow the grand concert under the auspices of the Band, to-morrow and Saturday evenings, to evaporate from your memory.

—Four of our village merchants, Messrs. Thos. Cross, J. C. Dale, Sydmer Ross, and W. H. O'Flynn, are in Montreal this week making their fall purchases. The effect of their visit will be noticeable in some of the storehouses down here.

Mr. S. Curry, of the Madoc House, has now the newest and neatest carriage in the village—a "dog cart," which he imported last week. Its appearance on the streets gives them a citifyed appearance, and it shows off the proprietor of the "Madoc" to excellent advantage when he is driving in it.

A Heart-rending Accident.

Sad Death of Miss Carrie Wood by Drowning.

It is a very painful duty for us to speak of the sad event which yesterday excited the tearful sympathies of our whole community, and filled one of our homes with the deepest sorrow. Miss Carrie Wood was known to all and beloved wherever known. When the tidings came yesterday afternoon, that she had been drowned by the upsetting of a boat in Moira lake, it soon spread through the village and crowds hastened to the scene of the disaster. The particulars are briefly these: A little after ten she left the cottage on the Island, for a row on the upper lake, with Master Claude Gaujot for her companion. They reached Black point, almost due west and about a mile from the cottage, where they landed, gathered a few autumn leaves, and again embarked. When only a few boat lengths from shore, Miss Wood leaned over the side of the boat, and after a moment bore so heavily that the water began to come in over the gunwale. Master Gaujot called to her to "take care," when she immediately sprang to the other side, causing the boat to tilt in the opposite direction. Both lost their paddles by this sudden movement and Master Claude immediately leaped into the water and endeavored to push the boat to shore, telling his companion to "keep quiet" and he would get her to land, but she suddenly rose up and leaped towards the land, overturning the boat. Master Gaujot still urged her to cling to the boat and he would save her, but she seemed unable to comprehend him and with hardly a struggle she sank to the bottom. Her companion swam to the shore and tried to push out a heavy plank to her but before it reached her she had disappeared. It is probable that a sudden faintness—to which she was at times liable—had seized her when she first leaned over the side of the boat, and that she was scarcely if at all conscious of what happened thereafter. Master Gaujot, for a boy of thirteen, exhibited much judgment, and finding that he could do nothing further alone—started for help. Running, bare-foot, along the shore he at length reached the residence of Crow, the Indian, who went back with him to the Point, saw the body in the water and hastened to the village with the tidings. Two hours later she was conveyed home. A telegram reached her father, A. F. Wood, M.P.P., at Napanee, and another her brother, Mr. Herbert Wood—who was on his way to attend the British Association in Montreal—at Arden, and both reached home the same evening.

Miss Wood had just completed her nineteenth year and gave the richest promise for the future. Many of our readers will recall the almost equally sudden and painful death of her sister, Miss Frankie Wood, some fifteen years ago, and will feel all the deeper sympathy on that account for the doubly afflicted family. The funeral will be at four o'clock this afternoon.

As the excursion train for Harwood was leaving the C. & P, station on Monday morning a woman named Miss Mumby, in her haste to get aboard, missed her footing and fell between the cars. She was rescued from her perilous position by Messrs. George Seo. Stephens and Wm. Pezet.

Holloway's Ointment.—Diseases of women.—Medical science in all ages has been directed to alleviate the many maladies incident to females, but Professor Holloway, by diligent study and attentive observation, was induced to believe that nature had provised a remedy for these special diseases. After vast research he succeeded in compounding his celebrated Pills and Ointment, which embody the principle naturally designed for the relief and cure of disorders peculiar to women of all ages and constitutions, whether residing in warm or cold climates. They have repeatedly corrected disordered functions which had defied the usual drugs prescribed by medical men, and with the still more satisfactory result that the malady has been completely and permanently removed.

COUNTY NEWS.

Gleaned from a variety of Sources.

Forepaugh's Circus exhibits in Belleville on September 16th.

In Belleville the midnight raiders descend so low as to steal bee-hives.

A car-load of hogs was shipped from Stirling to Montreal on Tuesday.

A reduction in freight rates have taken place on the Grand Trunk Railway.

The Grand Trunk will run a cheap excursion to Montreal and Quebec on the 2nd of September.

There is a great demand for revolvers in Belleville since the recent burglaries. Somebody will get shot some night.

The police of Belleville are frequently called upon to arrest burglars, but the suspects generally turn out to be honest citizens.

A Sidney farmer, while giving an exhibition of his horsemanship in Belleville a few evenings ago, had his sulkey kicked all to pieces by the horse.

The champion mean man has at last been found in Belleville. He was engaged a few evenings ago in the manly occupation of throwing stones at a simple, harmless, female vagrant.

During the past three months no less than twelve burglaries have been attempted in Belleville. During the same time five disastrous fires have taken place, two of which were evidently the work of incendiaries.

Mr. H. E. Filiter, of Belleville, is moving in the direction of establishing a sheep ranch near Stirling, having engaged competent parties to take charge. He says there is money in sheep raising' and thinks it can be carried on at home just as well as anywhere else.

At the Division Court at Stirling last week some tall swearing is said to have been done. One witness, on leaving the hall, exclaimed, referring to opposing witnesses: "I don't see how they could tell such lies. It was all I could do to get up there and tell the truth."

A few days since, as Messrs. Gilmour & Co.'s train was coming down the track and crossing the Belleville and Trenton road, the engine struck a waggon in which were a man and boy. The engine carried waggon, horses and occupants several rods down the track, but, strange to say, neither the horses nor the occupants were much the worse, although the waggon was torn to pieces.

A few days ago, Geo. Wright, son of Chas. Wright, of Rawdon, was coming out of a well which he had been cleaning, by the aid of a chain, and just as he reached the top the chain broke, letting him fall to the bottom, the well being thirty-two feet deep. Strange to say, the only injury he received was a sprained foot. It is a great wonder he escaped with his life.—*News-Argus.*

The first sod of the Hospital and Home was turned yesterday by Mrs. Jones, President of the Women's Christian Association, a number of those who have actively interested themselves in the work being present. Mrs. Jones, in turning the sod, said:—In the name of the Women's Christian Association, with deep gratitude to God, I turn this first sod of the Hospital and Home. May the work be continued with vigor until our hopes and desires are crowned by the erection of such a Hospital and Home as will be a credit to Belleville and productive of good to the country at large."

The *News-Argus* says:—About four o'clock on Wednesday last Ada Utman, aged about fifteen, daughter of Henry Utman, of Stirling was in the kitchen at her father's house, when she suddenly made one out-cry, and called for her mother to get some milk, as she had taken a dose of paris-green. She herself hurried down cellar and got some eggs, which she mixed with the milk and swallowed. On her father asking what she took the paris-green for, she replied that she "thought she needed some salts." Medical assistance was quickly summoned, and by means of antidotes, stomach-pumps, etc., much of the poison was brought out. She is expected to recover.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of Dungannon and Faraday will pass a By-law at its next meeting, to be held at the Town Hall, Bancroft, August 30th, 1884, for the purpose of establishing a piece of road, commencing at the north-west corner of Lot 18, on the 15th Concession, Dungannon, and running thence to the line between the 15th and 16th Concessions, past Lots 18, 19, 20, and part of 21, running thence north-west till it strikes the present travelled road, 30 rods north of said line, on Lot 21, 16th Concession, Dungannon.

A. C. BARKER,
Clerk of the said Municipality.
Faraday, Aug. 2nd, 1884. 379-4t

BUTLER'S

Celebrated Waterproof Blacking,

BROWN'S BOSTON DRESSING,

Saratoga and Bon Ton Dressing,

For Ladies' and Children's Shoes, also

Jaquot's, Lamb's, and Mason's Blacking,

—AT—

T. ROBERTS'

Madoc Boot & Shoe Store

Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to see "The Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $5 00 to $5 20
Fall Wheat, $1 00 to $1 00
Spring Wheat, $1 00 to $1 05
Oats, 42 cents to 45 cents
Rye, 56 " to 56 "
Barley, 45 cents to 45 cents
Peas, 70 cents to 70 cents
Potatoes per bag, 60 cents to 90 cents
Butter per pound, 14 cents
Eggs per dozen, 12 to 13 cents.
Tallow, 6 cents
Lard, 12 "
Calfskins, 35 cents to 45 cents
Sheepskins, 20 cents to 40 cents
Wool, 15 to 17cents
Hay, per ton, $9 00 to $12 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00 to $6 00
Cheese, 10c to 12c

G. A. ROLLINS,

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,

Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,

CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned wishes to sell all his property east of the old C. M. Church, on St. Lawrence street, consisting of one residence, barn included, and two tenant houses.

W. BRISTOL.

Madoc, July 30th, 1884. 378-t

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

1862. WHITE'S 1884.

AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

FARMERS

Look to your interests, and

BUY PLOUGHS NEAR HOME,

and avoid all trouble about points, etc.

Steel Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Iron Ploughs, etc.

We manufacture and keep in stock all kinds of COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at manufacturers prices.

J. & J. WHITE.

CITY

Art Gallery,

FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past, and of soliciting your custom in the future.
I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio, and increased my facilities, and have now a

FIRST-CLASS GALLERY!

I HAVE IN IT

TOILET ROOMS for DRESSING, &c.,

and with an efficient Staff of Artists I am prepared to make

Photos superior to any heretofore made in the City

And further, it is encouraging for us to know that we are not only doing the

Most Extensive Photographic Trade in the City,

but have the patronage of most of the Leading Citizens of Belleville.

☞ Customers who intend to sit for Photos are requested, if possible, to make an appointment a day or so ahead.

J. H. FORD,

DEALER IN

Picture Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Mirrors, &c.,

NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE.

A GREENROOM ROMANCE

IN THREE SCENES.—SCENE I.

Mr. Percy Montmorency was seated in front of a looking-glass in his dressing-room at the Pantheon Theatre habited in the costume of Charles Surface, with the perruquier in attendance. The name of "Montmorency" was merely a *nom de theatre* assumed by Harry Stanley when he adopted the somewhat singular resolution of "fretting and strutting his hour" on the boards of a metropolitan theatre; for Mr. Stanley was the only child of his father Colonel Stanley; and consequently heir to that gallant officer's estates in Yorkshire and elsewhere. For the rest, he was three-and-twenty, undeniably good-looking, and endowed with considerable abilities. Having completed the arrangement of the powdered wig, the perruquier withdrew a pace and contemplated the effect with well-simulated admiration. "Mr. Charles Mathews never looked the part better, sir."

The actor seemed to coincide in the opinion of his flattering attendant, for he rose, and surveyed himself in the glass with admiration, which he made no attempt to conceal.

"A good house, Jackson?"

"Capital, sir. But a little cold. They'll warm up when you go on, sir."

"Tell the call-boy I want him, Jackson."

Jackson withdrew; and Montmorency surrendered himself to a mental soliloquy, which assumed somewhat of this form: "I wonder what my father wishes to see me about? The same old story, I suppose—the folly and wickedness of the step I have taken. Well, of one thing, I am certain; I am much better off in my present position than wedded to that Barbadoes girl, Miss Anstruther, in spite of her money-bags, and whom I have never seen."

These reflections were put an end to by the entrance of the call-boy.

"If a gentleman giving the name of Colonel Stanley should call, show him in here."

"He is outside, sir," replied the boy.

"Show him in at once," whereupon there entered a small, wizen faced old gentleman, with snow-white hair, and supporting himself on a stick. Montmorency advanced, shook hands with a great show of cordiality, and placed a chair, on which Colonel Stanley slowly seated himself, gazing around the small apartment with an unfeigned expression of curiosity. "So this is a theatrical dressing-room. You are pretty snug."

The room certainly deserved the encomium of the old colonel. Painting in oils and water colors nearly covered the walls; fancy pipes and cigar-boxes and scent-bottles littered the tables; a case of champagne reposed in one corner, while in the other was a small pile of seltzer water.

The Colonel, after indulging in a sigh, proceeded: "I have called, Harry, before I return to Yorkshire, to make one more appeal to you to give up your present mode of life, settle down as a landed proprietor in your native county, and marry Miss Anstruther."

It was now the turn of the young man to sigh as he replied; "Impossible, my dear sir. I am already wedded—to the stage."

"That may be; but unions can easily be dissolved by a divorce, especially in these days."

"Not where the contracting parties are so attached to each other as I am to my profession. No, sir. If a man could take a wife on a lease, for seven, fourteen, or twenty one years, the case would be different. But the feeling that my lot in life was fixed—cut and dried so to speak—the matter won't bear a thought." The young man felt strongly inclined to indulge in a stage-walk, but the limited area of the apartment forbade such a physical relief. If the reader should consider the remarks of the actor somewhat flippant, it must be borne in mind that no one whose character did not fall under that definition would have acted as Harry Stanley had done.

The old man scowled as he resumed: "I wonder you can respect yourself, dizened out and painted like a mummer at a pantomime."

"I am of the same calling as the glory of England, Shakspere the actor"—

"And poet—you forgot that, sir—poet, sir," sharply retorted the colonel.

"I can assure you, sir, we have men of good family playing very small parts to-night. Trip took honours at Oxford, and Backbite is a Cambridge man."

"Pray, sir," replied the colonel, "if that be the case, why do you all sail under false colors? Why resign the honoured name of Stanley for the Frenchified one of Montmorency?"

The young man bowed as he responded: "Out of deference to the shallow scruples of the narrow-minded portion of society."

"Of which I constitute a member, eh?"

It was in a more conciliatory tone that his son took up the argument. "Pray, sir, let me ask you a question. Do poets and novelists never adopt a *nom de plume*? Did not Miss Evans style herself "George Eliot;" the late Governor-general of India, "Owen Meredith;" Mademoiselle de la Ramee, "Ouida;" Dickens, "Boz?"

"That'll do," interrupted the colonel. "Then one fine day you will be falling in love, as you call it, with one of these artful and painted sirens, and I shall find myself grandfather to a clown or a pantaloon! For, of course, you will bring up your offspring to *the* profession, as you call it, as if there were no other profession in the world."

His son and heir drew himself proudly up as he replied: "No, sir, I trust I shall never forget that I owe the honoured name of Stanley."

The colonel remained silent for several moments ere he observed; "I shall never understand why you declined to even see Miss Anstruther."

"Because the very fact that the lady was labelled my future wife," replied the son, "would have caused me to detest her at first sight."

The old colonel rose from his seat. "I can see very plainly that I am wasting both your time and my own—I suppose you will have to do a little 'tumbling' presently?"

"I do not make my entrance till the third act. If you will go in front, you can have my box." Montmorency rang the bell as he spoke, and when the call-boy appeared, directed him to show his visitor into box A.

The actor was indulging in a sigh of relief, when a head appeared at the half-closed door, and a voice exclaimed: "May I come in?"

Montmorency bounded from his chair as he seized hold of the extended hand and drew the owner into the room. The new-comer was a young man of about the same age as the actor, and was habited in modern evening dress. Montmorency wrung the hand of his friend Vallance, and forced him into a seat. "Delighted to see you, Jack! Have a weed and a seltzer?"

In a few seconds the two young men were similarly occupied, and immersed in the consumption of a couple of choice Partagas.

The actor opened the ball. "You must have met an elderly party in the passage. That was the governor. He is very irate because I won't fall in love at the word of command, and marry Miss Anstruther, whom I have never seen.—By-the-bye, *you* have seen her. What is she like?"

"A lovely girl," replied Vallance. "I met her at a ball at Scarborough, soon after her arrival from the West Indies, Faith, Harry, you might do worse."

"And might do better; eh, Jack? But your ideas of beauty are so opposite to mine as I remember of old. Now, if you wish to see a perfect vision of loveliness, go in front and see Fonblanque, the Lady Teazle of to-night."

"You mean *Miss* Fonblanque, I presume?"

"Exactly. The prefix "Miss" is frequently omitted in theatrical parlance. She is bewitching."

Vallance shakes his head. "Have a care, Harry. It would be a pity if you allied yourself with some unknown adventuress, after refusing the rich Miss Anstruther."

"Well, to be candid, Jack, I *am* afraid of myself. If I did not constantly call to my mind the fact that I am a Stanley, I should speedily succumb to the charms of the divine Fonblanque, so there is some benefit arising from birth after all."

"And how long do you mean to pursue this mad freak of yours?" inquired Vallance.

"Till I hear on good authority that the troublesome Miss Anstruther is engaged, or married."

"And then?"

"Why, then I quit the mimic stage as suddenly as I entered upon it."

"Meanwhile?" ejaculated Vallance with an incredulous smile.

"Meanwhile," replied Montmorency, loftily, "I contribute to the 'gaiety of nations," as Johnson said of Garrick; and therefore consider myself a far better member of society than a successful general who has killed so many hundreds of his fellow-mortals; or a lawyer, who has set whole families by the ears in order to fill his pockets; or a doctor, who, as Tobin says, spends the greater part of his time in writing death-warrants in Latin."

Vallance examined his finger nails for a few seconds, and after an embarrasing pause, said: "Harry, I am about to make a confession."

"I cannot promise you absolution, Jack."

Vallance proceeded: "On the memorable night when I first beheld Miss Anstruther at the ball at Scarborough, I fell over head and ears in love with her."

"You fell in love with her, did you," repeated Montmorency, in a tone of some annoyance. "You mean with her banking account. Remember, you are in the confession box."

"On my honour, no!" replied Vallance. "As you are aware, I could not afford to marry a penniless girl; but if I were as rich as Rothschild, and Miss Anstruther a pauper, I would marry her to-morrow, if she would have me—You do not seem to like the idea?"

"Humanity is a strange compound, Jack. It grates upon my senses of propriety that any else should step into my shoes and wed the woman intended for my wife, yet whom I have vowed never to marry."

"Why, what a dog in the manger, you are!"

"I would not mind so much if a stranger were to win the heiress; but to know her as your wife, Jack, for the remainder of my existence, to repent probably for my obstinacy—You are not in earnest, Jack?"

"Ah, but I am!" replied Vallance, inwardly murmuring: "May I be forgiven the lie."

After a brief mental struggle, Montmorency continued: "Well, success attend you. You are a lucky fellow to walk off with such a prize; while I shall remain a humble stage player."

"Remember the peerless Fonblanque, Harry."

"Ah! you right. There is beauty, talent, wit, elegance, refinement, all enshrined in the admirable Lady Teazle of to-night. I shall no longer hold back. To-night I shall know my fate. You have applied the touch-stone."

The shrill voice of the call-boy now uttered the words "Charles Surface."

"There is my call. So adieu for the present. Go in front, and call for me at the end of the show; and we will have a steak at the Albion together, and drink to the speedy nuptials of my *bete noir*, Miss Anstruther."

"With whom?"

"Any one! I care not—no offence, Jack—so I am free."

Vallance proceeded straight to box A, and having tapped at the door, found himself face to face with Colonel Stanley, who eagerly exclaimed: "Well, Vallance has my plan succeeded?"

"I fear not, sir."

"Give him a second dose the first opportunity. I never knew it to fail. If you want to make a man fall in love with a particular woman, tell him she is half engaged, and she will instantly go up twenty per cent. in his estimation. That is how I came to marry his mother. Directly my father told me that Fred Spencer was mad after her, and that she was half inclined to marry him, I rushed to the attack, stormed the fortress, and carried off the prize! *I* wasn't going to let that puppy march off with her. A fellow with not a tithe of my personal recommendations." Here the colonel paused, as he beheld the countenance of his auditor completely engrossed with the scene; for in the lovely Lady Teazle of the play Jack Vallance recognized the West Indian heiress, Emily Anstruther!

SCENE II.

Along one of the tortuous passages leading to the dressing room, a gentleman is conducting a lady, preceded by the dresser. They have evidently come from the audience part of the theatre, as they are both in modern evening dress. Presently the dresser pauses at a door, and after tapping, enters; and returns to invite the lady to invade the sacred precincts of the dressing-room of Miss Fonblanque, the representative of Lady Teazle. After a few whispered words to her escort, the lady accepts the invitation, and in another moment is clasped in the embrace of the actress. "My dear Julia!"

"My darling Emily!"

Certainly, Lady Teazle fully deserved the rapturous praises of Montmorency. Her lovely dark eyes shone all the brighter from the contrast to the powdered wig; while her splendid figure was displayed to the utmost advantage by means of her handsome brocaded dress.

"And as you recognised me under these tinsel robes, Julia?"

"Your voice is unmistakable; I should have known it anywhere, Emily. When do you intend to return to your own sphere?"

"First tell me, Julia, how you managed to penetrate these sacred precincts?"

"Oh! my husband, who knows everybody, said he could at once accomplish it, directly I told him you were my old schoolfellow at Barbadoes.—Now answer me my question, there's a dear?"

"I *have* found my proper sphere; I am free, popular, and admired. Instead of one admirer, I have hundreds, and the number is increasing nightly. What can woman wish for more?"

"I'll tell you, Emily; a nice husband, and domestic bliss."

The actress indulged in a scarcely audible sigh. "That might have been my lot. I mean the domestic bliss part of the affair, if I had not had it dinned into my ears from morning till night that there was only one road to happiness—a union with Mr. Stanley, whom I have never seen."

"You might have liked him very much."

"Impossible, my dear Julia. The very fact of a man being ticketed like a prize animal at a show, and then his being introduced to you as your certain and future husband, would be quite sufficient to make me detest him.—No, Julia; when *I* marry, I will myself make the selection, and he must be one who is ignorant that his intended is a rich heiress."

"That will not be a very easy matter to accomplish, Emily."

"Listen, Julia, and I'll tell you a secret. There is a young man acting in this company—a Mr. Percy Montmorency. He is all I could wish—handsome, clever, accomplished, and vastly agreeable."

"Then you have *made* your selection?"

"Not so, Julia. His profession renders our union impossible. He may be heir to a peerage; he may be a lawyer's clerk. There is the most delightful mystery as to our antecedents, we play actors! For instance, who would suppose that I was the rich West Indian heiress, who utilized her amateur theatrical talents, and adopted her present profession? And all in order to escape being pestered into an unwelcome and distasteful marriage. Heigh-ho! I wish I had never seen this captivating fellow."

Mrs. Sydney sighed as she rejoined: "Ah, Emily, there is the danger of your present mode of life. Before you know where you are, finding yourself over head and ears in love with some handsome fellow, even of whose very name you are ignorant. As to the position in society of his progenitors, that is a point which would require the research of the Society of Antiquaries."

The actress looked solemnly in the face of her friend, and taking both her hands within her own, replied: "Julia, there is a fascination in the life of a successful actress, of which you can form no conception. There is the delight of selecting the costume you are to wear on the eventful evening. No trifle to a woman, as you will admit. Then there is the actual pleasure of wearing it, not for the sake of some half-dozen friends, whose envy in consequence is a poor reward, but the object of admiration to hundreds of spectators nightly! Then, instead of monotonous domesticity, executing crewel-work to the accompaniment of the snoring in an armchair of a bored husband, we have the nightly welcome from a thousand pair of hands, and the final call before the curtain amidst an avalanche of flowers! Your name on every tongue, your photo, in every print-shop in London, and your acts and deeds the subject of conversation at every dinner-table in the metropolis!"

Mrs. Sydney shook her head with a melancholy smile as the actress finished her oration. "I am still unconverted, Emily."

"Quite right, Julia. If we were all actresses there would be no audience!"

The inexorable call-boy here put a compulsory finish to the interview between the two friends, with the words "Lady Teazle."

SCENE III.

Montmorency was seated in the green-room at the conclusion of the play, engaged in that absent train of thought known as a brown study. The more he saw of the fascinating Fonblanque, the more he was captivated. Every hour spent in her society but served to rivet more closely the chain which bound him to her. Should he condescend and make her an offer of his hand, she would naturally be influenced by a profound sense of gratitude, when she discovered that she had married a man of fortune and a Stanley! Whereas, if he had married the rich Miss Anstruther, he would have had money bags perpetually thrown in his face. A silver-toned utterance fell on his ears. Looking up, he beheld the subject of his cogitations.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Montmorency, on your Charles Surface this evening. A double call before the curtain, and well deserved."

"You are pleased to flatter me. The plaudits of the house to-night render any praise on my part of your Lady Teazle unnecessary. I regret that I am fated to lose so charming a compatriot."

Was it fancy that Montmorency imagined he detected a paler tint on the cheek of the actress, as she replied: "You are not going to leave us?"

"I fear so."

"Wherefore?"

"You are the last person to whom I can confide the cause of my sudden departure."

Lady Teazle cast down her lovely eyes for a brief space, and then, in a voice in which the smallest possible *tremolo* was perceptable, whispered: "Are you not happy here?"

"I fear, too much so," sighed Montmorency. "I have been living in a fool's paradise lately."

"How? In what way, Mr Montmorency?"

"I am in love.—You start. You do not believe in an actor, who is always simulating affection, ever falling under the influence of a real and veritable passion?"

"You wrong me; indeed, you do. The artistic nature is, and must be, more acutely sensitive than that possessed by ordinary mortals. Do I know the lady?"

"You see her every day—when you contemplate those charming features in the glass. Yes; it is *you*, Miss Fonblanque whom I love, whom I adore!"

How can we describe the flood of sensations which agitated the bosom of the heiress, as she listened to the avowal of affection from the lips of the only man she ever loved! In low and trembling tones, she managed to reply: "Mr. Montmorency, you are not rehearsing a scene in some new comedy?"

"I never was more serious in my life."

By this time the pride of the Anstruthers had come to the assistance of the heiress. "I grieve very much that I cannot accept your offer. It is impossible."

"Impossible! Why?"

"That I cannot explain."

"We are both members of the same profession, and so far equal."

"Pardon me," said Lady Teazle "You know nothing of my antecedents, and"—

"And you know nothing of mine, you would say. Charming equality! Say, Miss Fonblanque, may I hope?"

It was now the turn of the actress to sigh. "It would be cruel to raise hopes which can never be realized."

Montmorency let fall the hand which in his ardour he had seized, and drew himself proudly up. "That is your fixed answer?"

"It is."

Montmorency once more took possession of her taper fingers, and raising them to his lips, uttered the word "Farewell!" and hastily left the green-room.

The dark melting eyes of the heiress gazed after his retreating figure, and large drops of moisture gathered in them. "I have half a mind to call him back," she mentally whispered.—"No! I must remember I am an Anstruther."

Sinking on a couch, Lady Teazle felt her brain going around: then presently raising her eyes, she beheld—Mr. Vallance.

"Have I not the honour of speaking to Miss Anstruther?"

"Since you recognise me, it would be affectation to deny my identity. Mr. Vallance, may I ask you to preserve my secret?"

"From all save one individual—Mr. Montmorency. Surely you know that in the Charles Surface of this evening you beheld your rejected lover, Mr. Stanley?"

A film came slowly over the eyes of Miss Anstruther. "You are not joking, Mr. Vallance?"

"The matter is too serious for jesting. But I will break a confidence. He loves you. He told me so half an hour ago."

The heiress could scarcely forbear a smile, as she reflected that her ears had drank in the soft confession only five minutes ago. "Mr. Vallance will you do me a favor? Will you ask Mr. Stanley to step here for a few minutes? But remember, you must on no account reveal my identity."

"You may rely on me, Miss Anstruther. I do not know what steps you mean to adopt; but there is no time to lose, for old Colonel Stanley is in front, and will, if he has recognised you, at once inform his son."

"That is my fear; so haste."

Almost before the heiress could mature her plans the rejected one appeared before her. He was very grave, and bowed with an air of deep humility, as the actress thus addressed him: "Mr. Vallance and I are old acquaintances, so I commissioned him to ask you to return for a short time. I feel very anxious about our scenes in the *Hunchback* to-morrow. Would you mind running through the Modus and Helen scene. I mean the second one."

Montmorency bowed. "With pleasure."

It would have been a lesson for half the actresses on the stage, could they have beheld the manner in which the saucy coquette of the play coaxed her lover, lured him on, fascinated him, and enveloped him in such a spell of witcheries, that no Modus that ever breathed could have been proof against her seductive wiles. The scene came to an unexpected termination, for Montmorency suddenly caught her in his arms, and as he held her clasped tight to his breast, exclaimed in rapid and excited tones: "This is not acting! If it be, you are the greatest actress that ever trod the boards. You love me! I see it in your sparkling eye; I read it in your blushing cheek! Say, am I not right?"

Emily Anstruther remained perfectly passive in the arms of Harry Stanley, as she murmured "Yes."

The enraptured couple were so completely absorbed in reading love in each other's eyes that they had not observed the entrance of two gentlemen, Colonel Stanley and Mr. Vallance.

The old colonel was the first to speak. "Speak, sir! Is this a scene from a play?"

By this time the heiress had left the sweet anchorage of her lover's arms, and advancing to the old man, said: "Do you not recognise your godchild, Emily Anstruther?"

But surprise had taken away the power of speech from the colonel.

His son interposed. "I trust Miss Anstruther will acquit *me* of any guilty knowledge of this fact—will believe that *I* believed she was merely Miss Fonblanque the actress."

Emily Anstruther here cast down her eyes, while a deep blush mantled over her face and neck. "I am afraid I am not equally innocent; for Mr. Vallance informed me that I had refused my hated lover. But I have enough confidence in *his* love for me, to hope for his belief in my unselfish love for *him*."

"So you see, dad," exclaimed the younger Stanley, "Love not only rules the court, the camp, the grove, as the poet says, but does not disdain to flutter his wings in the green-room."

Love of Home.

The most appreciable quality of the British people is their love for home. I place the love of home as the very base of national life. Surely there is no bond more consonant with true happiness than that which binds together the members of a family. There is nothing so congenial, so pleasing and satisfying as home, for it is the abode of love, free and unconstrained; it clusters around itself sweet associations with loving and loved faces during a long series of years of sweet companionship; it is the museum *par excellence* where a thousand things, each with a history and pedigree of its own, are arranged with exquisite taste by loving hands—altogether a perpetual solace to heart and mind. And it is at home, in the midst of peace and quietness, that the best work is conceived and executed. Let no sentimental hobby or crude political theories destroy the united action of every member of the household. Married women may now exercise a right over their separate property. They will wield the right at a great cost if at the expense of mutual distrust and lessened co-operation between husband and wife.

Some Historical Jokes.

"A mule is a mule but a woman is a mulier." This joke is supposed to have been brought up from India by the earlier Pelasgian settlers of Italy. Tetrarchus Periconinus, in his annals relates that Cæsar while pausing at the brink of the Rubicon, in an effort to budge a baggage mule which had braced its fore feet against the ruins of a Doric temple, was approached by one of his officers, Tedius Sempronius, who remarked that his wife was even more difficult to control than the aforesaid obstinate animal. Cæsar, after curtly rejoined, "Omnis Gallia est divisa in partes tres," bade Tedius declare himself, whereupon the latter said that while a mule was a mule, yet his wife was mulier. Cæsar, upon hearing this remark, mounted his horse and made a dash for the other bank. So passed away the liberties of Rome. Tedius Sempronius was subsequently put to death on the first proscription, after having got off the joke on Mac Antony. The specific charge against him was an attempt to revive the humour of the Tarquins.

William Rufus was tarrying one day at Winchester, during the summer of 1088, when he was approached by his Lord Chancellor, who suggested that inasmuch as the King was a young bachelor the ladies of the court naturally expected more attention than they had received during the preceding reign "By St. Simon the Cellarer," exclaimed the King, "they shall never say I value them not. Largess is thine, me lud, if thou devise a schems for their entertainment, for I am busy with the cares of State." "Ice-cream," suggested the Chancellor. "Too high," rejoined the economical King, pointing to a neighboring confectioner's sign, "$1.50 per gal." The Chancellor resigned in disgust.

When Alexander paused before the walls of Tyre, Dolosespsius, his engineer reported that the city was impregnable. All attempts to break down the walls would be but a waste of time, and an assault would cause terrible effusion of blood. Alexander smilingly replied that while a battering-ram might fail, a goat would probably answer. "Bring up a goat or the butter we had last night; either is a strong butter," he musingly answered. The people of Tyre, who were on the walls of their city, immediately got down and left on the other side.

Gladstone and his Wife.

We are always curious to know something of the domestic life of great men, and wish to know if the wife has had any part in the husband's success. It is always said that Mrs. Gladstone has been a helpmeet indeed, and one would be led to this opinion from the sweet, wifely, motherly expression of her countenance. Mrs. Gladstone does not look older than an American lady does at 50. Her hair is almost black and her face is almost free from lines and wrinkles. English woman of the last generation dresses hideously, and the majority of the present generation do. And Mrs. Gladstone, in respect of dress, belongs to both past and the present. She always looks dowdy. One can not get over the feeling when seeing her that she is of bourgeois origin. If one did not know her, one would assume that she belonged to what is called the "shop-keeping class." When she came into the chapel on Sunday she was really a curiosity. Her face is uncommonly sweet and spiritual. Her smile tells the story of a true and gentle heart. But—— Why should any lady dress so barbarously? The puffed-out hair, and big, ill-shaped bonnet, with the old-fashioned spotted veil; a long, rather rusty velvet cloak, with wide fur trimmings and ungloved hands did not seem suitable to the face. During the services, when Mrs. Gladstone removed the cloak, she put on a light, coarsely-knitted worsted shawl, and then to me, the picture of odds and ends seemed complete.

But to Mr. Gladstone, I was pained to see him. He shuffled into the chapel and into his pew with a quick, nervous, ill-regulated step that indicated strength of will trying to overcome weakness of limb. He looked two inches shorter than he did four years ago. His face is full of crows' feet. Lines and wrinkles run in every direction upon it, and if he were 100 years old his face could not be more wizen and worn. The withered, pinched face, with its great, penetrating, restless eyes, was almost weird. I sat immediately facing the prime minister, and within ten feet of him, and I must say—I am bound to say—that his presence pained me all the while I was in the chapel. He is a man with a great trouble on his mind, or else no face in this world ever told the story of trouble. When he closed his eyes in prayer—and I peeped several times to see—there was almost an agony on his countenance. He was so uneasy and restless when standing up, so fidgety with the books and his fan that it was deeply painful to see him.

Recklessness of the British.

There is considerable recklessness in the character of the British people, and its effects are seen in early marriages, in trade and finance, at sea and land, in the mine and the factory. What are the oft-recurring commercial crisis but the rebounds of a reckless neglect of rules of prudence and wisdom! Whence the many accidents on the railways and the heavy losses at sea but the result of wanton negligence of danger? It is not only the owner of the mine that neglects opening proper shafts, but the miner himself, that will light his candle or pipe in the midst of fire-damp. It is not the shipowner only that will send unworthy, overladen, and under-manned ships to sea, but the captain and seamen, who will encounter any peril in order to shorten the passage by so many hours or days. If boldness be a virtue, recklessness is a vice; if bravely be commendable, rashness is a crime. In 1882, 15 350 deaths arose from violent causes in mines, from vehicles, from machinery, from weapons, from falls, from burns, from explosions, from weather agencies, from drowning and suffocation, and from poison and other causes, many of them the simple result of recklessness. No other country exhibits such a catlogue of violent deaths. True, they have not the same quantity of mines, nor the same milage of railways, nor the same tonnage of shipping; yet the proportion of losses is greater here than anywhere. Now, the acquisition of wealth by gambling and recklessness is vicious and criminal. Wealth, says Weyland, is not acquired, as many persons supposed, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality, and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and he who relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt.

AGRICULTURAL.

Fall Fallowing.

It is singular a farming process should be so little understood and practised, that is so thoroughly efficient in ridding land of all pernicious weeds, and which so perfectly fits it for the production of a profitable spring crop, and especially is this true if the fall-fallowing succeeds the cutting of the grass on meadow land.

By fall-fallowing, I mean plowing in July or August, and from that time forth keeping the surface so well cultivated as to kill all weeds that vegetate, and to keep bringing fresh seeds within vegetation distance of the surface. This, with the warm weather and the "latter rains," causes nearly all weed seeds within four or five inches of the surface to grow, and destroys the product.

Few weeds ripen their seeds before the proper haying time, and after they are cut off and removed in the hay, very few will make sufficient growth to blossom and manure seeds before the middle or last of August; at or before which time the ground should be plowed, care being taken to see that every green thing is turned under and covered with soil. Even though a seed be sufficiently matured so that if the plant be cut and left to dry on the surface, it would germinate, by being covered together with the mass of succulent growth and the roots, the fermentation that takes place will destroy its vitality and cause it to decay with the rest.

In case of the summer-fallow, we have to plow early and plow several times, besides the very many harrowings and cultivatings, taking the whole Summer and involving a loss of one crop and great labor; but with the fall-fallow, we first get our hay crop and then plow only once, and have no more labor with harrow and cultivator than in the same length of time with the summer-fallow. No process can be so perfectly destructive to perennial weeds; by cutting the hay early, the weeds are cut before maturity, and most growth of top up to that time only serves to exhaust the vitality of the roots; if then taken off, but feeble growth is afterwards made, and the subsequent plowing and continuous cultivation are sure destruction to all. Fall-fallowing not only cleans the land, but it enriches it; by allowing the clover to attain full size, the largest root growth is secured, and in a short time after haying, if not pastured (and it should not be), in favorable seasons a large second growth is secured to be turned under and this is in the best possible condition for decaying and enriching the soil, and when plowed up in the Spring, it forms the best of all preparations for a paying crop of barley, oats or early potatoes.

It is surprising how prone men are to persist in the old-fogey, expensive, soil-exhausting system of summer-fallowing when a way so much quicker and better exists for cleaning the land.

Ants as Insect Destroyers.

Farmers or gardeners, in their contest with insects, have not as yet called to their aid, as they should, other insects and birds, the natural enemies of insect hordes, says the *Sun*. Too generally all insects are looked upon as enemies, although it is well known that many kinds of insects are very benificial in protecting fruits and grains from the ravages of other insects. The ants, although generally regarded as an unmitigated nuisance, have been found, by careful observation, to be useful in several ways. The canker-worms, which are a most destructive pest to orchards in some sections, are sometimes destroyed in large numbers by them. The editor of the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says that ants are great destroyers of canker-worms, and probably other worms or insects of the smaller varieties. He watched with great interest the work of a large colony of black ants which attacked the canker-worms on an elm tree in his grounds a few weeks ago, and was delighted with the nature and results of their labors. Two processions of the ants were moving on the trunk of the tree, one going up empty, the other coming down, each bringing with him a canker-worm, which he held fast in his mandibles, grasping the worm firmly in the centre of the body. Although the prey was nearly the size of the destroyer, the plucky little ant ran down the tree in a lively way, deposited its booty in its nest in the ground, and instantly returned for another slaughter. There were at one time as many as 40 coming down the tree, each bringing along his victim, and doing the work with apparent ease. Extending his observations, he noticed that the ants ran up the trunk and out on the limbs, thence onto the leaves of the tree where the filshy worm was at work and, seizing him with a strong grip at about the centre of the body, turned about with the squirming worm and retraced his steps. The worm was dead by the time the ant reached the ground. If this move of the ants is common they must prove valuable friends to farmers and fruit raisers, and should be protected in every way possible. We do not believe that the birds that prey upon worms will do the work in our orchards, which these ants were doing in an hour.

Sowing Orchard Grass.

Those farmers who desire to seed to Orchard Grass should prepare the land for the reception of the seed, which should be sown early in August. The land should be thoroughly well prepared, because this crop not only requires it, but well deserves it, remaining in the ground, as it does, for 20 or 30 years, or even more, when well treated by occasional top-dressings. The soil should be made fine by repeated harrowings. The seed is then sown and cross-sown, half each way, to get an even sowing, and the ground is then lightly brush-harrowed, and then rolled. The rolling is especially needed if the weather is dry. From two to three bushels of seed—about 33 pounds—are sown per acre. As the seed is rather costly, it is well to sow an acre or two first, cut this the next year when it is ripe, and save the seed. One acre will produce enough to sow 10 acres.

Timely Hints.

Plow for winter wheat at once.

Yes, it is bad policy this season to let the garden go to——grass!

We must not let cucumbers ripen if we would not ruin the crop from the vines which feed them.

It pays to pinch off the tips of Lima bean vines when they reach nearly to the tops of the poles. Pinch off the ends of melon vines. Move the vines of sweet potatoes so they will not take root.

There is room for a live young man in every neighborhood, who knows how to deal with the insect pests of the farm.

The Arb compels his horse to feed from the ground in order to maintain the curve of the backbone. This is the natural way of feeding, and is an argument for low mangers.

Sow Rutabagas——It does not pay to stake tomatoes——Prepare new strawberry beds and set the plants as soon as you choose. Raw bone flour is a good fertilizer; but the soil should be mellowed with old farm manure.

Cultivate between the raspberries. Now is the time to rid the land of weeds and suckers. Tie up the new canes to stakes securely set. Pinch off the main canes and laterals so as to induce a stocky growth. Do the same for blackberries.

Uncle Waldo is of the opinion that wire is a cheap material for fence, as it enables the farmer to use crooked posts, and also to set them at a larger distance apart than can be done when boards are used. But he is afraid to use or recommend barb wire to much extent, as there is great danger to stock, especially horses, from its use. Within the past three months two of the 12 members of the farmer's club to which he belongs have had horses injured on it.

Larger fields and cheaper fences, says Uncle Waldo, in the *N. Y. Tribune* He affirms that at least one-half of the best plow and cn every farm could be profitably thrown in one field and never pastured——There are thousands of farmers, he thinks, who have planted largely of hedge, who would be willing to lose the whole of it if they could burn it up; but the digging out of an old hedge involves nearly as much expense as making a new fence. He has had 32 years' experience with Osage Orange hedge, and finds it so troublesome to care for, that he would not allow a man to plant another on his farm if he would do it for nothing and care for it till it would turn stock.

One Explanation of the Horse-Shoe Superstition.

The principal gateway at Allahabad is thickly studded with horseshoes of every size and make. There are hundreds of them nailed all over the great gates, doubtless the offerings of many a wayfarer who has long since finished his earthly pilgrimage. We could not find out what was the exact idea connected with this custom—probably much the same notion of luck as we attach to finding a horseshoe, especially one with the old nails still in their places. It has been suggested, and apparently with some reason, that in ancient pagan times it may have been a recognized symbol in serpent worship, and hence may have arisen its common use against all manner of evil. The resemblance is obvious, more especially to that species of harmless snake which is rounded at both ends, so that head and tail are apparently just alike. The creature moves backward or forward at pleasure, hence the old belief that it actually had two heads, and was indestructible, as even when cut into two parts it was supposed that the divided heads would seek one another and reunite. It stands to reason that in a snake-worshiping community such a creature would be held in high reverence. Even in Scotland various snake like bracelets and ornaments have been found, which seems to favor this theory, and at a very early period both snakes and horseshoes seem to have been engraved as symbols on sacred stones. We hear of the latter having been sculptured, not only on the threshold of old London houses, but even on that of ancient churches in various parts of Great Britain. And in the present day we all know the idea of luck connected with finding one, and how constantly they are nailed up on houses, stables and ships as a charm against witchcraft—in Scotland, England and Wales, and especially in Cornwall where (not only on vans and ominibuses, but sometimes even on the grim gates of the old jails) we may find this curious trace of ancient superstitions.

A Squirrel Punished by Sparrows.

Parties coming up Main street at an early hour of a recent morning were somewhat surprised to see a large and apparently tame gray squirrel hasten across the street and enter the doorway to the store of Rice & Rich. It was also noticed that his squirrelship was closely followed by a flock of sparrows, the majority of whom took a position opposite the door, so as to cut off his retreat. Half a dozen birds remained on the wing, fluttering, some three feet from the sidewalk, and near to the entrance. The squirrel made frantic efforts to force an entrance, and as he did so the birds, who during the fight kept up an incessant chattering, charged upon him and brought him to bay. They eventually drove him from his position to the store of J. B. Spencer, and from there to the Boston store. Finding himself hard pressed, he beat a retreat, but the sparrows forced him from the sidewalk, and he sought an entrance to the store of J. B. Shaw. Here, also, he was foiled, and he broke for the other side of the street, closely followed by the entire flock of sparrows, who lost no opportunity to give him a clip and hasten his speed. He finally entered the Pierce block, and thus escaped further punishment. —*Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.*

The Tomb of Rachel.

A correspondent of the Salt Lake *Tribune* from Palestine says of Rachel's tomb: Singularly enough this is one of the places in Palestine where the traditions of Jews, Moslems and Christians agree, and where the veneration of all is bestowed. Undoubtedly it is the spot where Rachel was overtaken by her last illness when she and Jacob was journeying southward from Bethel, and where Benjamin first opened his eyes to look upon this great world. The building is a modern, white, square structure, with a domed roof of coarse plaster, and the pillar which Jacob sorrowfully set up to mark the site has long since passed away; but the spot is faithfully cherished in the hearts of all.

The tomb lies at the point where the Bethlehem and Hebron roads unite. Bethlehem is in sight to the left, and only one mile distant. How near Rachel was to a good halting place when her life went out, and that of Israel's favorite son, after Joseph, was kindled!

A coachman is the saddest of all men, for his life is full of "whos."

A CHINESE PHYSICIAN.

The Remarkable Methods and Theories of a Mongolian "Devil Destroyer."

Wong Choo Fan, a Chinese doctor, arrived in Philadelphia with the intention of making that city his home, and ministering after his own peculiar fashion to the ailments of his countrymen. He was disappointed to find the Chinese population so small and its health so good and will go to New York.

Wong Choo Fan is rather a diminutive specimen of the Mongolian race, being but five feet in height and rather delicately proportioned. The doctor or "devil destroyer," as he is known in the Flowery Kingdom, speaks very excellent English, and consented, when questioned, to explain a few of his many odd methods for conquering disease. "Every sickness," he said, "is caused by a Nong T'sao—a 'disease devil'—and it is the work of the doctor to find out where the devil is and drive him out. What you call fever—hot skin, dry lips, high pulse—is the work of a little imp with sight mouths, each mouth having a hot, scorching breath. The imp gets into the patient's stomach by flying down his throat and is usually in the air on a damp day like this. The little devil is as large as a grain of sand, but when he gets into the human body he grows to be about as large as a bean. He blows his hot breath into every vein of the victim and causes him great distress and thirst by drinking all the water in his stomach. The way to cure the patient is to poison the imp with a powder scraped from the inside of a tree which grows in the Province of Foo Chow."

The doctor exhibited some of the powder, which proved to be either quinine or cinchonidia.

"Spasms or fits," continued the Mongolian disciple of Æsculapius, "come from the 'earth devil,' a creature that lives under the ground and sends a shock into the victim through his feet. You will find that nearly all persons when first taken with fits fall while walking, but after awhile, when the devil gets the victim weakened, the shock can be communicated from the earth, through the house and into the bed. It is very hard to cured them. I cured a man in Canton who had been subject to fits for fifteen years by rubbing the soles of his feet with fat stewed out of a frog's heart. Opium is a very valuable help in such cases when taken internally, because it makes the patient's feet itch and prevents the devils from gaining an entrance. A very small proportion of Chinamen die of consumption, because three hundred years ago it was discovered by T'sang Loo, a learned doctor, that people became afflicted with the disease by breathing through the mouth instead of the nose. There are millions and millions of imps flying in the air all the time—more in cold weather than in warm—and to your eyes they appear like specks of dust. They cannot get through the nose because the hairs catch them and they die, but they go into the mouth where there are no hairs, and find a resting place in the lungs. In a short time the lungs are dug out and coughed up. The only cure is to lay the patient on his back and beat him on the chest with a switch until the imps are frightened and fly out into the air again. Then the patient is starved for thirty-six hours and has his mouth sealed up. Very often he dies, but that is because all the imps were not driven out."

Food Fishes of Lake Erie.

In a paper read before the Buffalo Naturalists' Field Club it is stated that Lake Erie and the Niagara River furnish thirty-seven marketable varieties of fish. But their numbers are becoming rapidly reduced in those waters, owing in great measure to so many fish being taken when they are so full of ro. Some fish spawn late in the fall; the eastern salmon, salmon-trout, whitefish, brook-trout and lake-herring belong to this class, but the majority spawn in April, May or early June. Black bass choose a place for their spawn-beds where the water is shallow and the bottom is a sandy gravel. They leave their winter quarters in deep water a month or six weeks previous to spawning. The eggs hatch in from one to two weeks, according to the temperature. Bass are very prolific, yielding fully one-fourth their weight of spawn. The bass and the maskalonge are the recognized game-fish of the lakes. Whitefish do not take the bait readily, but are caught in gill nets, and can be taken in great numbers just at the time they are ready to spawn. They aver age three and a half pounds in weight, though some are taken weighing ten to eighteen pounds. Sturgeon average fifty pounds, but occasionally one is caught that weighs a hundred pounds or over. Fish differ greatly in rapidity of growth. Some grow in one, two or three years to a definite size, and then growth seems to be arrested. Such fish are short-lived. Other kinds, which slowly and steadily increase in size, attain a great age. Pike have been known to be over a hundred years old.

Baby is King.

It was just a young couple who were moving. They had been boarding with mother but were going to housekeeping for themselves now. In front of the house stood a great load of furniture red and blue and other bright colors. It consisted of a baby's rocking chair with the rockers off, a baby's crib and a perambulator, one small high chair and one large high chair, one hobby horse, one express wagon with the forward wheels gone, one doll's buggy. There might have been a cooking stove and a dining-table there, but if so, it was lost to sight to memory dear under the more numerous belongings of the baby housekeepers. And when the young father and mother came out they had the little emigrants with them and all the indescribable dolls, humming-tops and other paraphernalia that there wasn't room for on the load. Two happy babies going to housekeeping with their child-parents! And it's love, love that makes the world go round.

A Brute.

A married couple were out promenading in the suburbs of Austin one day. Presently the wife said: "Think, Albert, if the brigands should come now and take me from you!"

"Impossible, my dear."

"But, suppose they did come and carry me away what would you say?"

"I should say," replied the husband, "that the brigands were now at the business."

LOCKED UP IN HER TRUNK.

The Strange Adventure of an Actress.

The Grau Opera Company performed "The Mascotte" at the Park Theatre, Newark, recently, and at the end of the play Miss Jennie Pierce heard smothered cries coming from one of the ladies' dressing-rooms. She called assistance, and, upon investigation, the sounds were found to proceed from a large trunk which stood upon the floor securely locked. It was pried open, and in it was found in an almost unconscious condition Miss Minn'e Figman, who said she had fallen into it while she was preparing to put away her costume.

Miss Figman did not take a leading part in "The Mascotte" at the Park Theatre next evening, owing to nervousness, but she went on at times and sang in the chorus. At the end of the performance she received a reporter in the theatre office, and afterward accompanied him and others to the wardrobe-room. She is of medium height, with large blue eyes, a round and pretty face, and a plump form. Her dress of thin white stuff fitted her to perfection. Diamonds glittered in her ears, and her Gainsborough hat was as white as snow.

The wardrobe trunk which she had locked was, she said, being repaired in a trunk maker's shop, as the lock was ruined and the front was perforated with auger holes.

The trunk is 3 feet 6 inches in height and nearly 5 feet long. It is watertight, in order to protect the delicate dresses it contains when the singer is on the road. It was fastened by a new Excelsior spring lock, and the lock was so strong that P. H. Coyle, the gas engineer of the theatre, was ten minutes prying the lid off with a strong iron bar.

Miss Figman was unconscious when she was lifted out of the trunk. She was so nearly smothered that it was feared for a few minutes that she would not recover. Manager J. L. Gray hastily called a physician, who administered restoratives.

"I was putting some articles of my wardrobe into a corner of the trunk," Miss Figman explained, "and I suddenly tipped over and felt in front of me. I was terribly frightened by the bump my head got on the bottom, but I squirmed around and raised my head. Just then I saw the heavy lid falling, and I gave a loud scream that was fortunately heard by Miss Pierce. The next instant the lid struck me on the head. I fell back unconscious, and the spring lock closed with a snap, so Miss Pierce said.

"They could not find the key of the trunk, and knowing that I must have air, Mr. Coyle bored auger holes in the trunk. I know nothing of what was done of my own knowledge, for I did not recover consciousness until they had carried me into the green room. Oh! how my fingers did tingle with pain when I came to. I felt as if thousands of needles were shooting through every pore. I must have been nearly asphyxiated, and I am sure that if Miss Pierce had not come to the room by good fortune just as I screamed, I would have been taken out of the trunk dead.

"I have been weak and nervous all day, startled at the least sound, but I feel better now, and I will go on the stage and sing tomorrow evening."

St. Winifred's Well at Holywell.

That many of our countrymen look on prayers offered at special shrines as specially efficacious is evident from the number of devout Welsh Roman Catholics of the upper class, who, on the 27th of July, 1882, went on a pilgrimage to St. Winifred's well at Holywell to offer prayers for the restoration to health of the infant son of the Duke of Norfolk. The pilgrimage was conducted by Very Rev. Canon Monaghan, and prayers were said at the chapel at Holywell, and also at St. Winifred's well itself. Of the many wells held in reverence by our ancestors, none probably has more fully sustained its old reputation than this, which has given its name to the town of Holywell. According to the legend its waters gushed up within the Church of St. Beuno, at the spot where the head of the holy St. Winifred rested, when, having been cut off by Prince Caradoc, it rolled on until it entered the consecrated building. This miraculous fountain, of course, became a noted place of pilgrimage. William the Conquerer, Henry II., Edward I., and James II, were among the sovereigns who came here to seek pardon for divers sins, and doughty warriors were oftimes to be seen standing for hours in the well, with only their heads above water, absorbed in fervant prayer and craving the intercession of St. Winifred. Of one brave knight it is recorded that in the earnestness of his devotion he forgot all prudence and stayed in the chilling water till he was paralyled. His last audible words were "Sancta Winifreda ora pro me," after which he never more. Cold as the water is, it never freezes, and the flow is always the same. It is said to be the most copious spring in Britain, yielding twenty-one tons of water per minute. This well is the property of the Dean of Westminster, who, in 1676, granted to the corporation of Holywell a lease of the well for one thousand years at a rental of one sovereign per annum. A recent visitor to the well took note of some of the votive offerings which had been deposited by grateful patients, and which included thirty-nine crutches, six hand sticks, a pair of boots, and a hand-hearse.

Early Fish Culture.

It shall be good for all Gentlemen and others having the government of any rivers, brookes, or standing pooles, to replenish them with all such kinds of fish as may they be preserved or bred, as well of straying as others. There is a kinde of fish in Holland, in the fennes beside Peterborrow, which they call a poult, they be like in making and greatnesse to the Whiting, but of the cullour of the Loche; they come fourth of the fenne brookes into the rivers nigh there about, as in Wansworth river there are many of them. They stirre not all the sommer, but in the winter when it is most coldest weather. There they are taken at Milles in Welles, and at wayers likewise. They are a pleasant meate, and some do thinke they would be as well in other rivers and running waters, as Huntingdon, Ware, and such like, if those waters were replenished with them, as they may with small charge.—*A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line, L. M.* 1590.

The last letter but one in the alphabet must be the least used, since "a word to the Y's is sufficient."

WIT AND WISDOM.

Those who walk most are generally the healthiest; the road of perfect health is too narrow for wheels.

Adam is said to be the only man who never tantalised his wife about "the way his mother used to cook."

Parson—"Rather drowsy weather, this, Farmer Jones." "Ay, parson, so it be; minds one of sermon time, doesn't it?"

Strive to be rich in knowledge. A man gets more than the value of whatever he gives in exchange for learning.

There are truths which some men despise because they have not examined, and which they will not examine because they despise.

If an untruth is only a day old, it is called a lie; if it is a year old, it is called a falsehood; but if is a century old, it is called a legend.

The preacher was rather cynical than charitable who took for the text of a wedding sermon, "Lest there be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

He who has reined in and curbed his pleasures by temperance has procured for himself much greater honor and a greater victory than when he conquers an enemy.

"I like hot weather the best," said a Philadelphia girl, "because it makes pa and ma so sleepy that they don't come bothering around the parlor the nights I have company."

Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like a star new born, that drops into its place, and which, once circling in its placid round, not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

One of the Two Million. Parish Parson (to Dobbs)—"They are going to give you the franchise." Dobbs—"What cheese?" Parish Parson—"The franchise." Dobbs—"I hope they'll gie us some bread wi' it. What's the good o' cheese without bread?"

Smith met Jones on the deck of an ocean steamer one calm morning, after several days of very rough weather. "Why, I declare, Jones," said Smith, "you look years older than when I last saw you!" "No wonder," answered Jones, "I've had several berth-days lately."

A gentleman bought a newspaper, and tendered in payment a piece of forty sous. The newspaper woman: "I haven't the change; you can pay me as you pass along to-morrow." The gentleman: "But suppose I should be killed to-day?" The newspaper woman: "Oh, it won't be a very great loss."

Irish Republicanism.—Irish Landlord—"How dare you speak in that manner! Do you know who I am?" Pat—"And who may your honor be?" Landlord—"I am Knight, Baron Knight, and Knight of the Garter." Pat—"Then I'll have you to know that I am Pat Murphy, to night, to-morrow night, and the night after."

A village doctor, on going to see one of his patients in the country, took his gun along in the hope of having a little sport. A wag meeting him on the way, asked him where he was going. "To see one of my patients," answered the doctor. "Are you not afraid you will miss him if you use that?" exclaimed the wag, pointing to the gun.

Depositor—"Where is the cashier?" Bank Boy—"Gone to Canada." "And the President?" "Gone to South America." "Mercy save us! But the directors, where—" "Nobody knows." "Is any one left?" "Yes, me and the watchman." "Well, why didn't you go also, and make a clean sweep of it?" "There wasn't nothing left when our turn came."

Not long ago a practical jokist conceived the idea of frightening passers through a country churchyard by dressing himself up as a ghost. One night about half-past eleven, a burly old farmer was coming along, when out jumped the apparition. "Well, who are you?" asked the agriculturist. The ghost wailed forth some some sentence ending with "ghost." "Now, look here," said the farmer as he began to drop across him with a stick, "you clear off; its time all you confounded ghosts were in bed." The ghost went.

The Bet Still Undecided.

Two well-meaning men, one from St. Louis and the other from St Paul, had an argument in the Sherman House on the pronunciation of the word depot.

"I say its 'dee-po!'" said the St. Paul man.

"And I say its 'day-po!'" answered the St. Louisian.

In the course of time they put up $5 apiece and agreed to leave it to a tall, fine-looking man on the other side of the rotunda.

Going up to him, the St. Paul disputant said: "My friend and I have a small bet on the pronounciation of the word 'dee-po.' I say it is 'dee-po,' and he says it is 'day-po.' Now, who is right?"

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "but I never heard the word before. How do you spell it, and what does it mean?"

The betting men looked at each other dubiously, and one said: "D-e-p-o-t, a railway station."

"Oh, yes, yes; excuse me. You mean 'deppo,' of course. Yes, yes, depp. It is pronounced 'deppo.'"

"Look here!" yelled the St. Paul man, "where do you come from?"

"Boston, sir."

"Well, there can't no Boston man settle a bet for me on the English language. Come on, let's interview Carter Harrison."

The Eye.

It is said that very quiet eyes, which impress and embarrass one with their quiet repose, signify not only self-command, but also much complacency and some conceit. Restless eyes that cannot look one steadily in the face denote a deceitful designing mind. Eyes in which the white has a yellowish tinge and is streaked with reddish veins, prove much of strong passion and hasty temper. Very blue eyes bespeak a mind inclined to coquetry. Gray eyes signify dignity, intelligence, and excellent reasoning faculties. Greenish eyes falsehood and a fondness for scandal. A malicious mind is often indicated by greenish eyes. Black eyes show a passionate, lively temperament, and oftentimes a most deceitful disposition. Brown eyes are generally tender and true, indicating a kind and happy disposition.

Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

363 **B. A. S. WILSON.**

HARVEST—TOOLS !

Our Stock of Harvest Tools is complete in all lines

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Special value in CRADLES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

—IN THE—

High Court of Justice,

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

RE CONNORS.

PURSUANT to an order of this Honorable Court made in the above matter, the creditors of Thomas Conners, late of Madoc, farmer, who died in or about the month of May, A. D. 1876, are on or about the 15th day of September, A. D. 1884, to send by post prepaid to Samuel Barton Burdett, of Belleville, the Solicitor for petitioner herein, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of their securities (if any) held by them, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said order.

Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my Chambers in Shire Hall, Belleville, on the 18th day of September, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for the adjudication on the claims.

Dated August 16th, 1884.

S. S. LAZIER,
Local Master.

S. B. BURDETT,
Solicitor for Petitioner. 381-4

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots

FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

---

for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S
SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED—

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

JANE WRIGHT.

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVE AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. McLEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES
Manufactured by the
Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.
Also Agent for
Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,
MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.